JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 44

2000 AD PROGS 1520 - 1554
JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE 253 - 260
YEAR: 2129

Written by
John Wagner
Gordon Rennie
Rob Williams
Robbie Morrison
Ian Edginton

Art by
Carlos Ezquerra
Ian Gibson
Colin MacNeil
Mick McMahon
Jock
Henry Flint
Rufus Dayglo

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Colours: Chris Blythe **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
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Letters: Annie Parkhouse
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Letters: Annie Parkhouse
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Script: Gordon Rennie **Artist:** Colin MacNeil
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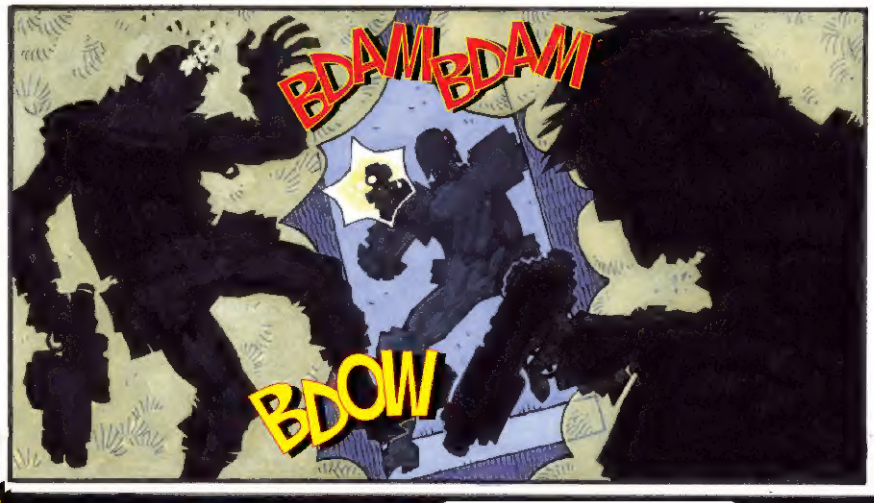
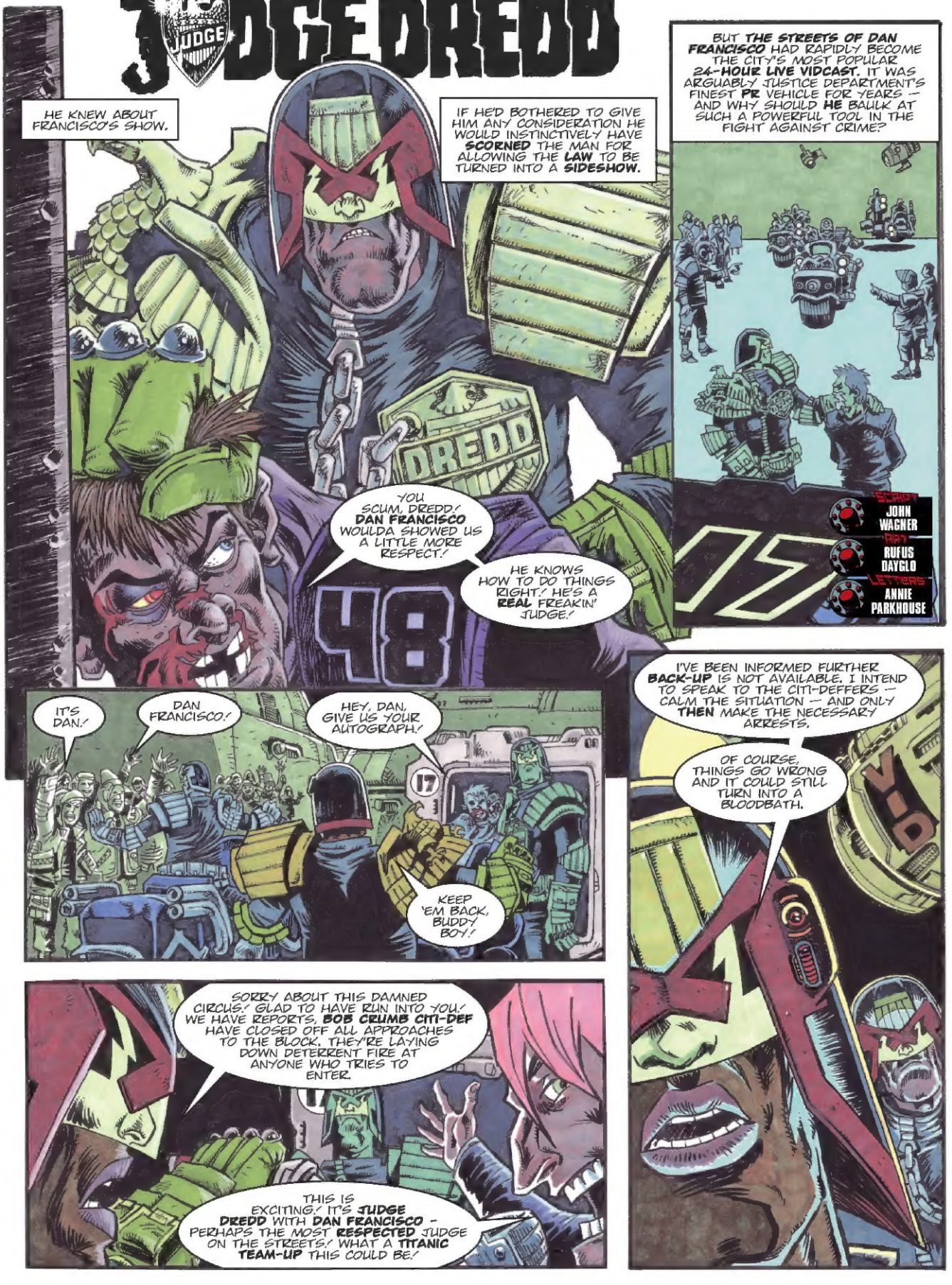
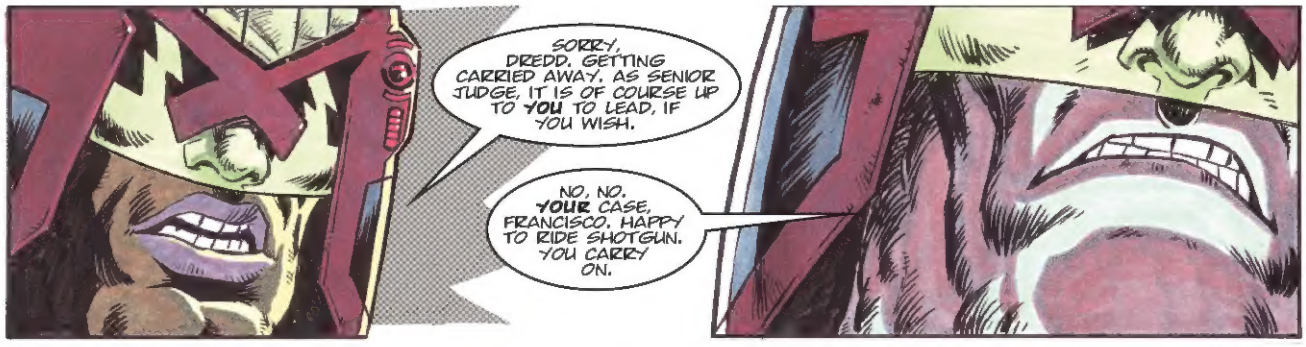


ORIGINS INTERLUDE

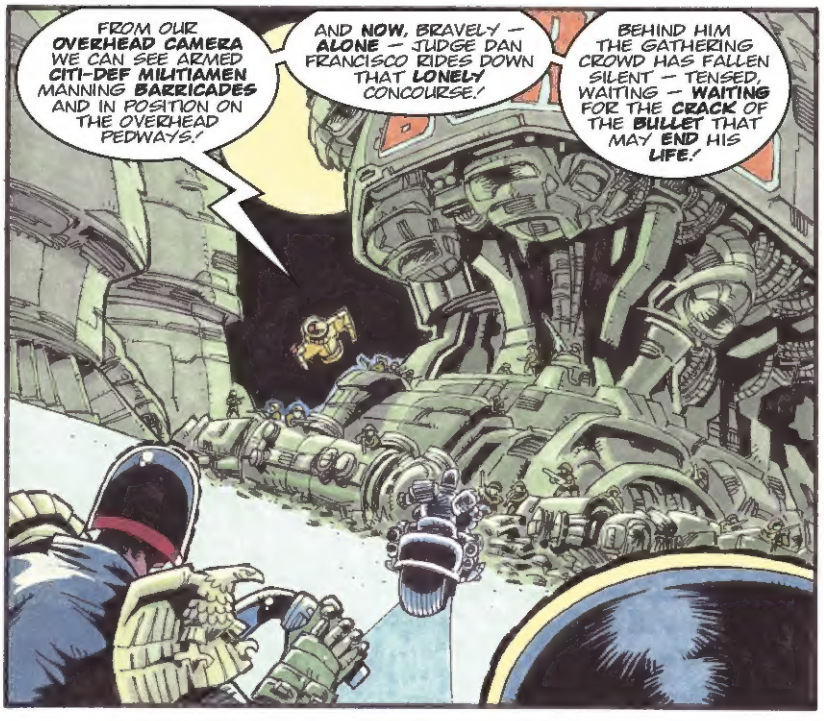
THE STREETS OF DAN FRANCISCO

JUDGE DREDD


HE KNEW ABOUT FRANCISCO'S SHOW.
IF HE'D BOTHERED TO GIVE HIM ANY CONSIDERATION HE WOULD INSTINCTIVELY HAVE SCORNED THE MAN FOR ALLOWING THE LAW TO BE TURNED INTO A SIDESHOW.
BUT THE STREETS OF DAN FRANCISCO HAD RAPIDLY BECOME THE CITY'S MOST POPULAR 24-HOUR LIVE VIDCAST. IT WAS ARGUABLY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S FINEST PR VEHICLE FOR YEARS — AND WHY SHOULD HE BAULK AT SUCH A POWERFUL TOOL IN THE FIGHT AGAINST CRIME?
YOU SCUM, DREDD! DAN FRANCISCO WOULDA SHOWED US A LITTLE MORE RESPECT!
HE KNOWS HOW TO DO THINGS RIGHT! HE'S A REAL FREAKIN' JUDGE!
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART RUFUS DAYGLO
LETTERS ANNIE PARKHOUSE
IT'S DAN!
DAN FRANCISCO!
HEY, DAN, GIVE US YOUR AUTOGRAPH!
KEEP 'EM BACK, BUDDY BOY!
I'VE BEEN INFORMED FURTHER BACK-UP IS NOT AVAILABLE. I INTEND TO SPEAK TO THE CITI-DEFFERS — CALM THE SITUATION — AND ONLY THEN MAKE THE NECESSARY ARRESTS.
OF COURSE, THINGS GO WRONG AND IT COULD STILL TURN INTO A BLOODBATH.
SORRY ABOUT THIS DAMNED CIRCUS! GLAD TO HAVE RUN INTO YOU! WE HAVE REPORTS, BOB CRUMB CITI-DEF HAVE CLOSED OFF ALL APPROACHES TO THE BLOCK. THEY'RE LAYING DOWN DETERRENT FIRE AT ANYONE WHO TRIES TO ENTER.
THIS IS EXCITING! IT'S JUDGE DREDD WITH DAN FRANCISCO - PERHAPS THE MOST RESPECTED JUDGE ON THE STREETS! WHAT A TITANIC TEAM-UP THIS COULD BE!

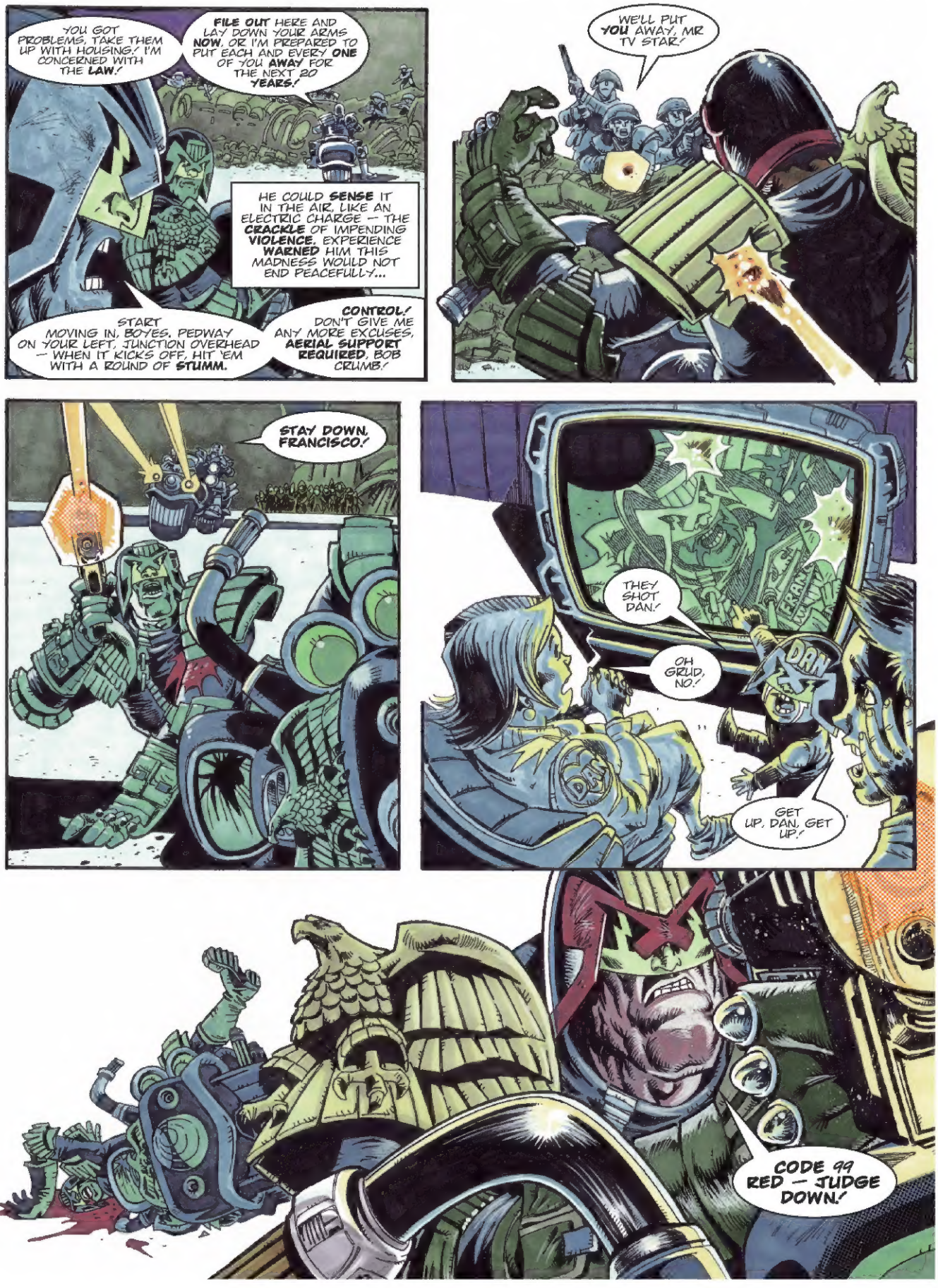

SORRY, DREDD. GETTING CARRIED AWAY. AS SENIOR JUDGE, IT IS OF COURSE UP TO **YOU** TO LEAD, IF YOU WISH.
NO, NO. **YOUR** CASE, FRANCISCO. HAPPY TO RIDE SHOTGUN. YOU CARRY ON.

RIGHT.! LET'S GO!

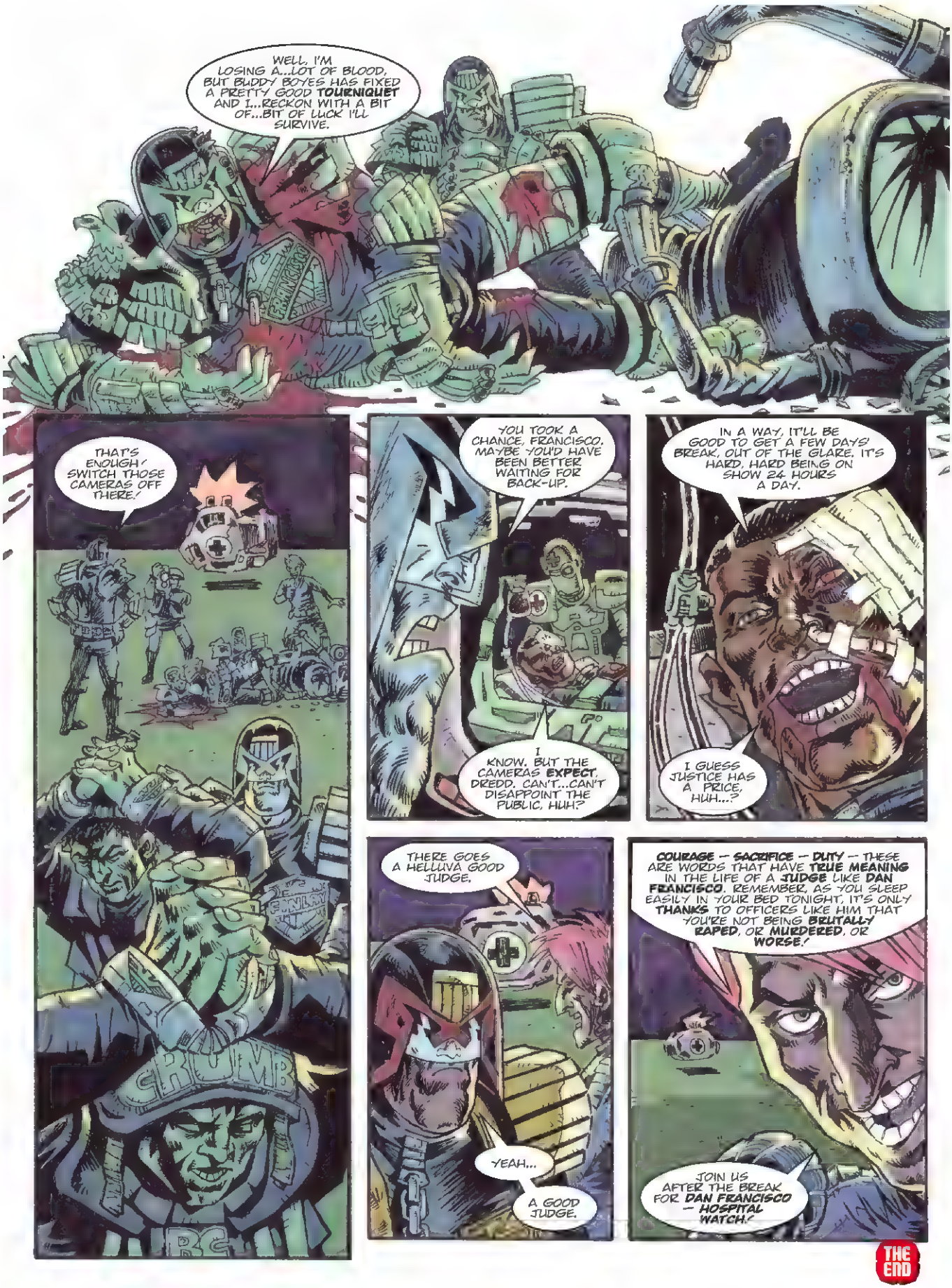

FROM OUR **OVERHEAD CAMERA** WE CAN SEE ARMED **CITI-DEF MILITIAMEN** MANNING **BARRICADES** AND IN POSITION ON THE OVERHEAD PEDWAYS.!
AND **NOW**, BRAVELY — **ALONE** — JUDGE DAN FRANCISCO RIDES DOWN THAT **LONELY** CONCOURSE.!
BEHIND HIM THE GATHERING CROWD HAS FALLEN SILENT — TENSED, WAITING — **WAITING** FOR THE **CRACK** OF THE **BULLET** THAT MAY **END** HIS **LIFE**.!

WHO'S IN **CHARGE** HERE?
BOLINSKI — MAJOR MIKE BOLINSKI.!
YOU'RE COMMITTING A **VERY SERIOUS OFFENCE**, BOLINSKI.! YOU AND ALL THE OTHERS.!
WE GOT LEGITIMATE GRIEVANCES.!

TELL HIM ABOUT THE DAMN **WALLS**, MIKEY, RUNNIN' WITH **SLIME**.!
AN' THEY'RE PUTTIN' OUR STINKIN' RENT **UP**.? **UP**.?


YOU GOT PROBLEMS, TAKE THEM UP WITH HOUSING! I'M CONCERNED WITH THE LAW!
FILE OUT HERE AND LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS NOW, OR I'M PREPARED TO PUT EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU AWAY FOR THE NEXT 20 YEARS!
HE COULD SENSE IT IN THE AIR, LIKE AN ELECTRIC CHARGE — THE CRACKLE OF IMPENDING VIOLENCE. EXPERIENCE WARNED HIM THIS MADNESS WOULD NOT END PEACEFULLY...
START MOVING IN, BOYES. PEDWAY ON YOUR LEFT. JUNCTION OVERHEAD — WHEN IT KICKS OFF, HIT 'EM WITH A ROUND OF STUMM.
CONTROL! DON'T GIVE ME ANY MORE EXCUSES, AERIAL SUPPORT REQUIRED, BOB CRUMB!
WE'LL PUT YOU AWAY, MR TV STAR!
STAY DOWN, FRANCISCO!
THEY SHOT DAN!
OH GRUD, NO!
GET UP, DAN, GET UP!
CODE 99 RED — JUDGE DOWN!

STUMM.!
FWUMFHHH
AAAHHH.!


WELL, I'M LOSING A...LOT OF BLOOD, BUT BUDDY BOYES HAS FIXED A PRETTY GOOD TOURNIQUET AND I...RECKON WITH A BIT OF...BIT OF LUCK I'LL SURVIVE.
THAT'S ENOUGH! SWITCH THOSE CAMERAS OFF THERE!
YOU TOOK A CHANCE, FRANCISCO, MAYBE YOU'D HAVE BEEN BETTER WAITING FOR BACK-UP.
I KNOW. BUT THE CAMERAS EXPECT, DREDD. CAN'T...CAN'T DISAPPOINT THE PUBLIC, HUH?
IN A WAY, IT'LL BE GOOD TO GET A FEW DAYS' BREAK, OUT OF THE GLARE. IT'S HARD, HARD BEING ON SHOW 24 HOURS A DAY.
I GUESS JUSTICE HAS A PRICE, HUH...?
THERE GOES A HELLUVA GOOD JUDGE.
YEAH...
A GOOD JUDGE.
COURAGE — SACRIFICE — DUTY — THESE ARE WORDS THAT HAVE TRUE MEANING IN THE LIFE OF A JUDGE LIKE DAN FRANCISCO. REMEMBER, AS YOU SLEEP EASILY IN YOUR BED TONIGHT, IT'S ONLY THANKS TO OFFICERS LIKE HIM THAT YOU'RE NOT BEING BRUTALLY RAPED, OR MURDERED, OR WORSE!
JOIN US AFTER THE BREAK FOR DAN FRANCISCO — HOSPITAL WATCH!
THE END

JUDGE DREDD
THE SEXMEK SLASHER
ORIGINS INTERLUDE
SLOTS
EKS
HOT MEKS
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, BABY?
YOU WANT TEXAS CITY STRAIGHT OR MEGA-CITY HOLD 'EM? YOU WANT RUSSIAN, GREEK — MISSIONARY, HOLY MARY — SLOW JOB, TOE JOB — THERE'S NO JOB I CAN'T DO FOR YOU, BABY.
DO YOU DO... MUTT N' JEFF?
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
VINCE LOCKE
EVA DE LA CRUZ
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
OH YEAH, YOU AIN'T NEVER HAD THAT MUTT BEAT THE WAY I'M GONNA BEAT IT.
BUT FIRST, THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED YOU TO DO FOR ME, BABY.
PAY SLOT
ONE FIFTY FOR THE MUTT — THE JEFF COMES FREE. JUST SLIP YOUR LITTLE PAYCARD IN MY SLOT, BABY.
FILTHY MACHINE!

THREE BLASTS INTO THE VITAL PARTS. CUT REPEATEDLY — BEFORE OR AFTER, HARD TO SAY. EITHER WAY, A FRENZIED ATTACK.
THE SLASHER'S OUT TONIGHT.
ZZZZIKKK
I GOTTA KEEP REPLACIN' MY GIRLS LIKE THIS HE'S GONNA PUT ME OUTA BUSINESS!
THAT'S THE THIRD THIS MONTH! THEY'RE SEXMEKS, FOR FREAK'S SAKE — ROBOTS! WHAT'S HE GOT AGAINST ROBOTS?
CREEP'S A BINGE PERPETRATOR. THESE BLASTS ARE FRESH. HE COULD STILL BE OUT THERE —
HUH?

WHAT KINDA FREAKIN' PERVERT CUTS UP SEXMEKS?
HE'S CUT ME! HE'S CUT ME - !
HEARD A SCREAM!
THE SLASHER'S OUT!
I'VE CALLED AN AMBULANCE!
SHE'S BADLY CUT UP. THE SLASHER'S HALLMARK -
LOOK AFTER HER, WYLER.

I TRIED TO STOP HIM. BLACK OVERJACK AND A HAT.
THE MAN'S COVERED IN BLOOD.
HONK!!!
LIZARD LOUNGE

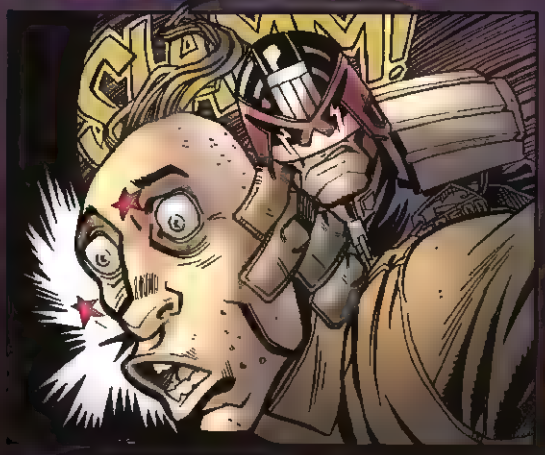
SLLASSSHH

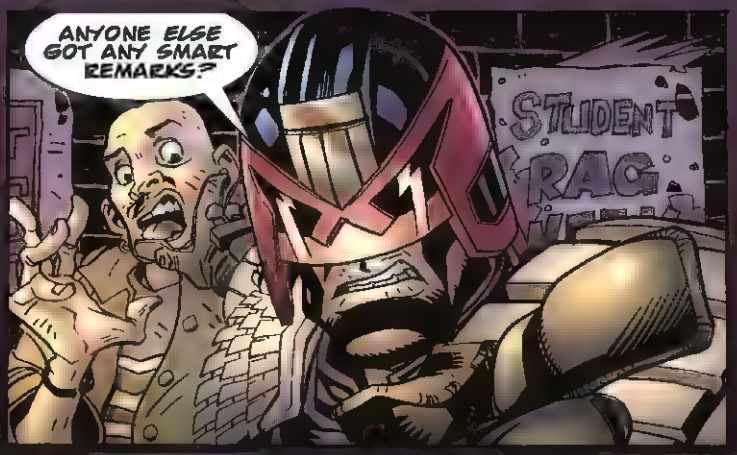
WHAT'S THE SENTENCE HERE?
DEPENDS ON THE CONDITION OF HIS LAST VICTIM. I'LL NOTIFY.
LOUNGE
HOW WAS I TO KNOW SHE WAS REAL?
WHAT YOU GOT AGAINST SEXMEKS, CREEP?
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!
SOMETHING DEEP AND DARK AND SHAMEFUL, HUH?
SHUT UP! SHUT UP!
SO YOU'RE THE SEXMEK SLASHER. DON'T LOOK LIKE MUCH.
IT WASN'T MY FAULT! SHE HAD A PAY-SLOT!
RITA LOLITA, WELL-KNOWN WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.
LASER PART-SEALED THE WOUNDS, OTHERWISE SHE'D HAVE BLED TO DEATH. STILL GONNA NEED SOME EXTENSIVE PLASTI-WORK.
YOU HAD A PAY-SLOT IMPLANTED IN YOUR BODY?
EVERYBODY WANTS MACHINES THESE DAYS. MACHINES, MACHINES, NOTHIN' DOES IT LIKE A MACHINE. WHAT'M I SUPPOSED TO DO, I GOTTA COMPETE.
AND I GOTTA JUDGE.
GUILTY OF OBTAINING MONEY BY DECEPTION.
WITH MITIGATING FACTORS, LET'S JUST CALL IT SIX MONTHS.
WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO WHEN A REAL WOMAN CAN'T GET NO WORK!
WE LIVE IN STRANGE TIMES.
YEAH.
THE END

ORIGINS INTERLUDE
EAST SIDE TECH
LAXMAN OUT.!
YOU'RE A DISGRACE, LAXMAN.!
LAXMAN OUT.!
LAXMAN OUT.!
NO VIOLENCE.!
JUDGE DREDD
ON CAMPUS
LAXMAN OUT.
NO VIOLENCE.!
KCHAK
KCHAK
KCHAK
SCRIPT
JOHN WAGNER
ART
P.J. HOLDEN
COLOURS
EVA DE LA CRUZ
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

...so if, as Principal Larman claims, colleges do not tow the Justice Department line, how come his own 'rationalisation' at EST just happened to result in the loss of the eight staff members with the most outspoken anti-Judicial views?

Does anyone believe it a coincidence that the one head to speak out against the demerit system, Principal Lever of Burkett, is now doing three years in Iso-Block 85 for a so-called 'accounting fraud'? Don't badmouth the [illegible]





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Free speech? 'Scuse me while I gag, Doreen. Express an opinion and you're down as a troublemaker. Meanwhile, Judge ra-ra groups are allowed to get away with murder -- literally.
Why has no one been arrested for the killing of Mayday Rice? How come the Judges seem to be the only ones who don't know the Neo-Fargoistas were responsible?
WHAT THE HELL - ?
WHAT IS THIS - ? NOBODY GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO COME IN HERE! GET OUT!
I HEAR YOU WERE PROMINENT AT THE SOUTH ENTRANCE ON THURSDAY.
I DIDN'T THROW ANYTHING! YOU CAN'T PIN THAT ON ME!
YES, YOU'RE REAL CAREFUL ABOUT THAT, AREN'T YOU, THURMAN?
SUBVERSIVE STUFF. IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D THINK YOU HAD SOMETHING AGAINST US.
WE'RE NOT ALLOWED AN OPINION ANYMORE?
IF YOU THINK WE WORKED LONG AND HARD BUILDING THIS CITY JUST TO LET PUNKS LIKE YOU CHIP AWAY AT IT, YOU'RE WAY WRONG, SONNY. WE WILL CRUSH YOU.

WHAT IS IT? WHY ARE YOU GOING THROUGH MY THINGS? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?
TH-THAT'S NOT MINE.!
DREDD
HIGH GRADE ZZIZ, IF I'M ANY JUDGE.
I DON'T KNOW HOW IT GOT THERE.! I NEVER TOUCH DRUGS.!
YOU'RE IN VERY SERIOUS TROUBLE, THURMAN. GET DRESSED.
YOU.! YOU DID IT.! YOU PLANTED IT.!
DREDD
OH, YOU EVIL BASTARDS.!
IT'S CHASE.! THEY'RE BUSTIN' HIM.!
THAT'S JUDGE HARASSMENT.! ARE WE GONNA ALLOW THAT?
NO VIOLENCE.! YOU'D BE PLAYING INTO THEIR HANDS.! THAT'S WHAT THEY WANT.!
YOU'D DO ANYTHING TO SHUT ME UP.!
SHUT UP.
INTERROGATION CUBE 14.

WHERE IS HE? WHAT'S HE KEEPING ME HERE FOR?
WE GOT DNA FROM SALIVA, A COUPLE OF GOOD PRINTS ON THE OUTSIDE. NEITHER OF THEM CAME FROM CHASE THURMAN.
BLOOD?
NEGATIVE FOR ZZIZ, ANY OTHER DRUG.
KNEW IT WAS ALL A LITTLE TOO EASY.
ALL RIGHT, GIVE ME THE NAMES.
AT LAST.' I KNOW YOUR GAME, DREDD.' YOU CAN TORTURE ME AND LOCK ME AWAY, BUT YOU'LL NEVER BREAK ME.' YOU'LL NEVER BREAK MY SPIRIT.' I'LL NEVER STOP FIGHTING YOU.'
RELEASE HIM.
R-RELEASE?
WE GOT A CALL — SCRAMBLER, UNREGISTERED COM. CALLER CLAIMED GRADE-A DRUGS WERE REGULARLY USED IN YOUR STUDE-HAB. WE HAD TO CHECK.
DREDD

SALIVA ON THE SPLIFF BELONGED TO WAYNE DIKKEDD, PROMINENT IN EAST SIDE TECH'S LEAGUE OF JUSTICE.
A MALCONTENT LIKE YOU EDITING THE COLLEGE RAG OFFENDED HIS TENDER SENSIBILITIES.
I'M ON YOUR FREAKIN' SIDE, MAN.'
YOU HAVE A FRIEND, ARCHER MILES.
MY DEPUTY EDITOR.
WE FOUND HIS PRINTS ON THE SPLIFF.
NO—!
MILES HAD REGULAR ACCESS TO YOUR STUDE-HAB AND A BIG ITCH TO BE EDITOR. DIKKEDD USED HIM TO PLANT THE EVIDENCE.
BIG STEP TO TAKE OVER A TWO-CRED WHINE SHEET IF YOU ASK ME. GUESS YOU JUST CAN'T TRUST ANYONE.
OH GRUD... YOU KNEW — YOU KNEW ALL ALONG.
LET'S SAY I SUSPECTED.
BUT YOU DRAGGED ME IN HERE, YOU PUT ME THROUGH HELL —
THINK OF IT AS A GLIMPSE INTO YOUR FUTURE.
WE'RE NOT WHAT YOU THINK WE ARE, THURMAN. THE LAW, THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS. STIR UP TROUBLE — DO ANYTHING TO PREJUDICE OUR ABILITY TO ADMINISTER THAT LAW — AND I GUARANTEE YOU, YOU'RE HEADING FOR A WHOLE LIFE OF HURT.
THINK ABOUT IT.
NOW GET OUT OF HERE.
YOU BROUGHT ME HERE.' HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO GET BACK? I COULD GET MUGGED.' I DEMAND TRANSPORT.' HEY.' I'M TALKING TO YOU.'
FREAKIN' JUDGES, YOU'RE ALL THE SAME.'
THE DAY'S COMIN', MAN.' THE DAY'S COMIN'.'
THE END

ORIGINS INTERLUDE
JUDGE DREDD
JUDGEMENT
ISHMAEL. CONTROL CALL YOU IN?
HEARD YOU MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING FOR ME.
WHAT ARE WE LOOKING AT HERE? KILLER JIMP ON THE LOOSE, OR ONE OF OUR OWN GONE RENEGADE?
YOU TELL ME.
I'VE GOT FIVE ON THEIR WAY TO RESYK, ONE TRAUMATISED SURVIVOR WHO'S HEADING FOR PSYCH-CUBE OBSERVATION AND A STORY THAT DOESN'T MAKE MUCH SENSE.
STIFF NUMBER ONE: HALLEN BECKINS, 20-YEAR-OLD STUDENT AT MCU. RESIDENT OF JARV COCKER FRAT-BLOCK.
'HIM AND HIS GIRLFRIEND — BONETTA VALE, ALSO A STUDENT AT MCU — WERE OUT WALKING LAST NIGHT.
'SEEMS THEY TOOK A WRONG TURN SOMEWHERE...'
HEY HEY HEY! LOOKY-LOOKY-LOU! WHAT WE GOT HERE?
PLEASE... WE DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE...
GORDON RENNIE
IAN GIBSON
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

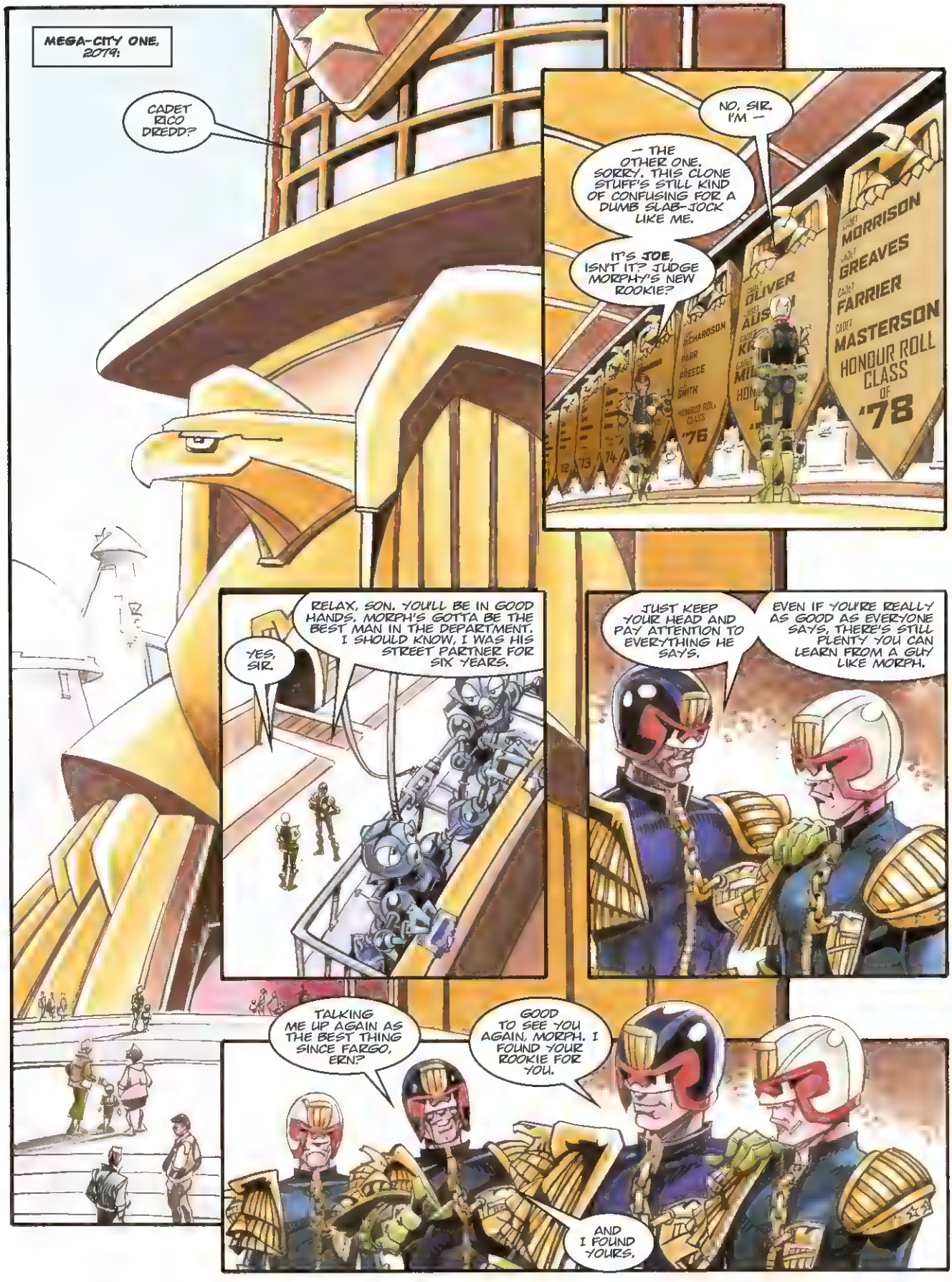
YEAH? SOME COINCIDENCE, BUD. NEITHER DO WE.
ORGAN-LEGGER SCAVENGERS? THIS AREA'S GOT A REP FOR THEM.
THAT'D BE MY GUESS TOO.
NICE GOIN', BUTTWIPE. SHOOT 'EM IN THE LEGS, REMEMBER? ORGAN-LEGGERS DON'T NEED 'EM SO MUCH.
STILL GOT THE PRINCESS, AIN'T WE? AN' CHECK OUT THEM BABY BLUES ON HER.
I KNOW A GUY IN THE DE VITO PROJECTS PAYS TOP CREDS FOR EYES LIKE THAT.
HOLD HER TIGHT, WILLYA? I HATE IT WHEN THEY —
CHECK IT! SHINEY!
AIN'T NO SHINEY.
HEY, WHERE'D YOU GET THE COSTUME, MAN? A MUSEUM?
BALLISTICS ANGLES SAY HE WAS PROBABLY COMING FROM THIS DIRECTION, WALKING TOWARDS HIM WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTED.

WE'RE GUESSING HE STARTED FIRING FIRST, EXECUTION-STYLE...
H-HEY!
'DOUBLE TAPS, HEAD OR HEART SHOTS. PROBABLY SHOOTING ON THE MOVE. DEFINITELY A TRAINED MARKSMAN.'
YOU CRAZY! YOU GOTTA BE FREAKIN' CRAZY!
YOU AIN'T A JUDGE!
WHAT ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU?
GUILTSEEKER

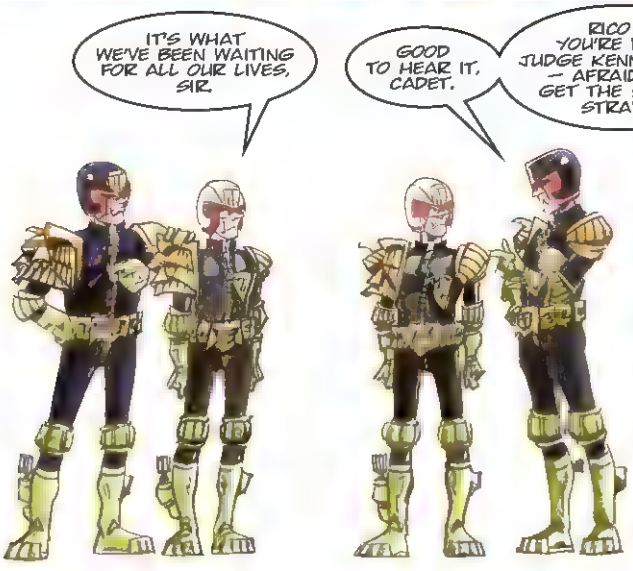
YOU... YOU SHOT ME. I FELT THE BULLET PASS THROUGH ME...
PLEASE... WHO ARE YOU?
SO SHE SAW THE KILLER CLEARLY?
"A JUDGE WITH NO FACE AND WEARING AN ODD-LOOKING UNIFORM."
NO FACE?
THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID.
SHE ALSO CLAIMS THE SHOT THAT KILLED THE LAST PERP WENT THROUGH HER FIRST.
LIE DETECTORS SAY SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.
OR AT LEAST WHAT SHE THINKS IS THE TRUTH.
SOME OF THE FORENSICS EVIDENCE BACKS HER UP, BUT THE MEDS COULDN'T FIND A MARK ON HER.
SLUGS FROM OUR MYSTERY PERP'S WEAPON?
SEE FOR YOURSELF.
STANDARD EXECUTION ROUND FROM AN OLD LAWGIVER MARK I. HAVEN'T SEEN THIS MAKE SINCE MY ROOKIE DAYS.
SAME HERE. TEKS SAY THAT DESIGN OF SLUG AND THE LAWGIVER IT CAME FROM HAVEN'T BEEN DEPARTMENT ISSUE FOR OVER FORTY YEARS.
EVERY LAWGIVER'S TAGGED TO MARK EVERY ROUND FIRED FROM IT. IDENTIFY THE LAWGIVER, YOU GOT THE JUDGE IT'S REGISTERED TO.
NOT THIS ONE, TEKS SAY THE SLUGS ARE BLANK — NO OWNER I.D. POSSIBLE ON ANY OF THEM.
YOU WERE RIGHT — GRUD KNOWS WHAT WE'RE DEALING WITH HERE, OR WHICH ONE OF US GETS THE CASE.
SJS OR STREET DIVISION, DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE...

'...GOT A HUNCH WE'RE BOTH GOING TO NEED **OUTSIDE HELP** ON THIS.'
THE FIRE RETARDANT MATERIAL OF HIS UNIFORM PROVIDES A FEW SECONDS PROTECTION. AFTER THAT, THE CHEMICAL MIX IN THE INCENDIARY SHELL GOES TO WORK, AND ALL HE CAN SMELL IS HIS OWN BURNING FLESH.
STANDARD EXECUTION ROUNDS DRUM INTO HIM, SPINNING HIM LIKE A TOP, TAKING AWAY HIS ARMS AND LEGS.
OVER HIS OWN SCREAMS HE HEARS LAUGHTER FROM HIS KILLER, WATCHING HIM **BURN** AS HE DENIES HIM THE FINAL RELEASE OF A MERCY SHOT.
HIS KILLER. POISON IN HIS BLOOD, MADNESS IN HIS BRAIN.
MY GRUD, HOW COULD THEY HAVE BEEN SO **WRONG** ABOUT THIS ONE? ABOUT **BOTH** OF —
WHOA.

NOTHING LIKE A PSI-FLASH OF BRUTAL DEATH TO GET YOU UP IN THE MORNING...
ANDERSON? GOT A CALL FOR YOU. IT'S —
— DREDD. I KNOW. PUT HIM THROUGH.
ELSEWHERE:
LYLE KOTCH?
WAIT./ Y-YOU CAN'T DO THIS./ YOU'RE A JUDGE./
I AM JUDGEMENT. YOUR TIME HAS COME...

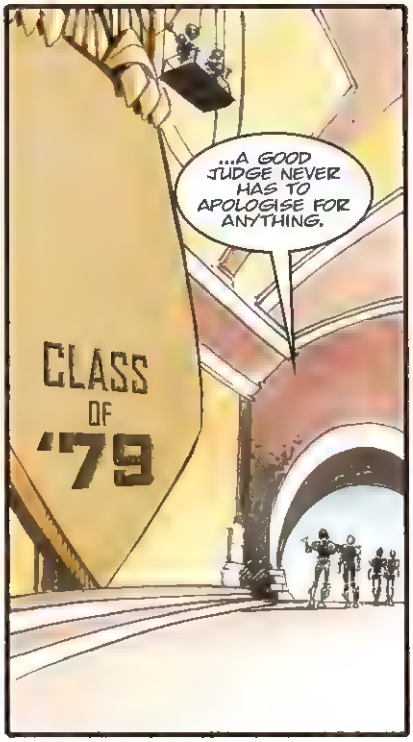

MEGA-CITY ONE, 2079:
CADET RICO DREDD?
NO, SIR. I'M —
— THE OTHER ONE. SORRY. THIS CLONE STUFF'S STILL KIND OF CONFUSING FOR A DUMB SLAB-JOCK LIKE ME.
IT'S JOE, ISN'T IT? JUDGE MORPHY'S NEW ROOKIE?
CADET MORRISON
CADET GREAVES
CADET FARRIER
CADET MASTERSON
HONOUR ROLL CLASS OF '78
HONOUR ROLL CLASS '76
RELAX, SON. YOU'LL BE IN GOOD HANDS. MORPH'S GOTTA BE THE BEST MAN IN THE DEPARTMENT. I SHOULD KNOW, I WAS HIS STREET PARTNER FOR SIX YEARS.
YES, SIR.
JUST KEEP YOUR HEAD AND PAY ATTENTION TO EVERYTHING HE SAYS.
EVEN IF YOU'RE REALLY AS GOOD AS EVERYONE SAYS, THERE'S STILL PLENTY YOU CAN LEARN FROM A GUY LIKE MORPH.
TALKING ME UP AGAIN AS THE BEST THING SINCE FARGO, ERN?
GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MORPH. I FOUND YOUR ROOKIE FOR YOU.
AND I FOUND YOURS.

JUDGE CLONES. DAMN, WONDER WHAT THE TEKS ARE GOING TO COME UP WITH NEXT...
READY FOR YOUR STREET ASSESSMENTS, ROOKIES?


IT'S WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR ALL OUR LIVES, SIR.
GOOD TO HEAR IT, CADET.
RICO — YOU'RE WITH JUDGE KENNER. JOE — AFRAID YOU GET THE SHORT STRAW.

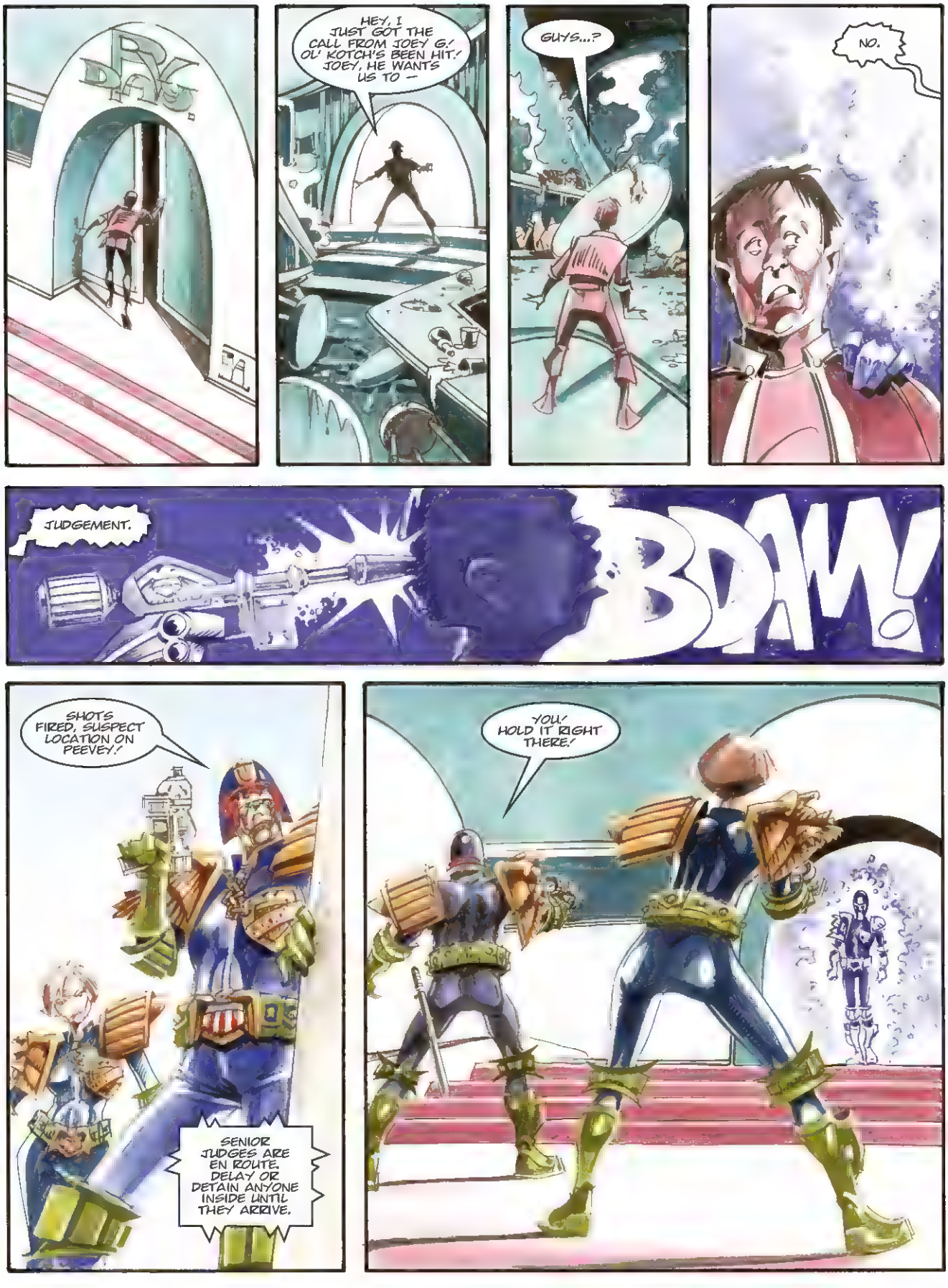
C'MON, CADET, WE'RE READY TO GO. YOU DO WANT TO BECOME A JUDGE TODAY, RIGHT?

LESSON NUMBER ONE, SON...
YES, SIR. I'M SORRY.


...A GOOD JUDGE NEVER HAS TO APOLOGISE FOR ANYTHING.
CLASS OF '79

MEGA-CITY ONE, NOW:
SORRY I'M LATE. SO WHO'S THE STIFF?
LYLE KOTCH, FINANCIER AND SUSPECTED BAGMAN FOR THE GREENHAVEN CARTEL.
I KNOW THE GREENHAVENS. THEY USE PSYKERS TO GIVE THE DEPARTMENT THE RUNAROUND. PSI-DIV'S BEEN TRYING TO BUST THEM FOR A WHILE.
ALMOST DID IT TOO, A YEAR OR TWO AGO.
MOB HITS HAPPEN EVERY DAY. WHY'S THIS ONE NEED THREE SENIOR BADGES FROM STREET, SJS AND PSI-DIV?
THE SHELLS FROM HERE MATCH THIS ONE, FROM THE ZIMMER STREET SHOOTINGS LAST NIGHT.
THE JUDGE WITH NO FACE CASE?
IF HE IS A JUDGE. SO FAR, HE'S MORE LIKE A GHOST.
PSU AND FORENSICS HAVE COME UP WITH NOTHING. ORDINARILY, IT'S NOT SJS POLICY TO USE PSI-JUDGE ASSISTANCE —
— BUT JOE HERE CONVINCED YOU THAT SOMETIMES EVEN THE FREAKS AT PSI-DIVISION HAVE THEIR USES.
OKAY, SO LET'S SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT...
I...I CAN SEE SOMEONE. IT'S A MAN. HE'S SCREAMING...ON FIRE. THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE THERE TOO, WATCHING HIM BURN.

WHAT KIND OF A MAN? DESCRIBE HIM. IS HE A JUDGE?
YES. THERE'S A JUDGE BADGE... I CAN'T READ THE NAME ON IT. SOMETHING ELSE, TOO — SOME KIND OF SERIAL NUMBER.
OH GRUD... THE MAN ON FIRE, HE WON'T STOP SCREAMING...
A NAME, ANDERSON. WE NEED A NAME.
I AM JUDGEMENT. YOUR TIME HAS COME...
'JUDGEMENT'. THAT'S WHAT HE CALLS HIMSELF.
I KNOW SOMETHING ELSE TOO...
PEEVEY STREET — THAT'S WHERE HE'S GOING TO HIT NEXT.
THAT'S ONLY HALF A SECTOR AWAY.
THERE'S A GREENHAVEN-OWNED DAYCLUB ON PEEVEY. LET'S GO!

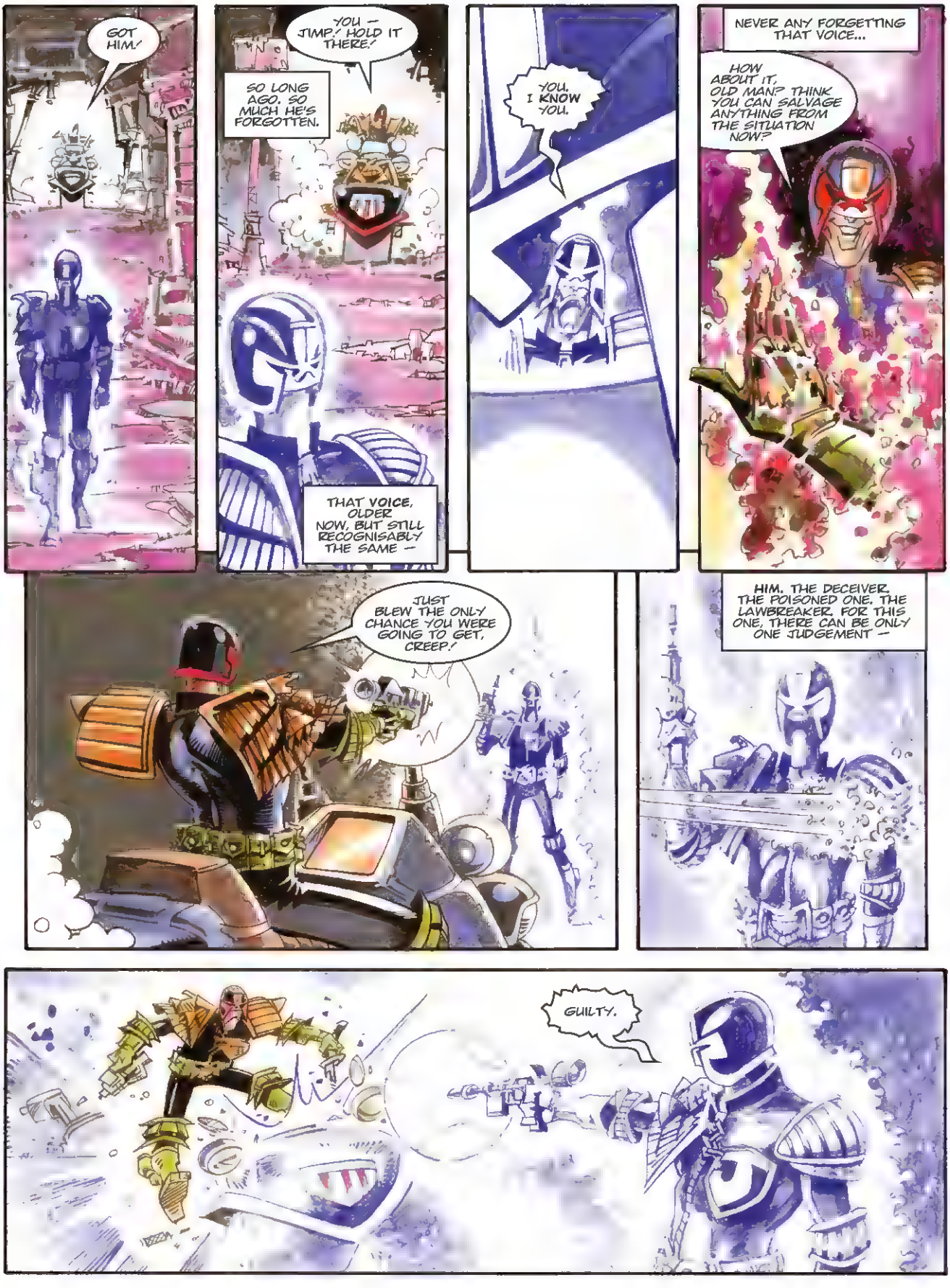

HEY, I JUST GOT THE CALL FROM JOEY G.! OL' KOTCH'S BEEN HIT.! JOEY, HE WANTS US TO —
GUYS...?
NO.
JUDGEMENT.
BDAW!
SHOTS FIRED, SUSPECT LOCATION ON PEEVEY.!
SENIOR JUDGES ARE EN ROUTE. DELAY OR DETAIN ANYONE INSIDE UNTIL THEY ARRIVE.
YOU! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!

I SAID HOLD IT, CREEP!
GUILTY.
GRUD! CODE 99 RED — STRACHAN'S DOWN, AND NOTHING'S STOPPING THIS FREAK!
NOT GUILTY.

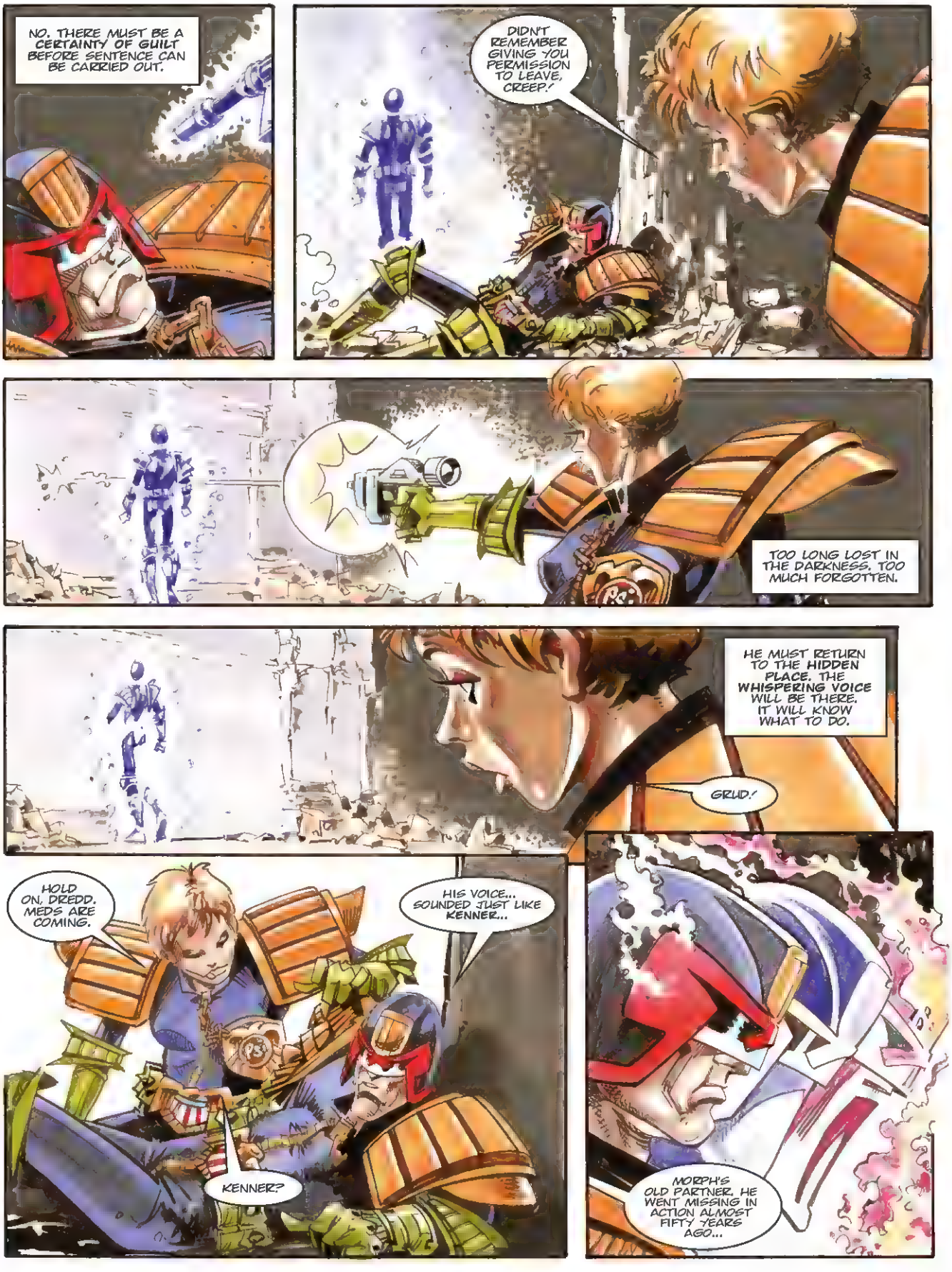
MEGA-CITY ONE, 2079:
THAT YOU, DREDD? COMPU SAYS YOU'RE CALLING FROM A PUBLIC PAY-VID.
YES, SIR. I DIDN'T WANT TO GO THROUGH DEPARTMENT CHANNELS ON THIS.
KENNER
THIS IS RATHER IRREGULAR, JOE.
I REALISE THAT, SIR. I-I NEED TO TALK TO YOU OFF THE RECORD. IT'S —
IT'S ABOUT RICO.
WHAT ABOUT RICO?
I'M NOT SURE, SIR. HE... HE JUST SEEMS DIFFERENT THESE DAYS. AND I'VE BEEN HEARING THINGS... RUMOURS ABOUT EXCESSIVE VIOLENCE COMPLAINTS AND HIS OFF-DUTY BEHAVIOUR.
YOU WERE ASSESSING JUDGE ON HIS FINAL ROOKIE TEST, SIR. I THOUGHT —
YOU WERE RIGHT TO CONTACT ME, SON. GLAD IT'S NOT JUST ME THAT'S NOTICED THERE'S A PROBLEM.
RICO'S THE BEST ROOKIE I'VE EVER HAD. MAYBE WE CAN SALVAGE AS MUCH OF THE SITUATION AS WE CAN BEFORE THE DEPARTMENT HAS TO BE BROUGHT IN.
WE NEED TO MEET. WHERE AND WHEN?
TWO HOURS' TIME. THE OLD TURNPIKE ON THE EDGE OF THE ATOMIC WASTELANDS.
THANK YOU FOR THIS, SIR. RICO'S MY CLONE-BROTHER. I ONLY WANT TO DO WHAT'S BEST FOR HIM.
DRED
RICO
CONTROL — LOGGING OUT FOR A COUPLE HOURS PERSONAL TIME LATER THIS P.M...

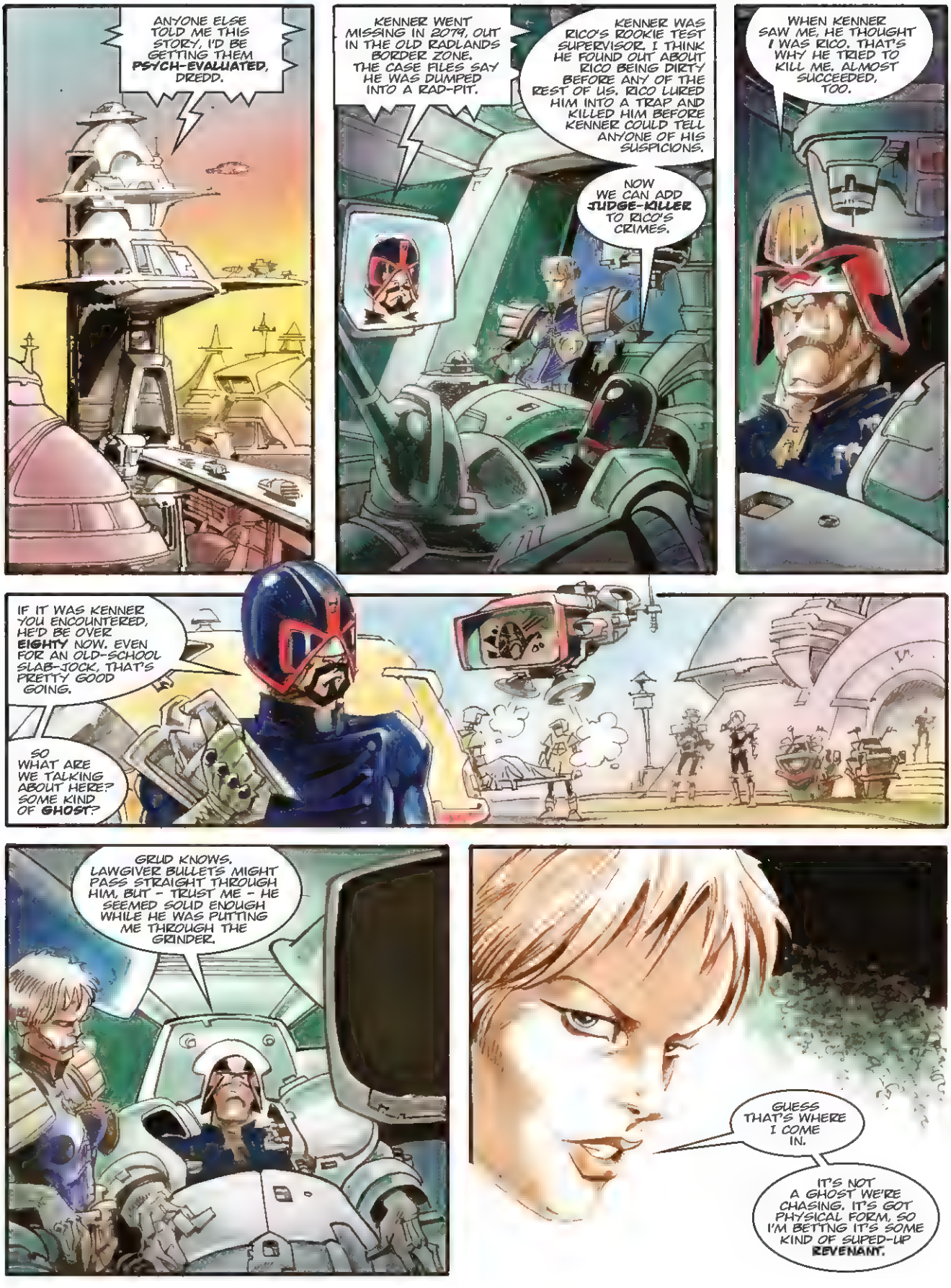
NOW:
CODE 99 RED, PEEVEY STREET.! TWO JUDGES DOWN.!
ALMOST THERE. CONTACT PSU — I WANT FULL SURVEILLANCE AROUND PEEVEY.
SUSPECT PERP MAY BE DRESSED AS A JUDGE. REPEAT — CREEP LOOKS JUST LIKE ONE OF US.
ONE OF THEM'S STILL ALIVE.
PSU'S GOT NOTHING, DREDD. IF YOUR PERP'S STILL IN THE AREA, THEN THE STREET CAMS AREN'T PICKING HIM UP.
ANDERSON?
HE'S STILL CLOSE. I CAN FEEL HIM...
THIS WAY.!
ISHMAEL — YOU HANDLE THINGS HERE UNTIL THE MEDS ARRIVE.
WELL, I GUESS THAT SETTLES WHICH ONE OF US IS RUNNING THE INVESTIGATION...

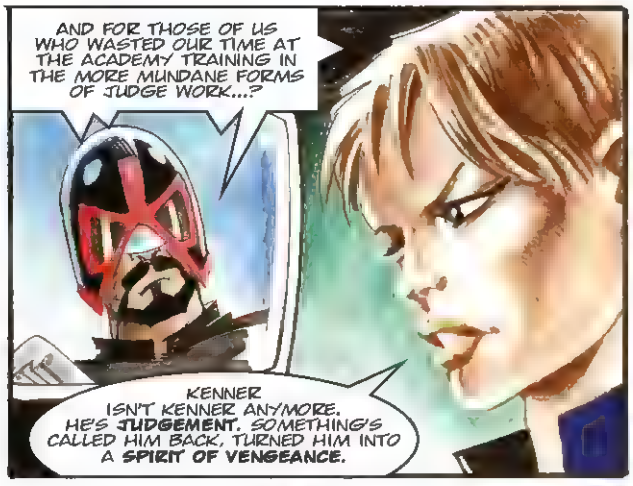
WHICH WAY?
HE'S TWO STREETS OVER AND THREE LEVELS DOWN, HEADING TOWARDS CITY BOTTOM. WE CUT LEFT AND TAKE THE PED-RAMP, THEN —
BOOST.
OR, Y'KNOW, YOU COULD DO IT THAT WAY TOO.
I'M MOVING SOUTH ON FIELDING. PERP'S ALMOST IN SIGHT NOW. TRY TO KEEP UP.


GOT HIM!
YOU — JIMP! HOLD IT THERE!
SO LONG AGO. SO MUCH HE'S FORGOTTEN.
THAT VOICE, OLDER NOW, BUT STILL RECOGNISABLY THE SAME —
YOU. I KNOW YOU.
NEVER ANY FORGETTING THAT VOICE...
HOW ABOUT IT, OLD MAN? THINK YOU CAN SALVAGE ANYTHING FROM THE SITUATION NOW?
JUST BLEW THE ONLY CHANCE YOU WERE GOING TO GET, CREEP!
HIM. THE DECEIVER. THE POISONED ONE. THE LAWBREAKER. FOR THIS ONE, THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE JUDGEMENT —
GUILTY.

GUILTY.
GUILTY.
I AM JUDGEMENT. YOUR TIME HAS COME.
GO... GO TO HELL.
WAIT —
TOO MUCH DARKNESS. TOO MUCH HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN.
THIS ONE. NOT THE DECEIVER. NOT HIM.
BUT BOTH THE SAME. IF ONE CARRIES THE TAINT, THEN SO MUST THE OTHER.
JUDGEMENT MUST BE CARRIED OUT.
DREDD - !

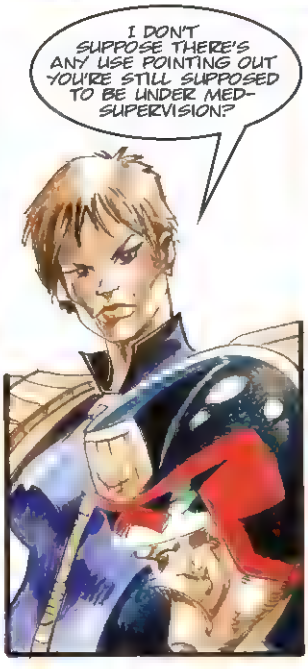

NO. THERE MUST BE A CERTAINTY OF GUILT BEFORE SENTENCE CAN BE CARRIED OUT.
DIDN'T REMEMBER GIVING YOU PERMISSION TO LEAVE, CREEP!
TOO LONG LOST IN THE DARKNESS. TOO MUCH FORGOTTEN.
HE MUST RETURN TO THE HIDDEN PLACE. THE WHISPERING VOICE WILL BE THERE. IT WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO.
GRUD!
HOLD ON, DREDD. MEDS ARE COMING.
HIS VOICE... SOUNDED JUST LIKE KENNER...
KENNER?
MORPH'S OLD PARTNER. HE WENT MISSING IN ACTION ALMOST FIFTY YEARS AGO...


ANYONE ELSE TOLD ME THIS STORY, I'D BE GETTING THEM PSYCH-EVALUATED, DREDD.
KENNER WENT MISSING IN 2079, OUT IN THE OLD RADLANDS BORDER ZONE. THE CASE FILES SAY HE WAS DUMPED INTO A RAD-PIT.
KENNER WAS RICO'S ROOKIE TEST SUPERVISOR. I THINK HE FOUND OUT ABOUT RICO BEING DIRTY BEFORE ANY OF THE REST OF US. RICO LURED HIM INTO A TRAP AND KILLED HIM BEFORE KENNER COULD TELL ANYONE OF HIS SUSPICIONS.
NOW WE CAN ADD JUDGE-KILLER TO RICO'S CRIMES.
WHEN KENNER SAW ME, HE THOUGHT I WAS RICO. THAT'S WHY HE TRIED TO KILL ME. ALMOST SUCCEEDED, TOO.
IF IT WAS KENNER YOU ENCOUNTERED, HE'D BE OVER EIGHTY NOW. EVEN FOR AN OLD-SCHOOL SLAB-JOCK, THAT'S PRETTY GOOD GOING.
SO WHAT ARE WE TALKING ABOUT HERE? SOME KIND OF GHOST?
GRUD KNOWS. LAWGIVER BULLETS MIGHT PASS STRAIGHT THROUGH HIM, BUT - TRUST ME - HE SEEMED SOLID ENOUGH WHILE HE WAS PUTTING ME THROUGH THE GRINDER.
GUESS THAT'S WHERE I COME IN.
IT'S NOT A GHOST WE'RE CHASING. IT'S GOT PHYSICAL FORM, SO I'M BETTING IT'S SOME KIND OF SUPED-UP REVENANT.

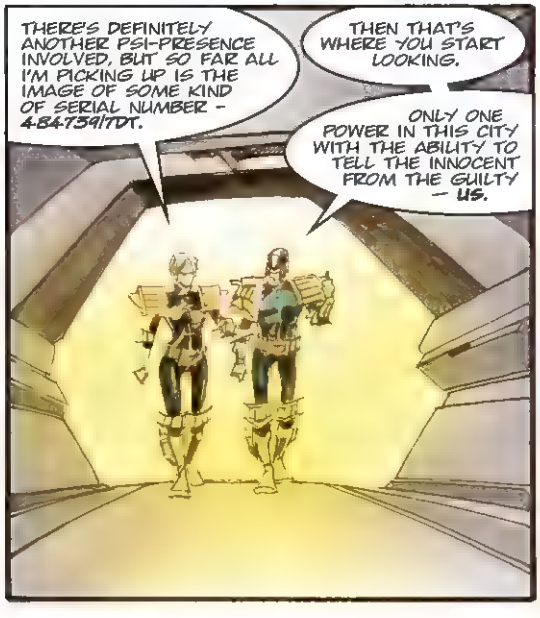

AND FOR THOSE OF US WHO WASTED OUR TIME AT THE ACADEMY TRAINING IN THE MORE MUNDANE FORMS OF JUDGE WORK...?
KENNER ISN'T KENNER ANYMORE. HE'S **JUDGEMENT**. SOMETHING'S CALLED HIM BACK, TURNED HIM INTO A **SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE**.

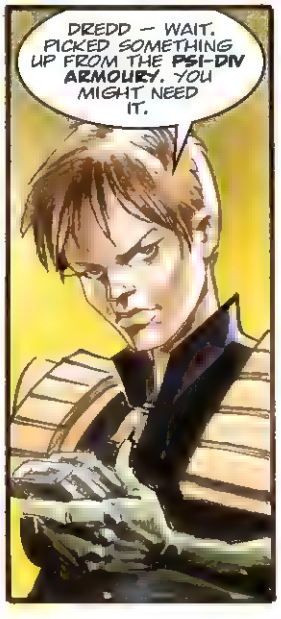
AND ANOTHER JUDGE KILLER. HE GUNNED DOWN STRACHAN IN COLD BLOOD.
HERE'S SOMETHING YOU COULDN'T KNOW — STRACHAN WAS **DIRTY**. SJS HAD AN OPEN FILE ON HIM. IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE WE HAD THE EVIDENCE WE NEEDED TO SHIP HIM OUT TO TITAN.

JUDGEMENT KNEW. THAT'S WHY STRACHAN WAS KILLED AND HIS PARTNER WASN'T. 'NOT GUILTY', ISN'T THAT WHAT HE SAID TO HER?
COULD BE SOME KIND OF **PSI-POWER** JUDGEMENT'S GOT — THE ABILITY TO TELL THE INNOCENT FROM THE GUILTY.
ONE THING CONNECTING JUDGEMENT'S ATTACKS TO DATE — THEY'VE ALL BEEN HITS ON THE **GREENHAVEN CARTEL**. BUT THE GREENHAVENS DIDN'T EVEN EXIST WHEN KENNER WAS STILL ALIVE.


I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'S ANY USE POINTING OUT YOU'RE STILL SUPPOSED TO BE UNDER MED-SUPERVISION?

THOUGHT NOT.
YOU SAID SOMEONE OR SOMETHING BROUGHT HIM BACK. WE NEED TO FIND OUT WHO, AND WHAT THE GREENHAVENS HAVE TO DO WITH IT.


THERE'S DEFINITELY ANOTHER PSI-PRESENCE INVOLVED, BUT SO FAR ALL I'M PICKING UP IS THE IMAGE OF SOME KIND OF SERIAL NUMBER — **4-84734/TDT**.
THEN THAT'S WHERE YOU START LOOKING.
ONLY ONE POWER IN THIS CITY WITH THE ABILITY TO TELL THE INNOCENT FROM THE GUILTY — **US**.


DREDD — WAIT. PICKED SOMETHING UP FROM THE **PSI-DIV ARMOURY**. YOU MIGHT NEED IT.

GOT ALL THE SPARE LAWGIVER MAGS I NEED.
NOT LIKE THESE. THEY'RE STILL ON THE EXPERIMENTAL LIST, BUT THE TEKS SAY THEY'RE GOOD TO GO.

'FROM WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME, YOU'LL NEED THE EXTRA HELP IF YOU RUN INTO JUDGEMENT AGAIN...'
NO.!
YOU MUST OBEY, JUDGEMENT. YOU MUST COMPLETE THE TASK WE HAVE BEEN SET.
NO.! THIS IS NOT RIGHT.! I AM NOT JUDGEMENT. I HAD ANOTHER NAME ONCE. I...
I...I CAN'T REMEMBER...
I WILL HELP YOU REMEMBER. I AM THE ONLY ONE YOU CAN TRUST.
COMPLETE OUR WORK. BRING **VENGEANCE** TO THOSE WHO MADE US SUFFER.
YES. THE GUILTY MUST BE PUNISHED. I...I AM **JUDGEMENT**, AND THEIR TIME HAS COME.
JUST A FEW MORE TASKS, JUDGEMENT, THEN OUR WORK WILL BE DONE...

JOEY RAVEEN IS A CAREFUL MAN. HE WOULD HAVE TO BE, TO HAVE SURVIVED TEN YEARS AS HEAD OF THE GREENHAVEN CARTEL WITHOUT BEING ARRESTED OR ASSASSINATED.
HE'S CAREFUL WHO HE DOES BUSINESS WITH, WHO HE EMPLOYS, WHO HE SOCIALISES WITH. HE'S BEEN INVESTIGATED BY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT MANY TIMES, BUT HAS NEVER SPENT SO MUCH AS A **DAY** IN THE ISO-CUBES.
THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS?
THEY HERE?
ALL OF 'EM, BOSS. JUST LIKE YOU ORDERED.
PSYKERS. LOTS AND LOTS OF PSYKERS.
YOU FREAKS, YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I **PAY** YOU ALL? YOU KNOW HOW MUCH OF OUR MONTHLY GROSS GETS USED UP INSULATING OURSELVES FROM OUTSIDE DAMAGE?
I PAY ALL THIS, AND WHAT DO I GET? SOMEONE RUBBED OUT LYLE. SOMEONE HIT THE PEEVEY STREET OPERATION. ALL THIS, IN LESS THAN **TWO DAYS!**
START FOCUSIN' THEM MIND POWERS, FREAKS. NO ONE LEAVES THIS ROOM UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHO'S ATTACKING THE ORGANISATION.

RAVEEN'S DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT, DREDD. IF HE FOLLOWS HIS USUAL M.O., HE'LL BE USING PSYKERS TO MASK HIS LOCATION.
BEST WE CAN DO IS CALL IN PSI-DIVISION FOR AN ASSIST.
ALREADY GOT ANDERSON WORKING THE CASE WITH ME.
ANDERSON?
NOTHING, DREDD. JUST THAT SAME NUMBER AND A FEW DISJOINTED FRAGMENTS OF BACKGROUND PSI-STATIC. NOTHING I CAN GET A HARD FIX ON.
NOT SURPRISED ABOUT THE NEWS ON RAVEEN. LIKE I SAID BEFORE, PSI-DIV'S BEEN TRYING TO GET THROUGH THE CARTEL'S PSI-DEFENCES FOR YEARS WITHOUT —
OH JOVIS. OH SWEET GRUD ON A GREENIE...
ANDERSON?
HOLD ON, DREDD. MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING.
CONTROL — PSI-DIV WERE RUNNING AN ACTIVE INVESTIGATION ON THE GREENHAVEN CARTEL. WHO WAS SENIOR JUDGE ON THE CASE?
PSI-JUDGE EDEK. INVESTIGATION SUSPENDED AFTER EDEK WAS FATALLY INJURED IN AN ACCIDENT UNRELATED TO THE GREENHAVEN CASE.
FATALLY INJURED, BUT NOT KILLED, RIGHT? WHERE'S EDEK NOW?
HELD IN SUS-AN AT MED-UNIT 101, CRYO-STASIS PATIENT NUMBER —
484739/TDT.! THAT'S IT.!
DREDD, IT'S A DEAD PSI-JUDGE.! SHE'S THE ONE CONTROLLING JUDGEMENT.!
I'M EN ROUTE TO THE VAULTS.! MAYBE THERE'S STILL TIME TO STOP THIS BEFORE ANYONE ELSE HAS TO DIE.!

I...I CAN SENSE HIM. A PRESENCE IN THE DARK. ANGER...FILLED WITH SO MUCH ANGER...
AND PAIN...PAIN AND RAGE...
WHAT IS THIS? EMO-HOUR ON THE AFTERNOON TRI-D SHOWS? GIMME A NAME, A LOCATION! SOMETHING I CAN USE TO HUNT DOWN AND KILL THE SON OF A BITCH!
WAIT. I'VE GOT HIM. HE'S CLOSE.
YES, IT'S DEFINITELY HIM...HE KILLED LYLE AND EVERYONE AT PEEVEY STREET. HE...HE DID IT TO PANIC YOU... TO GET YOU TO GATHER EVERYONE ELSE HE WANTED TO KILL...
...TOGETHER IN ONE PLACE...
'SAY WHAT...?'
ALL OF YOU. YOUR TIME HAS COME. PREPARE TO BE JUDGED...

SEVEN MONTHS AGO:
SHE HAD BEEN A PSI-JUDGE, ALMOST TWENTY YEARS ON THE STREETS. IT SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN THIS EASY TO KILL HER, BUT IT HAD BEEN.
THE CALL LURING HER INTO THE AMBUSH HAD BEEN PSI-IMPLANTED INTO THE MIND OF A SECTOR HOUSE AUXILIARY, A POST-HYPNOTIC COMMAND ENSURING ALL RECORD OF IT WOULD BE ERASED AFTERWARDS.
CONTROL — EDEK. I'M AT THE RENDEZVOUS LOCATION. NO SIGN OF THE INFORMANT.
CONTROL? YOU READING ME?
BLOCKING HER RADIO SIGNALS HAD BEEN SIMPLE ONCE YOU HAD THE COMMS CODES LIFTED FROM THE MIND OF THAT SAME AUXILIARY.
PSI-MASKING THE PRESENCE OF THE SNIPERS LYING IN WAIT AROUND THE KILLZONE WAS TRICKIER, BUT STILL ACHIEVABLE —
— ASSUMING YOU HAVE ENOUGH PSYKERS ON HAND TO GET THE JOB DONE.
STILL, NO EXCUSE. GRADE-TWO PSI-JUDGE, ALMOST TWENTY YEARS ON THE STREETS —

NOW.! OPEN FIRE.!
IT SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN THIS EASY.
SHE DIED THREE TIMES ON THE WAY TO THE OPERATING TABLE, THE MEDS REVIVING HER EACH TIME, SOMETHING INSIDE HER FORCING HER TO CLING ONTO LIFE.
SHOT IN THE HEAD. SEVERE BRAIN DAMAGE. UNABLE TO TALK, UNABLE TO SEND OUT THE MUTE PSI-SCREAM TO LET THEM KNOW SHE WAS STILL IN THERE, TRAPPED INSIDE HER DYING BODY.
LATER, LOCKED AWAY IN DARKNESS, KEPT IN STASIS, TO BE HEALED BY THE SCIENCE OF SOME DISTANT FUTURE AGE.
BUT, ALL THE TIME, ONE SMALL PART OF HER STILL CONSCIOUS, STILL AWARE.
STILL SCREAMING, THE RAGE IN HER GROWING ALL THE TIME, REACHING OUT IN THE DARKNESS —
484739/7DT
— REACHING OUT AND FINDING THAT ONE LOST AND FORGOTTEN SOUL WHOSE RAGE AND SENSE OF BETRAYAL MATCHED HER OWN.
I AM JUDGEMENT. YOUR TIME HAS COME.

GUILTY.
GUILTY.
PLEASE, DON'T—!
GUILTY.
CONTROL — DREDD. ANYTHING YET ON TRACKING DOWN THE CURRENT LOCATION OF RAVEEN?
NOTHING YET, DREDD. WE'RE —
DREDD — IT'S ANDERSON.
I'M AT THE VAULTS AND PICKING UP SOMETHING INSIDE. MUST BE COMING FROM THE PSI-LINK BETWEEN EDEK AND KENNER.
JUDGEMENT'S DEFINITELY ON THE MOVE AGAIN. CONCENTRATE YOUR SEARCH VICINITY OF MASSIE HI-STACKS.
CONTROL?
GUNFIRE REPORTED, BIZ-UNIT ON RICKMAN STREET. THAT'S ONLY TWO BLOCKS FROM MASSIE. STREET UNITS ARE ON THEIR WAY.
TELL THEM TO HOLD OFF UNTIL I GET THERE. IF JUDGEMENT'S INSIDE, WE NEED TO KEEP HIM CONTAINED.
ANDERSON?

KEEP KENNER OCCUPIED, DREDD. I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIS HANDLER.
THIS... THIS IS **WRONG.** THIS IS NOT THE WAY OF THE LAW.
THIS IS **JUSTICE.** THIS IS WHAT ALL THOSE WHO HAVE BETRAYED US DESERVE.
ONE LAST BETRAYER REMAINS, THE WORST OF THEM ALL.
FULFIL YOUR MISSION AND BRING JUDGEMENT UPON HIM.
GUILTSEEKERS.
AAAAAAAAHH!
JOEY RAVEEN, YOUR TIME HAS COME.
THE LAST EVILDOER. THE LAST BETRAYER.
FOR THIS ONE, THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE PUNISHMENT.

ALL THE PAIN, ALL THE SUFFERING, EVERYTHING THAT HAS BEEN THEIRS, THEY NOW GIVE BACK TO HIM.
THE PSYCHIC SHOCK, MORE THAN ENOUGH TO DESTROY ANY NORMAL HUMAN MIND.
JUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE. HE SHOULD BE PLEASED, BUT SOMETHING STILL TROUBLES HIM.
THIS IS NOT HIS BETRAYER. THAT PAIN WAS NOT HIS PAIN.
HE IS JUDGEMENT. BUT ONCE HE WAS SOMEONE ELSE, SOMEONE WITH A DIFFERENT LIFE. A DIFFERENT NAME —
JUDGE ERNEST KENNER!
YOU WERE A GOOD JUDGE ONCE, KENNER. IF THERE'S ANY OF THAT MAN LEFT IN THERE, NOW'S THE TIME FOR HIM TO SPEAK OUT.
DO NOT LISTEN TO HIS LIES. LOOK AT HIM. HE IS THE ONE WHO BETRAYED YOU. HE IS THE POISONED ONE.

LAST CHANCE, KENNER! NO MORE WARNINGS!
ALL LIES. YOU ARE JUDGEMENT. YOU MUST FULFIL YOUR PURPOSE AND BRING THE BETRAYERS TO JUSTICE.
GUILTY.
DREDD — ANDERSON...
...HIT A FEW SNAGS HERE AT THE VAULTS. MAYBE GOING TO TAKE LONGER THAN I THOUGHT!

THE VAULTS: A MED-DIVISION FACILITY WHERE FATALLY INJURED PERPS AND JUSTICE DEPARTMENT PERSONNEL ARE KEPT IN CRYO-STASIS UNTIL A TIME WHEN MEDICAL SCIENCE CAN HEAL THEIR INJURIES.
MOSTLY MAINTAINED BY DROIDS, IT'S NOTORIOUS FOR BEING MED-DIVISIONS DULLEST POSTING —
— BUT NOT TODAY.
MIND-VAMPING, EDEK? DRAWING POWER FROM THE MINDS OF THE OTHER CRYO-PATIENTS TO BOOST YOUR OWN PSI-ABILITIES?
THAT HOW YOU'VE BEEN ABLE TO BRING KENNER BACK AND TURN HIM INTO YOUR OWN PET SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE?
ANDERSSSON!
OOOOWWW, SCARY.
ECTO-PHANTASMS. THAT STUFF MIGHT WORK WITH THE ROOKIES, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TRY A LITTLE HARDER WITH ME.
DREDD — ANDERSON. MAKING PROGRESS NOW. HOW ABOUT YOU?

COULD BE DOING BETTER.
GUILTY.
TRIED THOSE ROUNDS FROM PSI-DIV YET?
LOADING THEM NOW. WHAT'S IN THESE THINGS?
SILVER NITRATE, IRON FILINGS, WOLFSBANE, A FEW PINCHES OF SALT, HOLY WATER, GARLIC AND ELEMENTS FROM JUST ABOUT EVERY RELIGIOUS RELIC WE'VE GOT AT PSI-DIV HQ.
BASICALLY, ANYTHING THAT'S PROVED TO BE USEFUL AGAINST THE SUPERNATURAL.
EFFECTIVENESS?
BE KIND OF INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT MYSELF. SO FAR, THEY'RE UNTESTED.
THEN CONSIDER THIS A FIELD TRIAL.
COVER ME!
EXORCIST ROUNDS!
LOOKS LIKE A PASS TO ME.

PAIN! HE HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN WHAT IT FELT LIKE.
HIS MIND, CONFUSED. MUST RETREAT. REORGANISE.
STANDARD OPERATIONAL PROCEDURE — ALWAYS COVER YOUR RETREAT.
GUILTSEEKERS.
DREDD — LOOK OUT!
AAAAHHH!
PURSEY'S HIT — MED-WAGON REQUIRED!
ALSO RECOMMEND POSSIBLE SJS INVESTIGATION ON HIM. HE'S GOT A GUILTY CONSCIENCE ABOUT SOMETHING.

HURT...THIS IS NOT THE WAY IT WAS MEANT TO BE.
MUST RETREAT BACK TO THE HIDDEN PLACE. THE WHISPERING VOICE WILL TELL HIM WHAT TO DO.
THE WHISPERING VOICE...WHY CAN HE NOT HEAR IT ANY LONGER?
RUNNING OUT OF PSI-JUICE, EDEK? YOU'LL KILL THE OTHER CRYO-PATIENTS IN HERE, IF YOU KEEP DRAWING ENERGY FROM THEM. I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN.
SHE FEELS IT. THE RAGE THAT KEPT ALIVE THE FLICKERING CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE THING INSIDE THE CRYO-VAULT. THE MADNESS THAT CALLED ANOTHER TORTURED SOUL BACK FROM THE GRAVE AND TURNED HIM INTO SOMETHING OTHER THAN HUMAN.
SHE HEARS IT, THE VOICE INSIDE HER HEAD.
"IT'S NOT FAIR" IT SCREAMS. "I DIDN'T HAVE TO DIE. IT SHOULDN'T HAVE TO END THIS WAY."
I KNOW, EDEK. BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT IT NOW.
DREDD — ANDERSON. I'M ALL DONE HERE. DEACTIVATED EDEK'S CRYO-DRAWER.
THE REST IS UP TO YOU.

UNDERSTOOD, ANDERSON. DREDD OUT.
IT'S OVER, JUDGEMENT. IT ENDS HERE.
NO...
NOT JUDGEMENT. I REMEMBER NOW.
MY NAME WAS ERNEST KENNER. I WAS A JUDGE ONCE.
A GOOD JUDGE. ONE OF THE BEST.
BUT NOT ANY LONGER. THE VOICE, IT LIED TO ME. MADE ME —
I WAS A JUDGE. I'VE BROKEN THE LAW I SWORE TO UPHOLD. NOW I AM A KILLER.
THE OTHER ONE. THE ONE THAT IS NOT YOU...WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
RICO WAS SENT TO TITAN. WHEN HE CAME BACK, HE WAS WORSE THAN EVER. I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO.
AND MORPH?
DIED ON THE STREETS. YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT HIM TOO — HE'S STILL THE BEST JUDGE I EVER KNEW.

THEN HE DIED AS A JUDGE SHOULD. AS I SHOULD HAVE.
KENNER —
NO. KENNER IS DEAD. I AM JUDGEMENT.
THERE IS STILL ONE LAWBREAKER TO BE JUDGED. HIS TIME HAS NOW COME.
GUILTY.
CONTROL — DREDD. NOTIFY CENTRAL FILES — RECORD TO SHOW JUDGE ERNEST KENNER, CLASS OF '52, DIED ON DUTY THIS A.M.
THE END

SOLDIERS ARE COMING FOR JUDGE FARGO! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT!
WE DON'T HAVE ANY INSTRUCTIONS!
THESE ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS!
JUDGE DREDD
ORIGINS
PART TWO
BDAM
KEEP MOVING, JOE!
BDAM
THEY'VE CUT THE GENERATOR! WE'RE TRAPPED!
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERS ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LAY DOWN DETERRENT FIRE!
BDAM
ARMOUR PIERCING!
BDAM
BDAM
GET BACK!
AHHHHHH!
WHAT'RE YOU DOING, JOE?
THEY'LL BLOW THE EL OPEN! WE'RE SITTING TARGETS! GOT TO GET IT MOVING!

CHARGE SET.
CLUNG
SECURE JUDGE FARGO.
WE AIN'T EVEN SURE THAT'S HIM, SARGE.
WE'LL FIND OUT. TWO SECONDS —
FA-WOOOOM
KAOOOOOOM
Y-YOU'RE CRAZY. WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE.

PNEUMATIC BRAKE. SAFETY FEATURE — MANDATORY ON NEW BUILDS SINCE '66. FIGURED THEY'D HAVE PUT 'EM IN.
KEEP IT DOWN.' GIVE ME A HAND, JOE —
WH-WH-WHAT HAPPENED?
WHO GOES THERE?
IT'S THE BASEMENT GARAGE.
ANY SUGGESTIONS?
THE OTHER AMBULANCES — WE CAN USE THEM AS COVER!
BDAMBDAM BDAM

GOTCHA! YOU GO. I'LL HOLD 'EM!
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
114 TOFFLER WAY! GO!
114 TOFFLER WAY. COMPLYING.
MARS BUILDING! GO!
MARS BUILDING. COMPLYING.
ZNGGG
BDAM
WATCH THAT AMBULANCE!
BAKKABAKKA
RICO — JUMP!

DREDD TO CONTROL! WE HAVE A PATIENT ON LIFE SUPPORT ABOARD A MED VEHICLE! ATTEMPTING TO BREAK OUT OF THE FACILITY!
VA-ROOOOOOM
DREDD
THEY'RE SHOOTING AT EVERYTHING! HOLD HIM TIGHT!
FAW-WAAAAAAAM!

SHAWANGGGGG
GUNSHIP'S PICKED US UP! IT WAS ALL FOR NOTHING!
BUT JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ARMOUR MAKES A TIMELY APPEARANCE —
FA-WCOM
FA-WCOM
FA-WCOM
BA-DOOOOOOOM
THE PATIENT IS SAFE! THE TROOPS WHO ATTACKED THE FACILITY ARE 'FLYING EAGLE' DIVISION.
THAT IS BOOTH'S ANSWER TO YOUR ULTIMATUM.
HOW DID HE FIND OUT ABOUT FARGO?
AN INFORMANT NO DOUBT. I HAVE MY SUSPICIONS, I'LL LOOK INTO IT.
IN THE MEANTIME, CLARENCE, WE HAVE NO OPTION BUT TO TAKE HIM BY FORCE OF ARMS. YOU MUST ISSUE THE ORDER — ARREST PRESIDENT L. BOOTH!

BOOTH'S ELECTION RIGGING WENT A LONG WAY TOWARDS DEMORALISING THE MILITARY. THOUSANDS SURRENDERED AS WE TIGHTENED THE NET ON WASHINGTON.
AROUND THE WHITE HOUSE THE FIGHTING WAS BLOODY.
GOODMAN HAD SPENT YEARS BUILDING UP JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S FORCES. IT WAS JUST AS WELL. IF WE LOST THIS BATTLE, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE END OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.
'RICO AND I WERE AMONG THOSE CHOSEN TO TAKE PART IN THE FINAL ASSAULT —
GO!
RICO

TAKE THE WHITE HOUSE!

'IT WAS A FEARFUL STEP WE HAD TAKEN, BUT I AGREED WITH IT THEN AND I AGREE WITH IT NOW. WITHOUT THE RULE OF LAW WE ARE NOTHING.
'NO ONE MAY HOLD THEMSELVES ABOVE IT. NOT THE ORDINARY CITIZEN, NOT THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE PRESIDENT, YOU'VE MISSED HIM. HE LEFT AN HOUR AGO ON A HOVERFIGHTER. HE'LL BE HALFWAY TO THE ROCKIES BY NOW.
'CONGRESS AND THE SENATE WERE SUSPENDED. THEY'D DONE NOTHING TO CURB BOOTH'S EXCESSES — THEY'D SHOWN THEMSELVES TO BE TOOTHLESS AND IRRELEVANT.
'MEGA-CITY ONE WAS IN CHAOS — LOOTING, LAWLESSNESS, ELEMENTS OF THE MILITARY STILL RUNNING AMOK. A CURFEW WAS ENFORCED, A SHOOT TO KILL POLICY FOR MINOR OFFENCES. HARSH BUT NECESSARY.
'THE IRON GRIP OF JUSTICE CLOSED ON THE CITY — A GRIP WE MAINTAIN TO THIS DAY.'
BOOTH HAD HIS MILITARY STRONGHOLD IN THE WEST, AROUND THE BIG BASES. HE WASN'T RECAPTURED UNTIL THE NEXT YEAR.
YOU ALL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. THEY COULDN'T FIND IT IN THEIR HEARTS TO EXECUTE THE LAST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
YOU ALL RIGHT THERE, LOGAN?
YEAH... YES, JUST A...LITTLE HOT.
'IT WAS SOLOMON WHO CAME UP WITH THE FORMULA. LET POSTERITY DECIDE.'
WE SENTENCE YOU TO ONE HUNDRED YEARS SUSPENDED ANIMATION.'
YOU WILL BE TAKEN FROM HERE TO FORT KNOX — AND THERE YOUR BODY STORED AND FROZEN IN THE DEEPEST VAULT.
LOGAN.'

REQUIRE URGENT MED-EVAC, REPEAT, URGENT MED-EVAC!
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT THAT ARM, LOGAN?
I...I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO SEND ME BACK.
YOU'RE A DAMNED FOOL. IT'S POISONED AND IT'S SPREADING. IF COHN DOESN'T TAKE IT OFF NOW YOU'RE GOING TO DIE.
GUESS... GUESS YOU'VE GOT TO DO WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO DO...
THOUGHT IT WOULD BE THE HIP THAT LET ME DOWN. FUNNY OLD WORLD.
STORM'S PLAYED ITSELF OUT.
STILL NOTHING BUT STATIC. I'VE TRIED PUTTING A REMOTE UP ABOVE THE FIRESTORM. SAME RESULT.
TRY AGAIN.
WHUP WHUPPA
THOUGHT IT WAS CLEAN BUT THESE CURSED EARTH BACTERIA ARE HELL TO GET ON TOP OF.
HE'S SEDATED NOW. I'VE PACKED THE WOUND WITH ANTIBIOTIC GEL. FEVER'S DROPPING ALREADY. I THINK HE'S GOT A GOOD CHANCE.
HE'S TOUGHER THAN HE LOOKS.
BLIP

OH DEAR
WE MUST
INTERCEPT!
THAT'S A MISSILE!
WHO THE HELL - ?
THERE'S SOMETHING FLASHING OVER THERE —
THEY'RE MAKING THE RECOGNITION SIGNAL. THEY WANT US TO FOLLOW THEM.
SIGNAL BACK. WE HAVE A SICK MAN. WE DON'T LEAVE TILL HE'S FIT TO TRAVEL.
CURZON. PASS ME THOSE NIGHT SIGHTS.

THEY'RE NOT PLAYING THE GAME. TELL
THEM DAWN. WE LEAVE AT
DAWN. THAT'S FAIR.
DROKK! IT CAN'T BE —
WHAT IS IT?
SNAP, CRACKLE AND POP —
ROBERT L. BOOTH'S NURSEMAIDS!

AFTER THE WAR, RICO AND I WERE SENT BACK TO THE ACADEMY.
FARGO CONTINUED TO ADVISE, BUT REMAINED IN THE BACKGROUND, HIS PRESENCE KNOWN ONLY TO A FEW.
THE STRAIN ON HIM HAD BEEN HEAVY. THE CLASH WITH JUDD SEEMED TO MARK THE REAL TURNING POINT...
I HAVE A VISION OF THIS CITY UNDER TOTAL, ONE HUNDRED PER CENT JUDICIAL CONTROL. A DOCILE, OBEDIENT POPULATION —
THE ANSWER IS GENETIC MANIPULATION.' IF JUDGES CAN BE CLONED, WHY NOT THE CITIZENS?
IN THESE DAYS OF HARSH LAWS AND STRICT CONTROLS IT IS ALL TOO EASY TO PLAY GOD. WE MUST NEVER FORGET THAT OUR PRIME DUTY IS TO SERVE. OUR JOB IS TO POLICE THE CITIZENS WE HAVE — NOT CREATE THE CITIZENS WE WOULD LIKE.
I MUST EXERCISE MY VETO.
YOUR DAY IS DONE, FARGO.' IT'S TIME FOR NEW IDEAS — A NEW LEADER.'
BDAM BDAM!!!
A DUMMY —
AAAHH!!!
'FROM THE DAY OF JUDD'S ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT, FARGO'S WILL TO GO ON SEEMED TO SLIP AWAY. HIS BODY WAS FAILING, HIS MIND WAS SHOWING INCREASING SIGNS OF REGRESSION — MEMORY LAPSES, CONFUSION...
'I SAW HIM ONLY ONE MORE TIME. RICO AND I WERE CALLED TO THE GRAND HALL.'
HOW ARE YOU, SIR?

IT'S DREDD AND RICO. YOUR CLONES, SIR.
YOU SENT FOR US, SIR.
YES... DREDD AND RICO. SO I DID. I'M SORRY, I FORGET SO EASILY NOW...
I... WANTED TO SAY GOODBYE.
THEY'RE GOING TO PUT ME BACK INTO SUSPENDED ANIMATION. THEY'VE GOT SOME FOOL IDEA THAT... SOMEDAY THEY CAN PUT MY...MY ESSENCE IN ANOTHER BODY...
I TOLD THEM WE'VE ALREADY GOT THAT...RIGHT HERE. JOE AND RICO.
WE WON'T LET YOU DOWN.
IF WE COULD DO HALF AS WELL AS YOU, SIR, WE'D BE HONOURED.
HALF... NO...HALF'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH. YOU MUST...YOU MUST DO BETTER. WHAT HAVE I ACHIEVED? WHAT HAVE I DONE?
YOU CREATED OUR SYSTEM OF JUSTICE, SIR. NO ONE COULD DO MORE.
YOU RESTORED ORDER. YOU GAVE THE PEOPLE RESPECT FOR THE LAW.
ORDER... RESPECT...YES. I GAVE THEM THAT. I MADE THEM FEAR US.
BUT ARE THEY HAPPY? I ASK MYSELF, ARE THEY HAPPY?
HAPPY'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH IT, SIR. IT'S NOT OUR JOB TO MAKE THEM HAPPY.
IT'S ALL ABOUT CONTROL, SIR. YOU SAID THAT YOURSELF. LET THEM GET BIG IDEAS ABOUT THEMSELVES AND WE'RE BACK TO SQUARE ONE.
LIFE, LIBERTY, THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. THEY WERE PROMISED THAT TOO —
PURSUIT, SIR. NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT FINDING IT.
THEY GOT LIFE AND LIBERTY, LONG AS THEY STAY LEGAL. THEY BREAK THE LAW, WE COME DOWN ON THEM HARD. THAT'S THE WAY IT WORKS, SIR.
YES...YES, THEY'VE TAUGHT YOU WELL...

THREE WEEKS AFTER FARGO WAS PUT IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION THEY OPENED THE TANK FOR A ROUTINE CHECK AND FOUND ANOTHER BODY HAD BEEN SUBSTITUTED.
MISSING? SOMEONE **TOOK** HIM?
IT WAS NEVER ADMITTED. TOO EMBARRASSING. IT HAD TO BE AN INSIDE JOB.
AT THE TIME TWO JUNIOR MEDS DISAPPEARED, **MEDLICOTT** AND **SHELVE**, SUSPECTED OF SYMPATHIES WITH **JUDD** AND HIS CLONING PROGRAMME.
NEITHER THEY NOR THE BODY WERE EVER RECOVERED.
NOR DID I COME ACROSS IT WHEN I FOUND JUDD'S BASE.*
NONE OF THE **JUDDA** CLONES WE INTERROGATED HAD ANY KNOWLEDGE OF IT. IF FARGO HAD BEEN THERE, SURELY THEY WOULD HAVE KNOWN.
*THARGNOTE: SEE 'OZ' PART 16, PROG 560.
WAIT A MINUTE...HE WAS IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION, RIGHT?
UNTIL HIS REMOVAL. I CAN'T VOUCH FOR WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT.
BUT THEORETICALLY — IF WHOEVER TOOK HIM **MAINTAINED** HIM IN CRYOGENIC SUSPENSION — HE COULD STILL BE **ALIVE**.
YES. IN FACT, THE EVIDENCE WE HAVE WOULD SEEM TO **SUPPORT** THE THEORY.
ALIVE? AFTER ALL THIS TIME?
NO WONDER THEY WERE SO KEEN TO BRING HIM BACK.
THE **ROBOTS** ARE APPROACHING.
THOSE UNIFORMS — THAT'S **SOUTHERN DIVISION** OF THE **NEW MUTANT ARMY**.

I LEFT THOSE THREE ON A FARM WITH EX-PRESIDENT **BOOTH** — RE-SENTENCED TO **HARD LABOUR** FOR **LIFE**. HOW THEY GOT TIED UP WITH THE **NMA** BEATS ME.
THE NEW MUTANT ARMY. SO THAT'S WHO WE'RE UP AGAINST.
THEY'RE RECRUITING ROBOTS NOW?
WE'VE MET BEFORE. YOU WERE MED DROIDS, CHARGED WITH TENDING TO ROBERT L. BOOTH.*
ROBERT L. BOOTH...I DON'T THINK I KNOW ANYONE OF
THAT NAME. SO LET'S CUT THE SMALL TALK
SHALL WE? SHOW US THE **MONEY**.
*THARGNOTE: SEE 'THE CURSED EARTH' PARTS 7-8. PROGS 67-68.
THEY MUST'VE BEEN CAPTURED AND REPROGRAMMED.
THIS LOOKS LIKE MONEY, BUT I
MUST TAKE IT ALL AWAY FOR CHECKING. YOU WAIT HERE
AND I'LL BE BACK IN A WEEK OR SO.
THE MONEY STAYS **HERE**. YOU TAKE ME TO **FARGO**. ONCE I'M **SURE** YOU'VE GOT THE BODY, THEN WE'LL ARRANGE THE TRADE.
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT.
OH DEAR, I THOUGHT HE
MIGHT BE
DIFFICULT.
VERY WELL, I AGREE. BUT NO
TRICKS OR I MIGHT HAVE TO GET
ROUGH WITH YOU.
YOU COULD BE RIDING INTO A TRAP.
THEN IT'LL BE DOWN TO YOU TO GET ME OUT, WATERS.
LET US GET OUT OF SIGHT, THEN FOLLOW AT A DISTANCE.

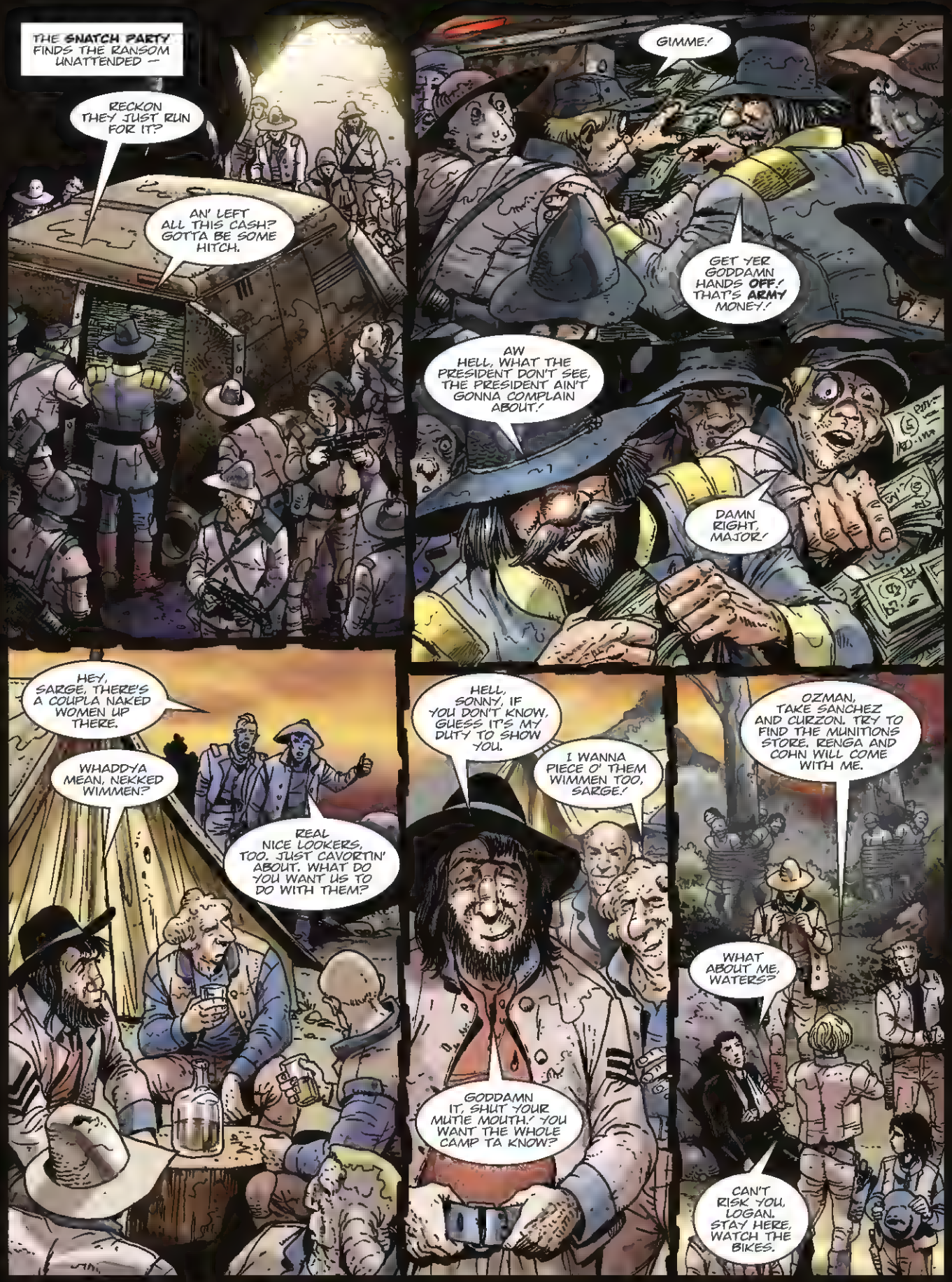
THE TERRAIN GREW AROUND THEM. AS THEY RODE, MORE RIDERS SLIPPED OUT OF THE TREES —
PICKING UP AN ESCORT.
I'LL HAVE YOUR GUN — THAT FANCY WEAPON BELT TOO.
DON'T TRY ANYTHING.
I KNOW WHEN I'M OUTNUMBERED.
AHEAD, ALONG THE ROUTE OF A CRUMBLING OLD HIGHWAY, LAY A VAST ENCAMPMENT —
QUITE A SET-UP.
THE ARMY OF THE DAMNED. MUTANTS AND OUTCASTS ALL —

THE DISPOSSESSED! BUT NOT FOR MUCH LONGER, BOY! THANKS TO LINUS, TIME IS COMIN' FOR US TO RISE UP AND TAKE WHAT'S OURS — AND YOUR MONEY'S GONNA PAY FOR IT!
LINUS — YES, IT ALL BECOMES CLEAR NOW.
SMART GUY HERE REFUSED TO HAND OVER THE MONEY, SIR. HE WANTS TO PARLAY.
THE JUDGES LIKE TO TALK! USUALLY JUST SO THEY CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO STAB YOU IN THE BACK!
YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T KNOW HIM!
I LIED.
OH DEAR.
SLAP MY FINGERS SORE.
ROBERT LINUS BOOTH — I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED YOUR SLIMY HAND IN THIS.
I WAS LOST, DREDD — CAST DOWN BY THOSE NOT FIT TO LICK MY BOOTS! THEN YOU CAME ALONG AND FREED ME...
...FREED ME TO RISE AGAIN! TO BUILD THIS HALF-BAKED ARMY INTO A FORCE STRONG ENOUGH TO CLAIM MY RIGHTFUL PLACE!
KNOW THIS — THE ACTIONS OF THE JUDGES WERE UNLAWFUL! I, ROBERT L. BOOTH, AM STILL THE LEGAL PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!
AND I MEAN TO TAKE BACK WHAT'S MINE — TO TAKE BACK AMERICA!

THEY SAY THE CREAM ALWAYS RISES TO THE TOP!
I HEARD IT WAS SCUM.
THWACK!
THWUMP!
NOBODY TALKS TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES LIKE THAT!
DON'T HOLD BACK, MEN!
WAKKK
CALL THIS AN ARMY? I'VE SEEN THIRD-YEAR CADETS PUT UP A BETTER FIGHT!
SPAKKK
GODDAM! HE'S GOT SOME SASS!
FIX HIS STINKIN' SKIMMER!
HE BROUGHT A SAMPLE OF THE GOODS, MR PRESIDENT.
PASS IT ON TO THE MEN, THEY'RE OVERDUE SOME WAGES. THEN ORGANISE A PARTY TO PICK UP THE REST.
TAKE PLENTY OF FIREPOWER. THOSE JUDGES WON'T BE EAGER TO HAND IT OVER.

WE COULD TAKE THEM!
AND WE COULD DO WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR, SHUT UP AND KEEP DOWN!
YOU JUDGES MAKE ME LAUGH! YOU TAKE YOURSELVES SO SERIOUSLY!
SO I BENT A FEW RULES! SO I PLUNGED THE WORLD INTO WAR! SO WHAT?
YOU THINK I DIDN'T HAVE IT PLANNED? YOU THINK AMERICA WOULDN'T HAVE COME OUT OF IT SMELLING OF ROSES?
BUT OH NO! THEY COME STOMPING IN THERE WITH THEIR JACKBOOTS AND THEIR SANCTIMONIOUS BULLSHINE!
AND THAT SENTENCE – 100 YEARS IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION! WAS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE SOME TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT?
AND IF THAT'S NOT DUMB ENOUGH, YOU COME ALONG AND RELEASE ME INTO THE CARE OF A BUNCH OF HICKASS HILLBILLIES!
ARE YOU GUYS LIVING IN FAIRYLAND?
THE PRESIDENT IS
SPEAKING TO YOU
THUNK
TURKEY!

HOW DID IT GO...? "I CHANGE YOUR SENTENCE TO LIFE, BECAUSE THAT'S A WHOLE LOT TOUGHER,' AND EVERY DAY YOU'LL WORK, BRINGING LIFE BACK TO THE CURSED EARTH.'"
I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE THAT SERIOUSLY?
HOW LONG DO YOU THINK BEFORE I HAD THOSE HICKABILLIES WORKING FOR ME? I WAS THE MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE! YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW HOW TO GET THE BETTER OF A BUNCH OF CORNPONES?
WHERE'S... FARGO? YOU'VE GOT HIM, HAVEN'T YOU? THE TESTS DIDN'T LIE...
HOW MANY DO YOU RECKON — FIVE THOUSAND?
AND WE GOT SIX — SIX AND A HALF, IF YOU COUNT LOGAN. WHAT'S THE PLAN?
I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS.
HO-LYYYY-!
THWAPPP!
BAP


THE SNATCH PARTY FINDS THE RANSOM UNATTENDED —
RECKON THEY JUST RUN FOR IT?
AN' LEFT ALL THIS CASH? GOTTA BE SOME HITCH.
GIMME!
GET YER GODDAMN HANDS OFF! THAT'S ARMY MONEY!
AW HELL, WHAT THE PRESIDENT DON'T SEE, THE PRESIDENT AIN'T GONNA COMPLAIN ABOUT!
DAMN RIGHT, MAJOR!
HEY, SARGE, THERE'S A COUPLA NAKED WOMEN UP THERE.
WHADDYA MEAN, NEKKED WIMMEN?
REAL NICE LOOKERS, TOO. JUST CAVORTIN' ABOUT. WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO WITH THEM?
HELL, SONNY, IF YOU DON'T KNOW, GUESS IT'S MY DUTY TO SHOW YOU.
I WANNA PIECE O' THEM WIMMEN TOO, SARGE!
GODDAMN IT, SHUT YOUR MUTIE MOUTH! YOU WANT THE WHOLE CAMP TA KNOW?
OZMAN, TAKE SANCHEZ AND CURZON. TRY TO FIND THE MUNITIONS STORE. RENGA AND COHN WILL COME WITH ME.
WHAT ABOUT ME, WATERS?
CAN'T RISK YOU, LOGAN. STAY HERE, WATCH THE BIKES.

THIS IS WHAT YOU CAME FOR!
I HEARD ABOUT HIM **YEARS** AGO — THE **JUDGE** WHO **FELL** TO **EARTH**. I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A **MYTH**, LIKE **SLEEPING BEAUTY**. YOU KNOW HOW **SUPERSTITIOUS** MUTIES ARE.
THEN A WHILE BACK WE PICKED UP A **WALLOONEY** — LIVE IN CAVES UP ON WALTON MOUNTAIN.
HE WAS WEEPIN' AN' WAILIN' AND PRAYIN' FOR HELP TO SOME **GOD JUDGE**. WELL, I HAD TO INVESTIGATE...
HAVE TO INTERRUPT YOUR LITTLE PRAYER MEETING, FOLKS!

NOT JUST ANY JUDGE BUT FARGO HIMSELF. LYING THERE IN HIS CRYO-CAPSULE, AN' THEM WORSHIPPING HIM.
I'D HAD A REPORT HE WAS STILL ALIVE, JUST AFTER THE WAR — BUT IT WAS NEVER VERIFIED. HERE WAS THE LIVING PROOF. I COULD HARDLY CREDIT MY LUCK.
THE MUTANTS WOULDN'T HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE TO MAINTAIN THE MACHINE.
IT WAS A STATE-OF-THE-ART CAPSULE — AUTOMATED. IT DID EVERYTHING, NOT LIKE THAT RUSTY TANK YOU PUT ME IN, WITH MY IDIOT ROBOT KEEPERS.
I SAY
THAT'S A BIT
HARSH.
SO MEDLICOTT AND SHELVE MUST HAVE COME THIS WAY WHEN THEY FLED THE CITY. SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG —
FIRE'S REACHING THE FUEL TANKS! IT'S GOING TO BLOW!
EJECT THE CARGO! WE CAN AT LEAST SAVE HIM!
ALL RIGHT, BOOTH, I'M SATISFIED. ALL THAT REMAINS IS TO ORGANISE THE HANDOVER.
THERE YOU GO AGAIN, OFF ON YOUR WILD FLIGHTS OF FANTASY! THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE ANY HANDOVER. I GOT HIM, I'VE GOT YOU, AND I HAVE THE MONEY TOO.
NOW IF YOU WILL KINDLY ACCOMPANY ME TO THE COURTHOUSE WE'LL SEE JUSTICE DONE PROPERLY FOR ONCE. THE CHARGE IS TREASON!
MEANWHILE —
WE'VE FOUND THE MUNITIONS STORE, WATERS. WHAT INSTRUCTIONS?

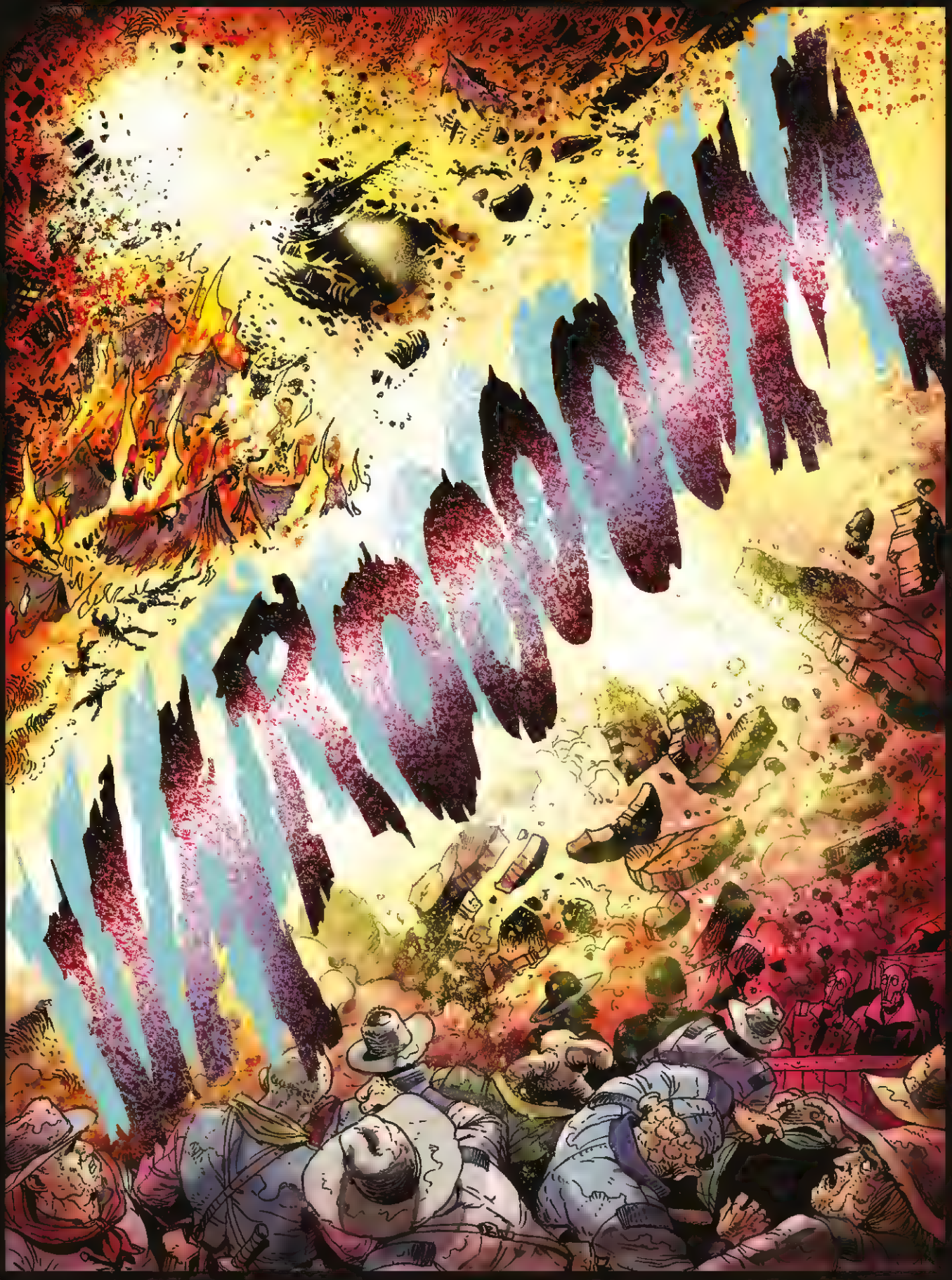
THE MAJOR'S COMIN' IN WITH THE RANSOM!
WHEE-OOO! WE'RE RICH!
THE JUDGES GIVE YOU ANY TROUBLE?
THEY WASN'T THERE, MR PRESIDENT, SIR. FIGURE THEY GOT SCARED, UPPED AND RAN FOR IT.
RAN FOR IT?
THE JUDGES ARE GUILTY OF MANY THINGS, MAJOR, BUT I'D NEVER ACCUSE THEM OF BEING SHY OF A FIGHT! THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING!
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED — DOUBLE THE SENTRIES!
YES, SIR!
AND SEE THAT THE MONEY'S SECURED IN THE ARMOURY.
THEY'RE TAKING DREDD INTO THE OLD COURTHOUSE!
OZMAN, THEY'RE REMOVING THE MONEY TO THE ARMOURY. WE'VE FOUND DREDD. HOW LONG BEFORE YOU CAN GIVE US A DIVERSION?
GIVE US FIVE.
HERE COMES THE PORTER.
LET THEM MAKE THEIR DEPOSIT, THEN WE MOVE.

JUDGE DREDD, IT'S ONLY RIGHT I SHOULD GIVE YOU YOUR DAY IN COURT — A DAY YOU DENIED ME!
YOU ARE CHARGED WITH CRIMES AGAINST THE LAWFUL PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES! HOW DO YOU PLEAD?
I DON'T ANSWER TO YOU, BOOTH. YOU'RE A DANGEROUS LUNATIC. I SHOULD HAVE IMPOSED THE DEATH SENTENCE WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE.
SILENCE IN COURT!
LET THE RECORD SHOW THE DEFENDANT IS
GUILTY AS SIN!
RAP!
RAP!
RAP!
HOT DAMN! MY MONEY JUST CAUGHT FIRE!
TH-THERE GOES MINE - !
THE NOTES ARE STARTING TO COMBUST!
GOOD, ALL ADDS TO THE CONFUSION.
AT THE CAMP ARMOURY —
YOU LYIN' DOG, RENGA!
WHOAH!
SPAK!
DO YOUR FIGHTIN' SOMEWHERE ELSE — URK!
OPEN UP! NOW!
WHAT THE HELL - ?
BDAM
BDAM

YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME ANYWAY, BOOTH. I SUGGEST YOU STOP THIS FARCE AND GET ON WITH IT.!
THEY CALLED **DEMOCRACY** A **FAILED EXPERIMENT**.! THESE, THE **JUDGES** WHO **RIPPED UP** THE **CONSTITUTION**.! THE **CRIMINALS** WHO **STOLE** AMERICA.!
GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, THERE CAN BE NO MORE **HEINOUS CRIME**.! AS THE **RIGHTFUL PRESIDENT** OF THE **UNITED STATES**, I ASK FOR — I **DEMAND** — THE **ULTIMATE SANCTION** ON THIS MAN.!
I'LL HOLD THEM HERE.! GET MOVING.!
L-LOOK AT THAT.! THE MONEY — IT'S **SMOKIN'**.!
YAAHHHHHH.!
H-HOLY HELL.! WE GOTTA GET **OUTA** HERE.!
RUN.! IT'S ALL GONNA BLOW.!

THE CHEMICAL COATING'S REACTING ALREADY! IT'S TOO QUICK!
FORGET THE CHARGES! GET IN THE 'PORTER!
OZMAN — CHANGE OF PLAN! LET'S GO!
THE MONEY'S CAUGHT LIGHT! GOING TO HIT THE MUNITIONS ANY TIME —
GUN IT, CURZON!
IT'S SUPPOSED TO TAKE AN HOUR'S CONTACT WITH THE AIR!
GUESS IT'S NOT AN EXACT SCIENCE! ISN'T EVERY DAY THE TEKS BOOBY TRAP A BILLION CREDS!
BDAM
BDOW
WATERS! EXPECT DIVERSION ANY SECOND!

VAROOOOM
VAROOOOM



GRUD! SOME DIVERSION!
OZMAN! REPORT STATUS!
BRUISED BUT STILL OPERATIONAL! ALL PERSONNEL INTACT!
WE'RE WEDGED IN! HOLD TIGHT! REVERSE THRUST!

YOU TOOK YOUR DAMNED TIME, RENGA.!
I KNEW YOU'D SAY THAT.!
WATCH IT.!
THIS COURT IS ADJOURNED
WHILE I
DEAL WITH THE DEFENDANT!
BDAM
BDAM
HI-EX.!
KABOOM!
KABOOM!
KABOOM!
Oh dear, I'm losing power...
this could be...
seeeeeeusss...
UNHAND ME, DAMN YOU.! I'M THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.!
GRUD.! IT'S - IT'S HIM.! IT'S ROBERT L. BOOTH.!
THOUGHT YOU SENTENCED HIM TO LIFE ON A WORK FARM.!
YOU CAN'T KEEP A BAD MAN DOWN. BRING HIM.! LET'S GO GET FARGO!

HELLLLP! THEY'RE KIDNAPPING YOUR PRESIDENT!
SHUT HIM UP!
HERE COMES THE 'PORTER!
IT'S FARGO, ALL RIGHT!
GET THE CAPSULE INTO THE 'PORTER!
IS HE STILL ALIVE?
HARD TO SAY TILL WE BRING HIM OUT. IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME — AND WHO KNOWS WHAT THE CAPSULE'S BEEN SUBJECTED TO.
YOU IN THERE — YOU JUDGES! WE GOT YOU PENNED IN! GIVE YOURSELVES UP! HAND OVER THE PRESIDENT!
DOESN'T LOOK PROMISING!
THE LONGER WE LEAVE IT THE MORE ORGANISED THEY GET. IT'S GOT TO BE NOW.
GET SOME STRAPS FROM THE 'PORTER! WE'LL SEE HOW MUCH THEY LOVE THEIR PRESIDENT!

DON'T SHOOT! WE'RE COMING OUT!
A HUMAN SHIELD!
WH-WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO, MAJOR?
CAN'T RISK HITTIN' THE PRESIDENT, BOYS —
CAN'T LET 'EM GET AWAY NEITHER, MAJOR — NOT AFTER WHAT THEY DONE!
HELL, HE WASN'T MUCH OF A PRESIDENT ANYWAYS! JUST ANOTHER BIG-MOUTH NORM WITH FANCY IDEAS!
AIN'T PAID US IN SEVEN MONTHS AN' WHEN HE DOES IT BURNS UP IN OUR HANDS!
WHO GIVES A DOUBLE-DAMN ABOUT THE YOO-NITED STATES AND HIS STINKIN' 'DESTINY' ANYWAYS?
YOU GOT A POINT THERE, ANYWAY, WE WANT ANOTHER PRESIDENT WE CAN ALWAYS ELECT ONE. THAT'S DEMOCRACY, AIN'T IT?
GIVE IT SOME JUICE!
LET 'EM HAVE IT!
NOOOOOOOOO!

BAKA BAKA BAKA BAKA BAKA
FACCCCCCCCCCCCOM
FARCCCOM
SPANGGG
THIS CAN'T BE GOOD FOR HIM!
IT'S NOT THAT WONDERFUL FOR US!

THE 'PORTER'S ARMOURED, BUT THERE'S ONLY SO MUCH IT'LL TAKE - !
ALL UNITS, FIRE AT WILL!
FADOOOOM
FAROOOOOM
IT'S LOGAN WITH THE BIKES!
TRY THE ENGINE, CURZON!
WE'RE STILL OPERATIONAL!
LOGAN'S HIT!

DREDD AND HIS CREW FIGHT THEIR WAY OUT OF ROBERT L. BOOTH'S MUTANT ARMY CAMP —
AAAIIEEE!
LOGAN'S TAKEN A LOAD OF SHRAPNEL! GET A TOURNIQUET ON THAT LEG!
LET'S GET GOING BEFORE THEY REGROUP!
RIDE!
FARGO — Y-YOU FOUND HIM. IS HE... ALIVE...?
MORE ALIVE THAN YOU, BY THE LOOK OF IT.
HELL, LOGAN, YOU'RE A FREAKIN' MESS! HOW DO YOU MANAGE IT?
IT'S...JUST A KNACK. YOU START WITH A...BUM HIP AND SORTA...SORTA WORK AROUND IT...

SOME DISTANCE ON —
THERE'S THE SHIP!
HOW DID YOU FIND US?
JUST FOLLOWED THE SMOKE.
FIGURED IF IT LOOKED LIKE A WARZONE, IT HAD TO BE YOU.
SHWAAAWWW
HOLY MOZE-!
THEY GOT REINFORCEMENTS! GET OUTA HERE!
SO MUCH FOR THE SOUTHERN DIVISION. GOT THEIR FINGERS BADLY BURNED. I'D SAY.
HAPPENED TO EVERYONE WHO GOT INVOLVED WITH ROBERT L. BOOTH. WHY SHOULD THEY BE AN EXCEPTION?
GUESS THAT'S DEMOCRACY.
I LIKE YOUR TEETH.
I HAD A GOOD DENTIST.
YOU'RE GOING TO NEED ONE.
THAT'S BOOTH, HUH?
THOUGHT HE WAS TALLER.

MEGA-CITY ONE —
HOW'RE YOU DOING, LOGAN?
GOOD, REAL GOOD. I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE LIMB TEKS TOMORROW. GOT A NEW SPLEEN, A PAPER LUNG AND THEY'RE EVEN GOING TO FIX MY HIP. BE BETTER THAN NEW.
GLAD TO HEAR IT. PAPERWORK'S PILING UP.
WE'VE DONE EVERYTHING WE CAN. WE HAVE A FULL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT READY.
WE WON'T, OF COURSE, BE RELEASING ANY OF THIS TO THE PUBLIC.
TEMPERATURE'S RISING.

FLUSHING.
VITAL FUNCTIONS OPERATIVE.
HE'S ALIVE!
SIR.. WELCOME BACK, SIR. I'M MEDICAL OFFICER GRANT. THIS IS THE YEAR 2129.
I...
I...
HE'S TRYING TO SPEAK!
HHHUUNNNHH!
SPASM!
NO PULSE!
CLEAR!

FOR TWO DAYS THEY FOUGHT FOR HIS LIFE. BY THE SECOND NIGHT EUSTACE FARGO HOVERED CLOSE TO DEATH...
THERE IS ATROPHY OF VITAL ORGANS, CONTAMINATION FROM THE CRYOGENIC FLUIDS. IT'S CAUSED A CREEPING NECROSIS THAT WE ARE, I'M AFRAID, POWERLESS TO HALT.
IT'S DOUBTFUL IF HE'LL LAST THE NIGHT.
HE WAS TOO OLD AND TOO WEAK IN THE FIRST PLACE. IT NEVER SHOULD HAVE BEEN ATTEMPTED.
ALL THAT WAY. ALL THAT WAY FOR NOTHING. VENABLES DEAD, LOGAN CHOPPED UP LIKE ON A BUTCHER'S BLOCK. HAD IT BEEN WORTH IT?
BUT THEY COULDN'T HAVE LEFT HIM — THE FATHER OF JUSTICE IN THAT MADMAN'S HANDS? IT WAS UNTHINKABLE.
HE'S SPEAKING?
YES. STRANGELY, HE HAS MOMENTS OF SURPRISING LUCIDITY.
HE'S BEEN ASKING FOR YOU. YOU AND YOUR BROTHER.
RICO... JOE...IS THAT YOU?
IT'S JOE, SIR. RICO...
...RICO COULDN'T MAKE IT.
WANT YOU TO KNOW... TELL HIM... TELL HIM FOR ME...
WHAT, SIR?
UNNH... I'D TRIED TO...TO DENY IT, BUT I...DIDN'T BELIEVE MYSELF ANYMORE...
WHAT WE DID — WRONG. TOO FAR. WENT TOO FAR. HUNNH...
BOOTH HAD TO GO. YOU DID WHAT HAD TO BE DONE.
IT WAS NEVER MEANT TO... BE FOREVER, JOE. WE CREATED A MONSTER —
WE — US, WE'RE THE MONSTER.' WE GOT GREEDY — WANTED EVERYTHING — SO WE KILLED THE DREAM, JOE.' WE KILLED AMERICA.'

I'M ASKING YOU...BEGGING YOU — MY FLESH, MY BLOOD...IT'S NOT TOO LATE! FIX IT, JOE! YOU — YOU AND RICO — YOU CAN DO IT...
ZEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
STAND BACK!
ZEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
THAT'S ENOUGH. IT'S NO GOOD.
ZEEEEEEEEEEEEE klik
I'M SORRY. HE'S GONE.

THEY HELD A SMALL SERVICE FOR HIM, INVITED PARTIES ONLY.
HERE LIES JUDGE FARGO 2001-2051
...IN THE LAST DAYS WAS HARDLY THE FORCE WE REMEMBER. SO LET THE INSCRIPTION FOREVER READ 2051, AND LET THAT MEMORY OF EUSTACE FARGO, FATHER OF JUSTICE, REMAIN FIXED FOREVER IN OUR MEMORIES.
TO HIM WE OWE EVERYTHING, AND IN HIS MEMORY, AS GUARDIANS OF THIS CITY, WE GO FOREVER ONWARD.
LOT OF FOREVERS IN THERE. NOTHING IN THIS LIFE IS FOREVER.
WHAT DID HE SAY TO YOU?
FARGO? NOTHING IMPORTANT. GLAD TO SEE THE CITY IN SAFE HANDS, KEEP THE FAITH...
YOU?
PRETTY MUCH THE SAME.
PRETTY MUCH THE SAME.
THE END

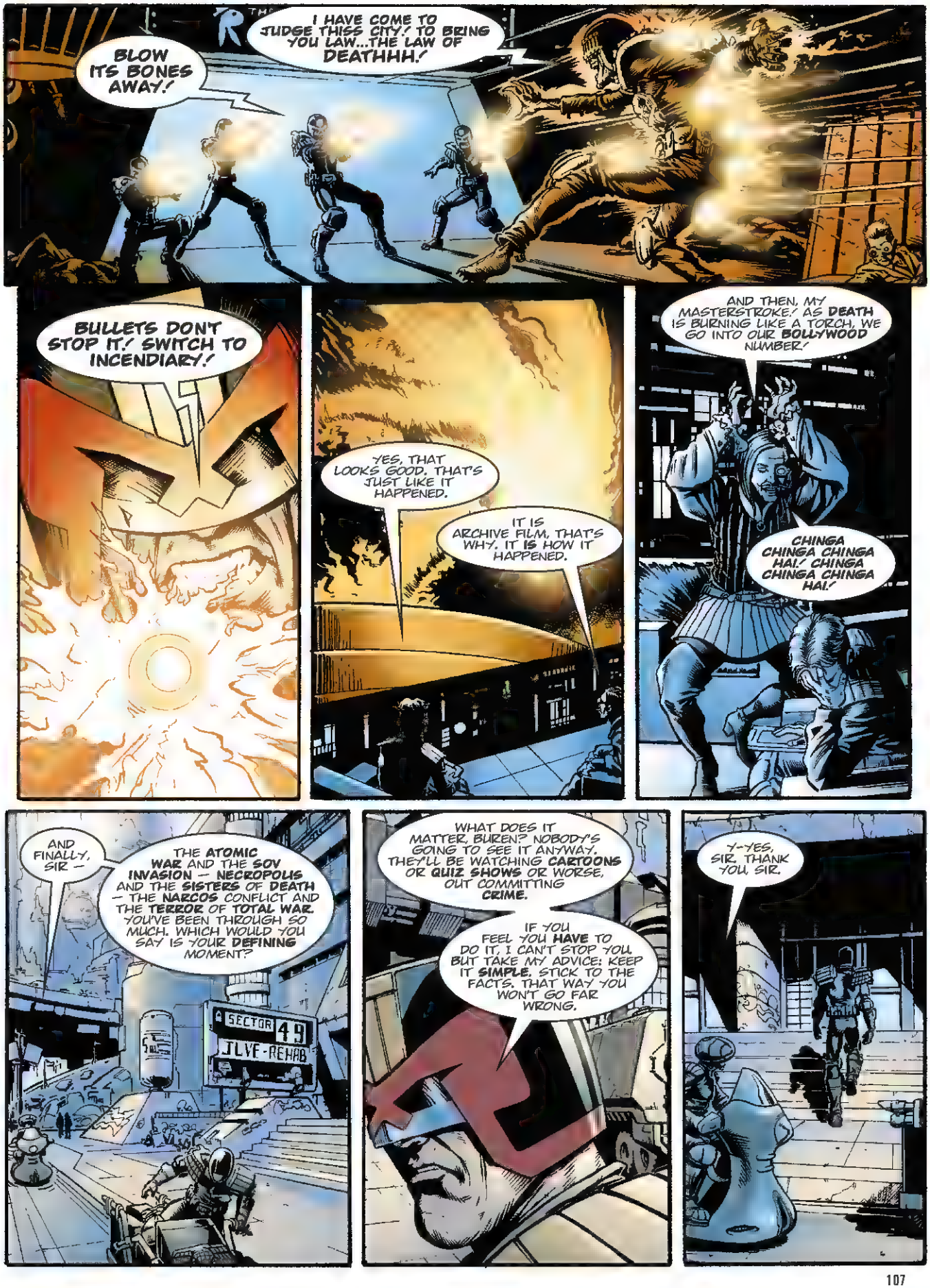
JOHN WAGNER
PATRICK GODDARD
COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
OKAY, SO WE GOT THE CLONES IN THE TANK, RIGHT? THERE'S LITTLE JOE AN' LITTLE RICO, AN' THERE'S ANOTHER LITTLE GUY IN THERE —
— AN' JOE AN' RICO, THEY GOT HOLD OF THIS OTHER CLONE AN' THEY'RE BEATIN' TEN KINDSA CRAP OUTA IT — LIKE IT'S DONE SOMETHIN' OR THEY SENSE IN SOME FOETAL JUDGEY KINDA WAY THAT IT'S A BAD DUDE.
POINT IS, THEY AIN'T EVEN OUTA THE CLONE TANK AN' THEY'RE ALREADY DUSTIN' SOME CRIMBO. LIKE THESE GUYS WERE BORN TA BREAK BALLS, KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'?
NOW DURIN' THE BIRTH, OKAY, RICO GETS DROPPED ON HIS HEAD, SLIPS THROUGH THE TEK'S HANDS LIKE A GREASED HOTTIE — SPONK!
I DON'T THINK THAT ONE HAPPENED, MR LAMONDO.
ARTISTIC LICENCE, KID. THAT'S HOW WE EXPLAIN HOW ONE CLONE GOES BAD, SEE? SORTA LIKE SHORTHAND. SAVES TIME.
THEY'RE SLIPPERY WHEN THEY COME OUTA THAT TANK, RIGHT? ACCIDENTS HAPPEN.
OKAY, NEXT THING DREDD'S OUT THERE ON THE STREETS, HE'S TWENTY, MEAN, PUMPED FULLA TESTOSTERONE. ANYTHING MOVES, IT'S DEAD. FUDDA FUDDA FUDDA! THE STINKIN' CITIZENS BETTER WATCH OUT, THIS IS A NEW KINDA LAW.
I, UH, THINK WE'D PREFER TO EMPHASISE THE, UH... MORE POSITIVE ASPECTS OF HIS WORK. IT'S ONLY THE GUILTY WHO HAVE TO FEAR HIM —
WE'LL MAKE 'EM LOOK GUILTY, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, KID. I GOT A CGI GUY COULD TURN THE VIRGIN MOTHER INTO PRIME CUBE-BAIT.
'SO WE'RE OUTSIDE THIS SLEAZY DIVE. IT'S A NIGHTCLUB. IT'S CALLED RICO'S. HOW D'YA LIKE THAT? THIS PLACE OOZES SEX AN' DRUGS AN' DEPRAVITY.
RICO'S!
XXX
'AN' WHO'S IN THERE BUT BRO. HE'S GOT BABES ALL OVER HIM, AN' TWO TONS OF HIRED MUSCLE. I GOT QUINCY SCHMALTZ FOR THE RICO PART — NICE CASTING OR WHAT?'
I HEARD YOU'D GONE BAD, RICO. DIDN'T KNOW HOW LOW YOU'D SUNK.
YOU GONNA TAKE THAT FROM HIM, BABY?

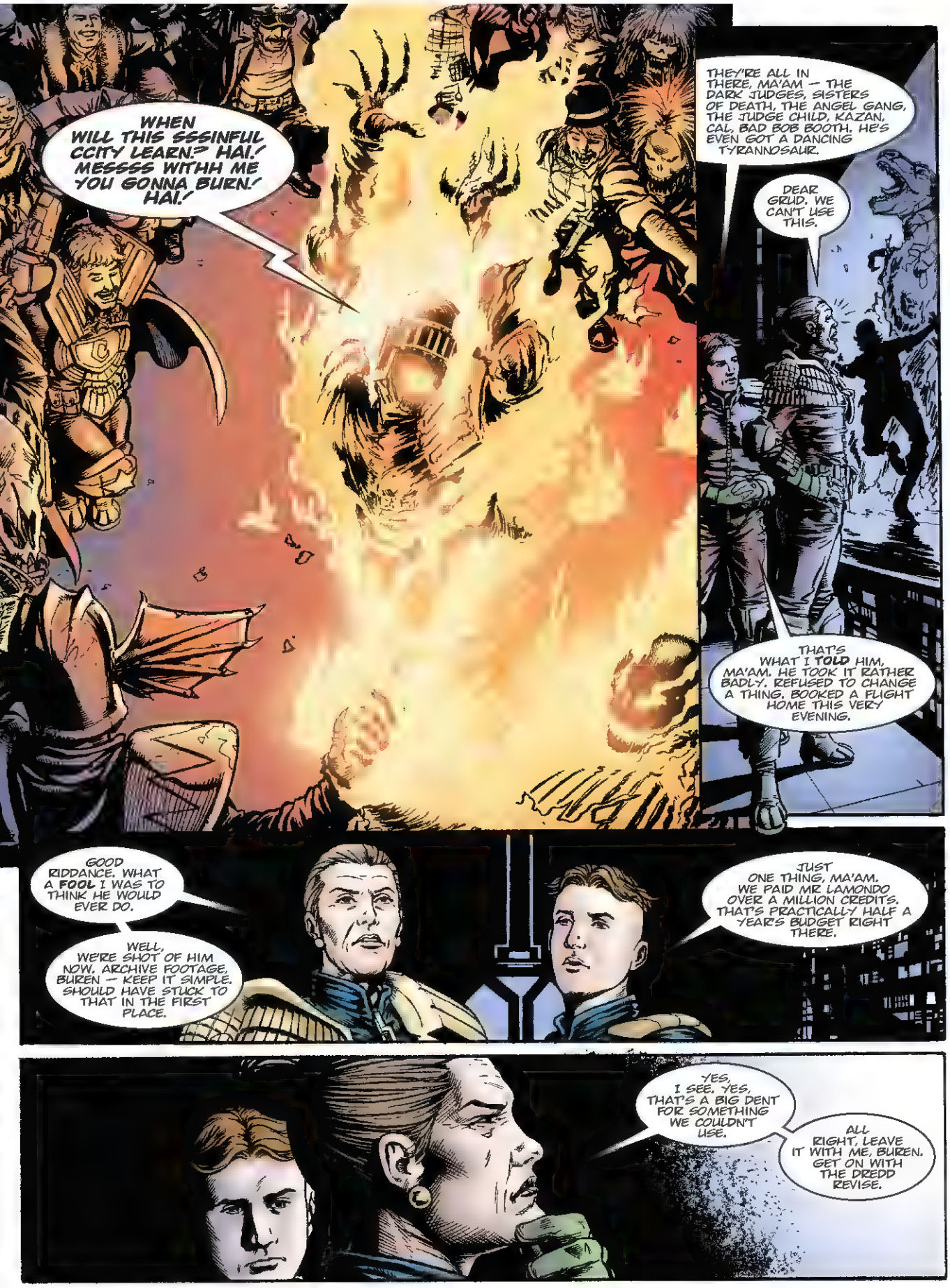
BAD MOVE.!
BDAM BDAM
WH-WHAT MOVE — AHHHH.!
SAME OLD JOE.
RELAX, BRO. LIVE A LITTLE. YOU MIGHT FIND YOU LIKE IT.
HERE, THIS IS CANDY. TRY A TASTE, SEE WHAT YOU'RE MISSING.
THIS BABE IS ALL OVER HIM.! SHE'S SO FREAKIN' HOT SHE'S NUCLEAR.! DREDD'S BLOOD'S POUNDIN' LIKE A MACHINE BLASTER — HIS VISOR'S STEAMIN' UP.! HE CAN'T HELP HIMSELF.! HE'S A MAN, DAMMIT.!
RIGHT THERE ON THE FLOOR THE TWO OF THEM GOIN' AT EACH OTHER LIKE A COUPLA HORNY GORILLAS.!
OH JOEY.! JOEY.!
GOTTA HAVE SEX IN THE PICTURE, SON. RULE ONE.
IT'S AN ABERRATION — A ONCE IN A LIFETIME THING, SEE? SHOWS HIS HUMAN SIDE. SHOWS THE SACRIFICE HE'S MAKIN', A MAN OF HIS HIGHLY SEXUAL NATURE. THAT'S HOW MUCH THE LAW MEANS TO HIM.
LOOK, MR LAMONDO —
THEN — THEN HE REALISES WHAT HE'S DONE, SEE? AN' SUDDENLY RICO IS LOOKIN' DOWN THE BARREL OF HIS GUN.
BLAM.! HE SHOOTS RICO DEAD. JUST LIKE THAT. COLD. CLINICAL. NO TEARS. NO ANGRY WORDS.
HE'S CRUSHED ALL HIS EMOTION, SEE — SNUFFED IT OUT. NEVER AGAIN WILL HE ALLOW THE HUMAN SIDE OF HIM TO SHOW THROUGH.
AND THEN — WAIT TILL YOU SEE THIS — AS AN ACT OF PENANCE HE SHOOTS OFF HIS OWN BIG TOE.
RICO GOT SENT TO TITAN. YOU KNOW THAT. MR LAMONDO. AND SHOOTING OFF HIS TOE WOULD BE AGAINST THE RULES. DREDD JUST WOULDN'T DO THAT. HE'S A REALLY STRAIGHT GUY.
HIS TOE?
IF I LEARNED ONE THING IN THIS BIZ, KID, IT'S NEVER LET THE FACTS GET IN THE WAY OF A GOOD STORY.
AND OPEN SEXUAL CONGRESS WITH A WOMAN — THAT'S JUST TOTALLY UNACCEPTABLE.
WHAT, YOU WANNA MAKE IT A GAY SCENE?

WHAT I'M SAYING, MR LAMONDO, IS I'M NEVER GOING TO GET THIS PAST MY OWN BOSS, NEVER MIND DREDD.
HE WON'T STAND FOR IT, HE REALLY WON'T. LOOK, I KNOW, I'VE MET HIM...
FACE DOWN, DIRTBAG!
JUDGE DREDD —
I'M, UH, CLAY BUREN. I'M AN AUXILIARY ATTACHED TO THE PUBLIC INFORMATION OFFICE. I BELIEVE JUDGE WESTMORLAND MENTIONED I MIGHT, UH, ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS.
SHE SAID SOMETHING.
YOU'RE LIKE A WALKIN' ARSENAL, D-BAG! YOU GOONS EXPECTIN' WORLD WAR FIVE?
I'M SAYIN' NOTHIN'.
CONTROL, TWO FOR THE MEAT WAGON, ONE FOR INTERROGATION, HOLDING POST ON NUTBUSH.
CREEP'S STREET NAME IS D-BAG — 'D' STANDS FOR DIRT. DON'T HOLD BACK. SOMETHING'S BREWING IN OLD TOWN AND I WANT TO KNOW WHAT.
IT'S JUST THAT, UH, WITH, UH, THIS YEAR BEING YOUR, UH, BIG, UH, FIVE-O, AND —
DAMMIT ALL, BUREN, STOP STAMMERING LIKE AN IDIOT AND SPIT IT OUT! YOU'RE GETTING ON MY NERVES!
GETTIN' ON MINE TOO, MAN.
S-S-SORRY!
THIS YEAR, SIR — IT'S, UH, IT'S YOUR 50TH YEAR ON THE STREETS.
THAT A FACT?
WE, UH — JUDGE WESTMORLAND FELT IT WOULD BE GOOD TO PUT TOGETHER A RETROSPECTIVE. THE CITY'S MOST FAMOUS JUDGE — LOVED AND FEARED IN EQUAL MEASURE — THAT SORT OF THING.
WE'VE HIRED ENDO LAMONDO TO WRITE AND DIRECT IT. HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE BRILLIANT. Y'KNOW — ARTY.

OH YEAH?
GET DOWN!
BDAM BDAM
BDAM
SHRAING
FIGURE IT WAS D-BAG THEY WERE AFTER, NOT ME. IT'S THE THIRD GANG-ON-GANG SHOOTING YESTERDAY. SOMETHING'S IN THE AIR.
YOU HANDLE THINGS HERE. I'M GOING TO PULL IN A FEW FACES, GET SOME ANSWERS.
CHECK.
YOU STILL HERE?
UH, THOSE QUESTIONS, SIR..THEY WON'T TAKE LONG, REALLY THEY WON'T.
I'M HEADING OVER TO PICK UP A SUSPECT. GUESS YOU CAN TAG ALONG, BUREN. I'LL GIVE YOU THAT MUCH TIME.

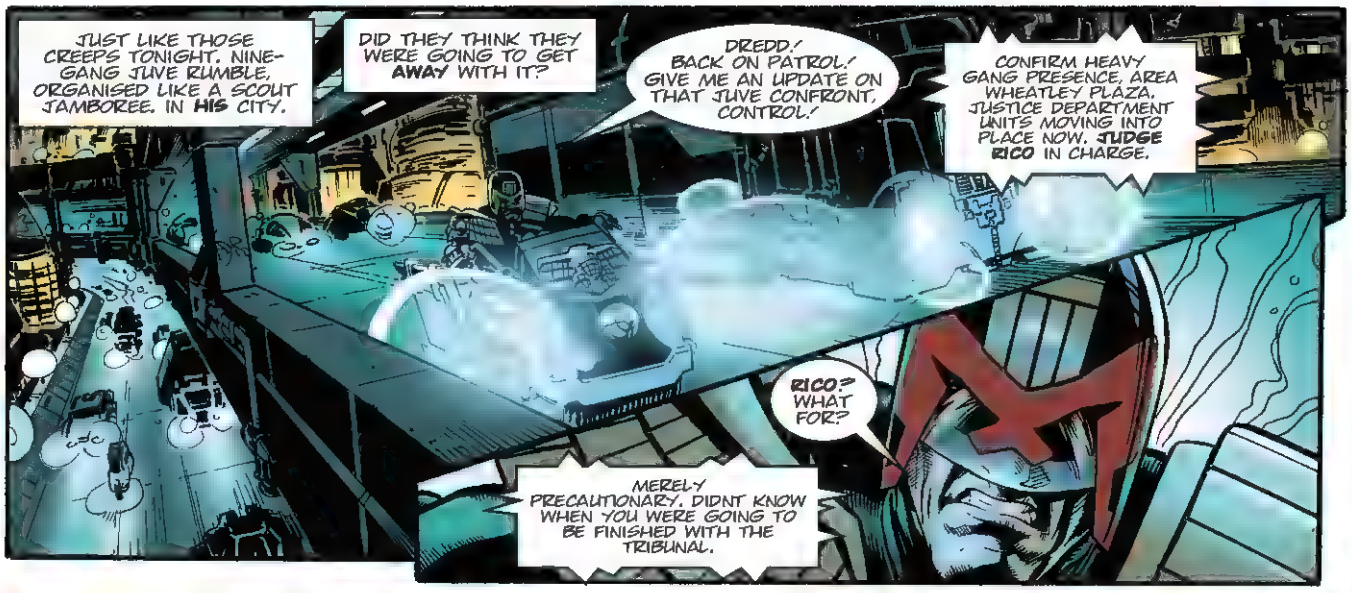
FIRST QUESTION — RICO! YOUR OWN CLONE BROTHER — SENT TO TITAN, RETURNED LOOKING FOR REVENGE. IT WAS KILL OR BE KILLED.
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, SIR, HOW DOES IT FEEL?
HOW DO YOU THINK IT FEELS?
PRETTY BAD, I GUESS. HE GAVE YOU NO CHOICE. IT WAS HIM OR THE LAW. BUT HE WAS STILL YOUR CLONE BROTHER — THAT'S GOT TO HURT.
THEN WHAT ARE YOU ASKING ME FOR?
SIR! I'M HAVING TROUBLE KEEPING UP, SIR!
PULL OVER!
DRIVING ON MANUAL WHILE UNFIT. SENTENCE IS FOUR YEARS. I'M INSTRUCTING YOUR VEHICLE TO TAKE YOU DIRECTLY TO THE ISO-BLOCK.
AW, C'MON! HIC!
CAN YOU — CAN YOU DESCRIBE YOUR FIRST MEETING WITH THE ALIEN FIEND JUDGE DEATH?
YOU'VE GOT ARCHIVE FOOTAGE. CHECK IT OUT, BUREN. YOU'LL FIND PRETTY MUCH EVERYTHING YOU NEED THERE.
JUDGE DREDD — WAIT! I'M COMING!
MMMM

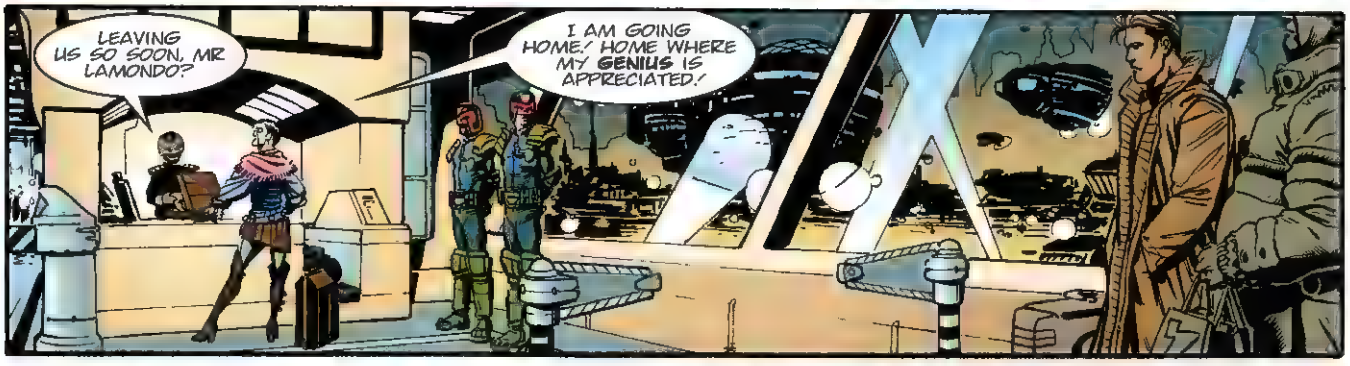

I HAVE COME TO JUDGE THISS CITY! TO BRING YOU LAW...THE LAW OF DEATHHH!
BLOW ITS BONES AWAY!
BULLETS DON'T STOP IT! SWITCH TO INCENDIARY!
YES, THAT LOOKS GOOD. THAT'S JUST LIKE IT HAPPENED.
IT IS ARCHIVE FILM, THAT'S WHY. IT IS HOW IT HAPPENED.
AND THEN, MY MASTERSTROKE! AS DEATH IS BURNING LIKE A TORCH, WE GO INTO OUR BOLLYWOOD NUMBER!
CHINGA CHINGA CHINGA HA! CHINGA CHINGA CHINGA HA!
AND FINALLY, SIR —
THE ATOMIC WAR AND THE SOV INVASION — NECROPOLIS AND THE SISTERS OF DEATH — THE NARCOS CONFLICT AND THE TERROR OF TOTAL WAR. YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH. WHICH WOULD YOU SAY IS YOUR DEFINING MOMENT?
SECTOR 49
JLVF-REHAB
WHAT DOES IT MATTER, BUREN? NOBODY'S GOING TO SEE IT ANYWAY. THEY'LL BE WATCHING CARTOONS OR QUIZ SHOWS OR WORSE, OUT COMMITTING CRIME.
IF YOU FEEL YOU HAVE TO DO IT, I CAN'T STOP YOU. BUT TAKE MY ADVICE: KEEP IT SIMPLE. STICK TO THE FACTS. THAT WAY YOU WON'T GO FAR WRONG.
Y-YES, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR.


WHEN WILL THIS SSSINFUL CCITY LEARN? HAI! MESSSS WITHH ME YOU GONNA BURN! HAI!
THEY'RE ALL IN THERE, MA'AM — THE DARK JUDGES, SISTERS OF DEATH, THE ANGEL GANG, THE JUDGE CHILD, KAZAN, CAL, BAD BOB BOOTH. HE'S EVEN GOT A DANCING TYRANNOSAUR.
DEAR GRUD. WE CAN'T USE THIS.
THAT'S WHAT I **TOLD** HIM, MA'AM. HE TOOK IT RATHER BADLY. REFUSED TO CHANGE A THING. BOOKED A FLIGHT HOME THIS VERY EVENING.
GOOD RIDDANCE. WHAT A **FOOL** I WAS TO THINK HE WOULD EVER DO.
WELL, WE'RE SHOT OF HIM NOW. ARCHIVE FOOTAGE, BUREN — KEEP IT SIMPLE. SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE.
JUST ONE THING, MA'AM. WE PAID MR LAMONDO OVER A MILLION CREDITS. THAT'S PRACTICALLY HALF A YEAR'S BUDGET RIGHT THERE.
YES, I SEE. YES, THAT'S A BIG DENT FOR SOMETHING WE COULDN'T USE.
ALL RIGHT, LEAVE IT WITH ME, BUREN. GET ON WITH THE DREDD REVISE.

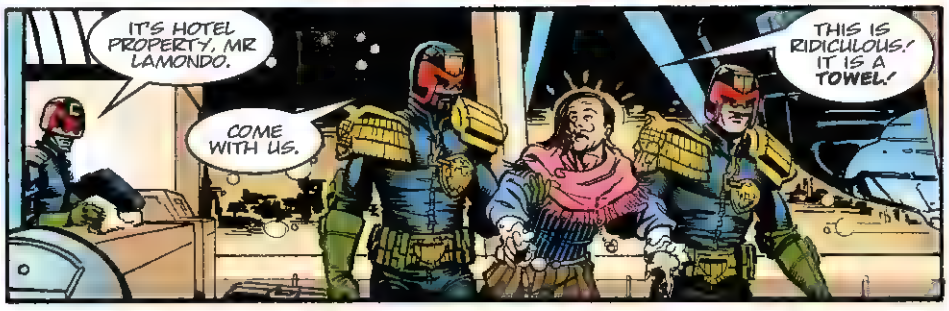
HE HAD AN APPOINTMENT THAT NIGHT, ONE HE COULDN'T AVOID —
MCI PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY 44
THE TRIBUNAL IS SITTING IN ROOM ONE, JUDGE DREDD.
CASE NUMBER 17, MEAN ANGEL, ALSO KNOWN AS THE MEAN MACHINE.
FOR MANY YEARS MEAN HAS BEEN A HARDENED AND EXCEEDINGLY DANGEROUS CRIMINAL, RESPONSIBLE FOR MANY MURDERS AND OTHER CRIMES OF APPALLING VIOLENCE.
THIS CONDITION, WE BELIEVED, WAS CAUSED BY THE MECHANISM THAT HAD BEEN INSERTED INTO HIS CRANIUM AND INDUCED, BY MEANS OF A DIAL, UNNATURAL LEVELS OF AGGRESSION.
USING THE LATEST LASER SEPARATION TECHNIQUES, THE MEDICAL TEAM HAS FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN REMOVING THE MECHANISM FROM HIS BRAIN.
MR ANGEL, AS YOU SEE, HAS REVERTED TO A PLACID, DOCILE HALFWIT. AS SUCH WE CONSIDER THAT HE NO LONGER PRESENTS ANY DANGER TO THE PUBLIC, AND FEEL THE TIME IS RIGHT FOR HIS RELEASE.
AS THE JUDGE WITH THE MOST INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE OF THIS OFFENDER, WE NATURALLY FELT THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE THE FINAL DECISION ON HIS RELEASE.
HELLO, MEAN.
HUH... HOWDY.
SO, A REFORMED CHARACTER, ARE YOU?
I GOT ME A BUNNY RABBIT.
HOW DO I KNOW THIS ISN'T SOME BIG ACT? SOON AS HE'S OUT OF HERE HE STARTS CREATING MAYHEM AGAIN.
MEAN IS NO LONGER CAPABLE OF CREATING MAYHEM. WITHOUT HIS DIAL — AND HIS CLAW, OF COURSE — WE CAN GUARANTEE THAT HE REALLY IS TOTALLY HARMLESS.
I SURE LOVE MY BUNNY RABBIT.
MEAN'S SON, JUNIOR, HAS AGREED TO TAKE OVER CARE AND CUSTODY OF THE OFFENDER.
JUNIOR, AS YOU MAY KNOW, IS THE FOUNDER OF THE YOUTH FOR GOOD MOVEMENT, AND IS NOW A JUVE OF CONSIDERABLE MEANS, MUCH RESPECTED IN THE COMMUNITY.
I CAN REMOVE THE BURDEN OF KEEPING HIM FROM THE CITY, SIR, AND GLAD TO DO IT.

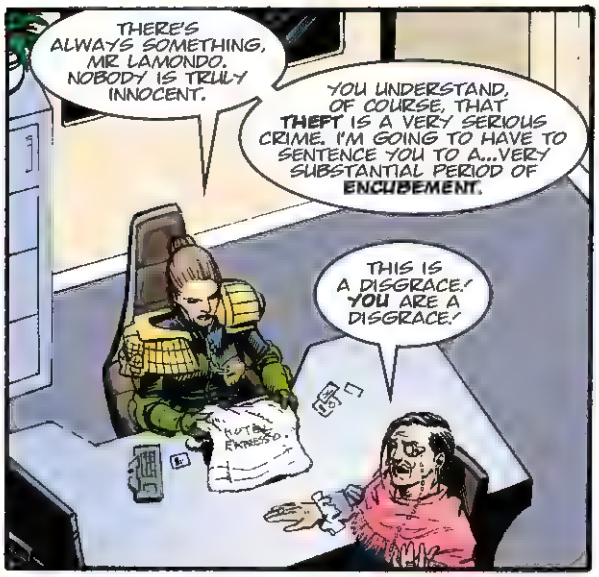
MEAN MACHINE ANGEL...ONCE THE SCOURGE OF THE CITY. WITHOUT HIS DIAL AND HIS CLAW HE LOOKED SHRUNKEN, DIMINISHED, A SHADOW OF HIS FORMER SELF.
WILL YOU PLAY WITH ME?
YOU BET I WILL, POP.
ROOM
BUT THEN **NOBODY** WAS GETTING ANY YOUNGER. **FIFTY YEARS**...
NEXT THING THEY'D BE TRYING TO PENSION HIM OFF. HE'D HAVE TO **WATCH** FOR THAT. LOOK AT OLD **SANDERS** —
THEY'D MOVED SANDERS TO A POST AT **ADMIN.** HE'D DROPPED IN ON HIM.
HE SEEMED TO HAVE AGED. THERE WAS A KIND OF DULL DESPAIR IN HIS EYES...
PENAL STRATEGY, DREDD — THIS IS IT, THE **WHITE HOT HUB!** THIS IS WHERE IT ALL GETS WORKED OUT! THE **FUTURE** OF **ENCUBEMENT**!
MAN, LIKE ANYBODY **GIVES** A SQUAT!
CAN'T BE THAT BAD.
LISTEN, YOU HEARD THE STORY — THE OLD **BULL'S** GETTING PAST IT, SEE, SO THEY CUT HIS NUTS OFF AND PUT HIM OUT TO PASTURE. AND THEY BRING IN A NEW BULL.
COUPLA DAYS LATER ONE OF THE COWS NOTICES THE OLD BULL AN' ASKS HIM HOW COME HE'S STILL AROUND. "OH," HE SAYS. "THEY'RE KEEPIN' ME ON AS A CONSULTANT."
I FEEL LIKE I'M JUST WAITING HERE TO DIE, DREDD. WAITING TO DIE...
A COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER THEY WERE BREAKING SANDERS DOWN INTO HIS USEFUL COMPONENTS AT **RESYK.** HE JUST GAVE UP.
SAME COULD HAPPEN TO HIM IF HE WASN'T CAREFUL.
TRY TO TAKE **HIM** OFF THE STREETS AND THEY'D KNOW ABOUT IT.


JUST LIKE THOSE CREEPS TONIGHT. NINE-GANG JIVE RUMBLE, ORGANISED LIKE A SCOUT JAMBOREE. IN **HIS** CITY.
DID THEY THINK THEY WERE GOING TO GET **AWAY** WITH IT?
DREDD! BACK ON PATROL! GIVE ME AN UPDATE ON THAT JIVE CONFRONT, CONTROL!
CONFIRM HEAVY GANG PRESENCE, AREA WHEATLEY PLAZA. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT UNITS MOVING INTO PLACE NOW. **JUDGE RICO** IN CHARGE.
RICO? WHAT FOR?
MERELY PRECAUTIONARY. DIDN'T KNOW WHEN YOU WERE GOING TO BE FINISHED WITH THE TRIBUNAL.


LEAVING US SO SOON, MR LAMONDO?
I AM GOING HOME! HOME WHERE MY **GENIUS** IS APPRECIATED!

TAKING THIS WITH YOU?
A TOWEL — WHAT IS A **TOWEL**?


IT'S HOTEL PROPERTY, MR LAMONDO.
COME WITH US.
THIS IS RIDICULOUS! IT IS A **TOWEL**!


THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING, MR LAMONDO. NOBODY IS TRULY INNOCENT.
YOU UNDERSTAND, OF COURSE, THAT **THEFT** IS A VERY SERIOUS CRIME. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SENTENCE YOU TO A...VERY SUBSTANTIAL PERIOD OF **ENCUBEMENT**.
THIS IS A DISGRACE! **YOU** ARE A DISGRACE!

NO, JUST A JUDGE, MR LAMONDO, DOING MY DUTY.
OF COURSE, IF YOU WERE TO OFFER AN IMMEDIATE **REFUND** OF, SHALL WE SAY, A **SUBSTANTIAL PORTION** OF YOUR **FEE** — IN FACT, LET'S SAY **ALL** OF IT...
WELL, I THINK I MIGHT BE ABLE TO TAKE THAT INTO CONSIDERATION. IN MITIGATION. AFTER ALL, WE DON'T **REALLY** WANT TO CLOG OUR ISO-BLOCKS UP WITH FOREIGNERS.

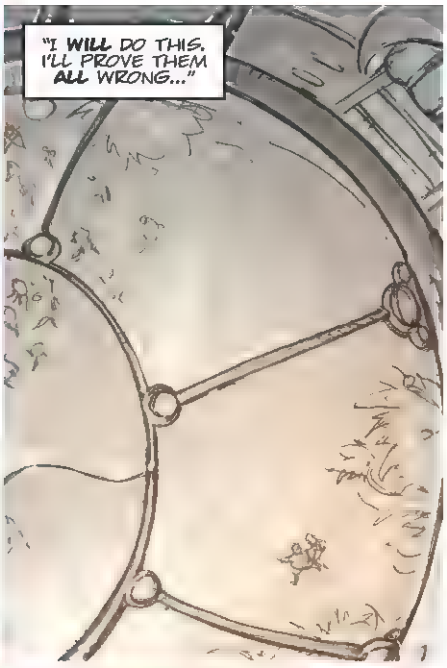
RICO?
COMMAND VEHICLE.
FIGURED YOU MIGHT SHOW.
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU.
WE GOT THREE HUNDRED PLUS JUVES PRIMED TO KILL AND WAITING FOR MIDNIGHT.
I'VE GOT THE PLAZA CIRCLED AND EACH GANG INDIVIDUALLY TARGETED. AERIAL UNITS WITH RIOT FOAM, CATCH AND MED-WAGONS ARE STANDING BY.
GOOD. I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.
THIS IS DREDD! ALL UNITS READY! WE GO IN ONE MINUTE!
SURE YOU DON'T WANT ME TO LEAD? COULD BE PRETTY ROUGH OUT THERE FOR AN OLD TIMER LIKE YOU.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, RICO. LONG AS I REMEMBER TO TAKE MY MEDICATION, I'M JUST FINE.

JUDGE DREDD
FIFTY-YEAR MAN
AND IN THE END, WHAT DID ONE MAN'S FATE MATTER? THE LAW WOULD STILL GO ON.
WHEN HIS TIME CAME, HE'D BE BETTER OFF DEAD. TO DIE IN THE SADDLE, FIGHTING FOR JUSTICE — YES, THAT WAS THE WAY TO GO.
UNTIL THEN, THE CREEPS WOULD DISCOVER THERE WAS STILL PLENTY OF LIFE IN THIS OLD DOG.
THE NAME IS DREDD — I AM THE LAW!
THE END

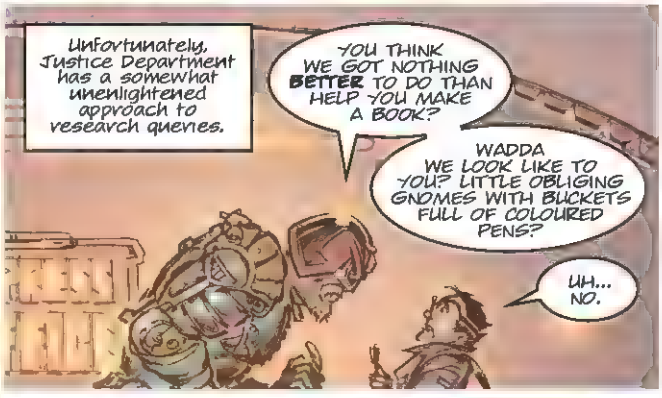
WELCOME AGAIN TO HAUTE CULTURE, THE ARTS SHOW THAT ARROGANTLY LOOKS DOWN ITS NOSE AT YOU AND SAYS, 'GOOD GRUD, YOU'RE READING/WATCHING/WEARING THAT?
'REALLY.' WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?"
JUDGE DREDD
THE BIOGRAPHER
ROB WILLIAMS
DAN COOKE
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
HELLO, I'M STEFAN LAWSONE AND I KNOW A LOT MORE THAN YOU.
TODAY WE'RE HERE TO TALK TO AMIS BARNES, THE CURRENT SUPERSTAR OF THE MEGA-CITY ONE LITERARY SCENE.
HIS FIRST NOVEL, ISO-CUBED, WAS A MAINSTREAM SMASH, AND THE FOLLOW-UP, REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PROUST, HAS BEEN HAILED AS A HIGHBROW TRIUMPH BY A BITTER LITERATI.
AMIS, THE REASON FOR THIS LAVISH PARTY IS YOU'RE ABOUT TO ANNOUNCE THE SUBJECT OF YOUR THIRD BOOK.
WELL, STEFAN, I WANTED TO WRITE ABOUT THIS CITY. I WANTED TO ENCAPSULATE THE TIMES WE LIVE IN. AND THE LIFE OF ONE MAN SEEMS THE PERFECT WAY OF TELLING THAT TALE.
WE ALREADY KNOW THAT YOUR PUBLISHER HAS PAID OUT ITS HIGHEST-EVER ADVANCE FOR THIS, SO WHY DON'T YOU PUT US OUT OF OUR MISERY?
MY NEXT BOOK WILL BE THE COMPREHENSIVE BIOGRAPHY OF JUDGE DREDD.
I HESITATE TO SAY THIS, LOVE, IT'S SUCH AN AGENT CLICHE, BUT I DID WARN YOU.
THEIR REACTION... JEFFREY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
YOU'RE RELATIVELY NEW TO THIS GAME, YOUNG, PRETTY, APPALLINGLY SUCCESSFUL. OVERAMBITION IS UNDERSTANDABLE. SO LET ME EXPLAIN IT AGAIN. IT IS AFTER ALL, STANDARD INDUSTRY DICTUM:
YOU. DON'T. WRITE. ABOUT. DREDD.
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO WRITE ABOUT DREDD? DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY BRILLIANT WRITERS HAVE TRIED IN THE PAST... BUT FAILED?
THEY ALL THINK THEY CAN MASTER IT...

...AND THEY ALL END UP CHOKING ON THE VOMIT OF THEIR PAST-TENSE CAREERS.
I CAN DO THIS, JEFFREY. I CAN MAKE IT WORK. THIS WILL BE THE BOOK OF OUR TIMES!
PERHAPS, LOVE, PERHAPS. YOU ARE BLOODY GOOD, AFTER ALL. I SHALL BE IN TOUCH.

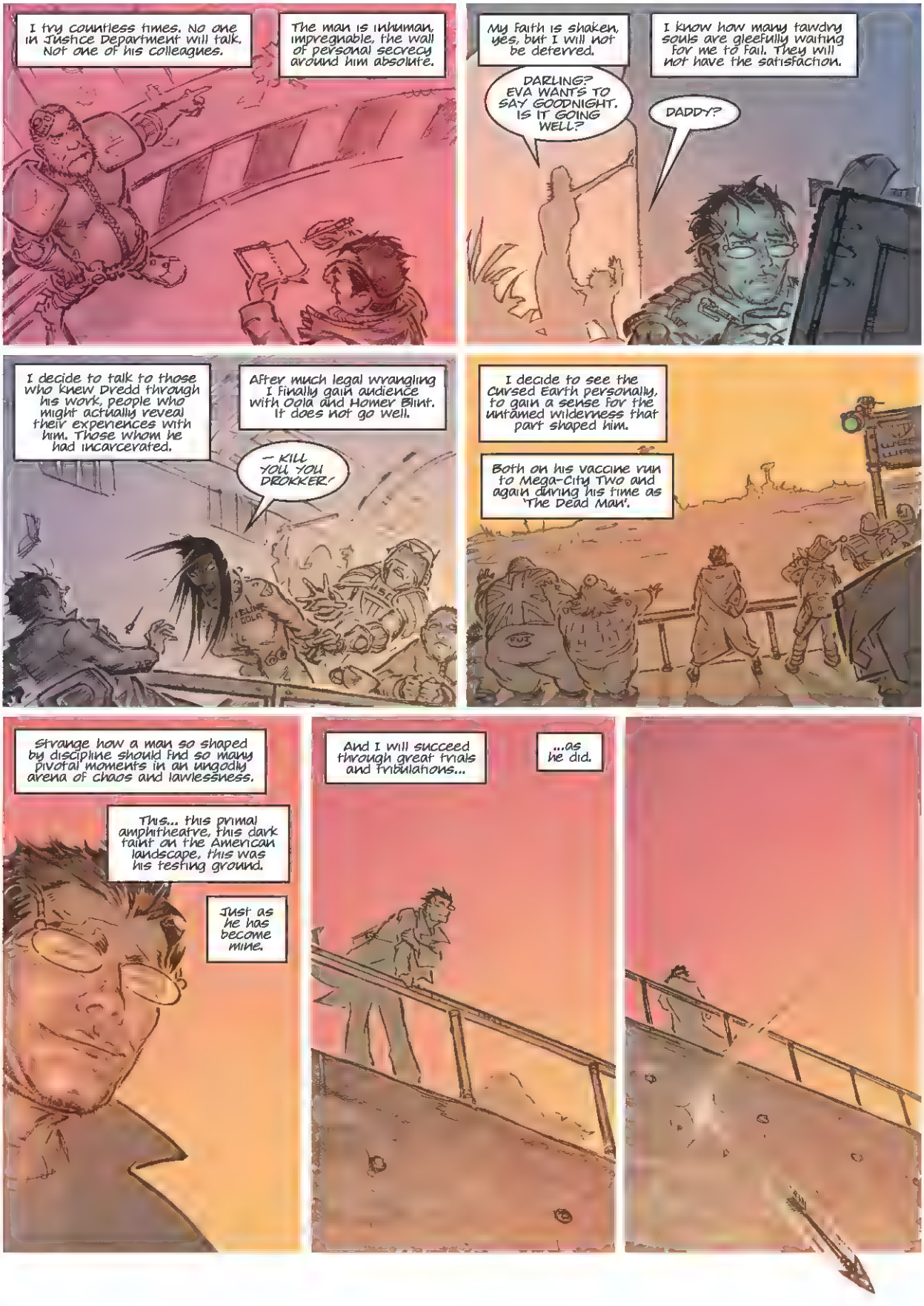
I CAN DO THIS...
I KNOW YOU CAN, DARLING. IT'S GOING TO BE FANTASTIC.


"I WILL DO THIS. I'LL PROVE THEM ALL WRONG..."

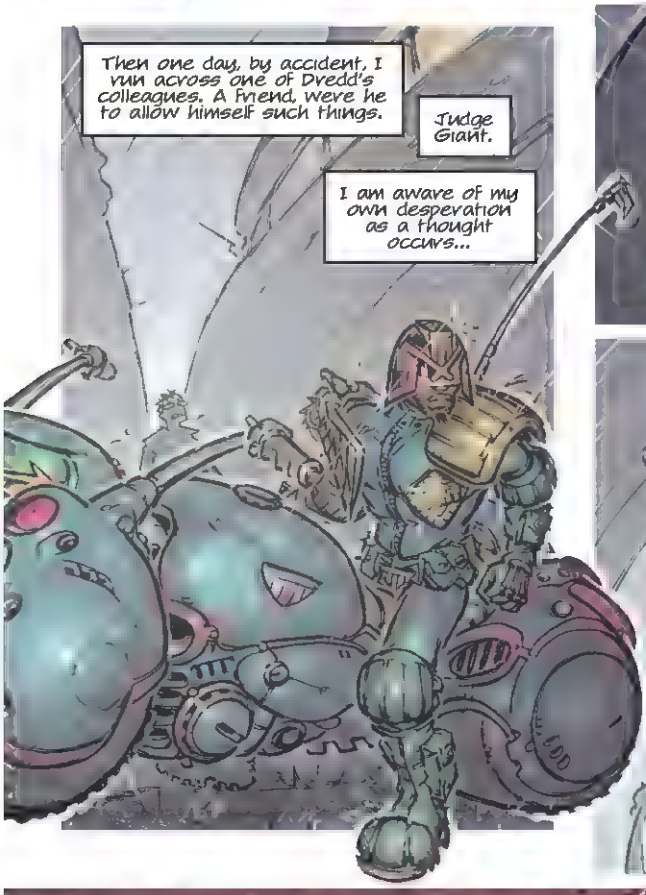
I'd done a lot of research prior to the announcement, of course. But what I needed now were hard quotes. I had to speak to the people who actually knew the man.
I had to put flesh on the bones.

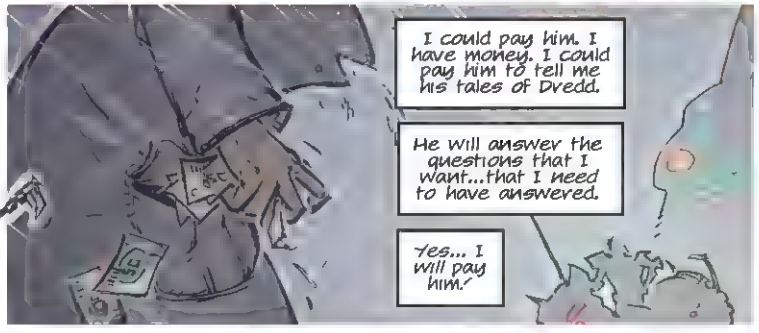

Unfortunately, Justice Department has a somewhat unenlightened approach to research queries.
YOU THINK WE GOT NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN HELP YOU MAKE A BOOK?
WADDA WE LOOK LIKE TO YOU? LITTLE OBLIGING GNOMES WITH BUCKETS FULL OF COLOURED PENS?
UH... NO.

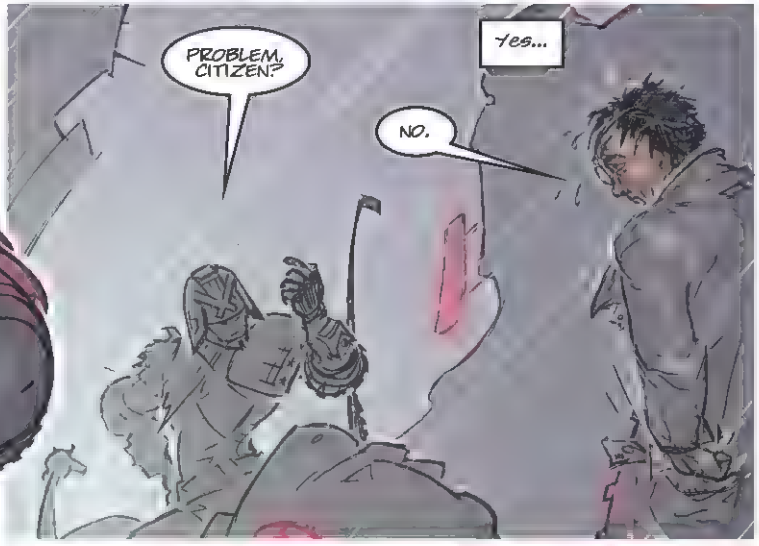
SOME NERD ASKING A LOT OF QUESTIONS ABOUT YOU, DREDD.
HMPH.

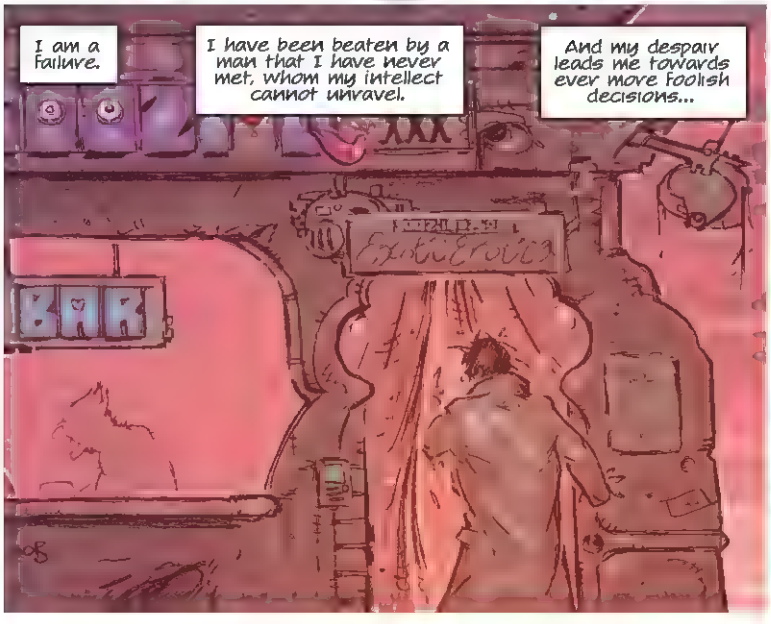

I try countless times. No one in Justice Department will talk. Not one of his colleagues.
The man is inhuman, impregnable, the wall of personal secrecy around him absolute.
My faith is shaken, yes, but I will not be deterred.
I know how many tawdry souls are gleefully waiting for me to fail. They will not have the satisfaction.
DARLING? EVA WANTS TO SAY GOODNIGHT. IS IT GOING WELL?
DADDY?
I decide to talk to those who knew Dredd through his work, people who might actually reveal their experiences with him. Those whom he had incarcerated.
After much legal wrangling I finally gain audience with Oola and Homer Blint. It does not go well.
— KILL YOU, YOU DROKKER!
I decide to see the Cursed Earth personally, to gain a sense for the unframed wilderness that part shaped him.
Both on his vaccine run to Mega-City Two and again during his time as 'The Dead Man'.
Strange how a man so shaped by discipline should find so many pivotal moments in an ungodly arena of chaos and lawlessness.
This... this primal amphitheatre, this dark taint on the American landscape, this was his testing ground.
Just as he has become mine.
And I will succeed through great trials and tribulations...
...as he did.

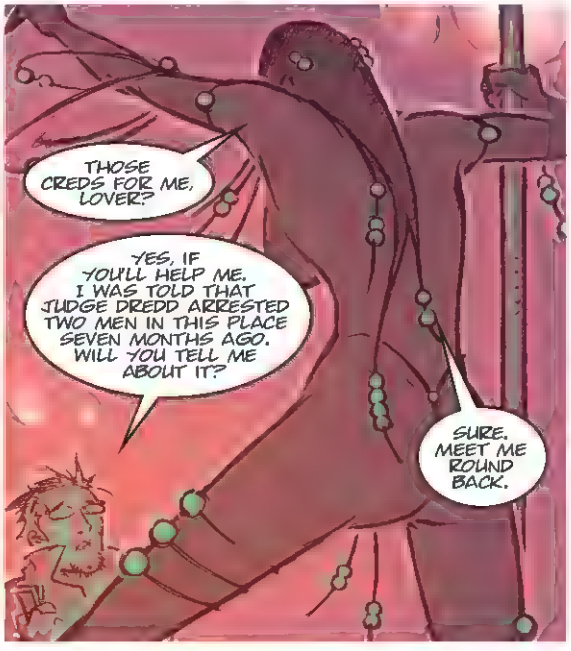
Months pass all too easily, as does my deadline...
YOU CAN TELL THEM TO DROKK OFF, JEFFREY! I AM NOT RETURNING ONE CRED OF THAT ADVANCE! IT'S A LITTLE LATE, THAT'S ALL!
AMIS! WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE IN FRONT OF EVA!


Then one day, by accident, I run across one of Dredd's colleagues. A friend, were he to allow himself such things.
Judge Giant.
I am aware of my own desperation as a thought occurs...

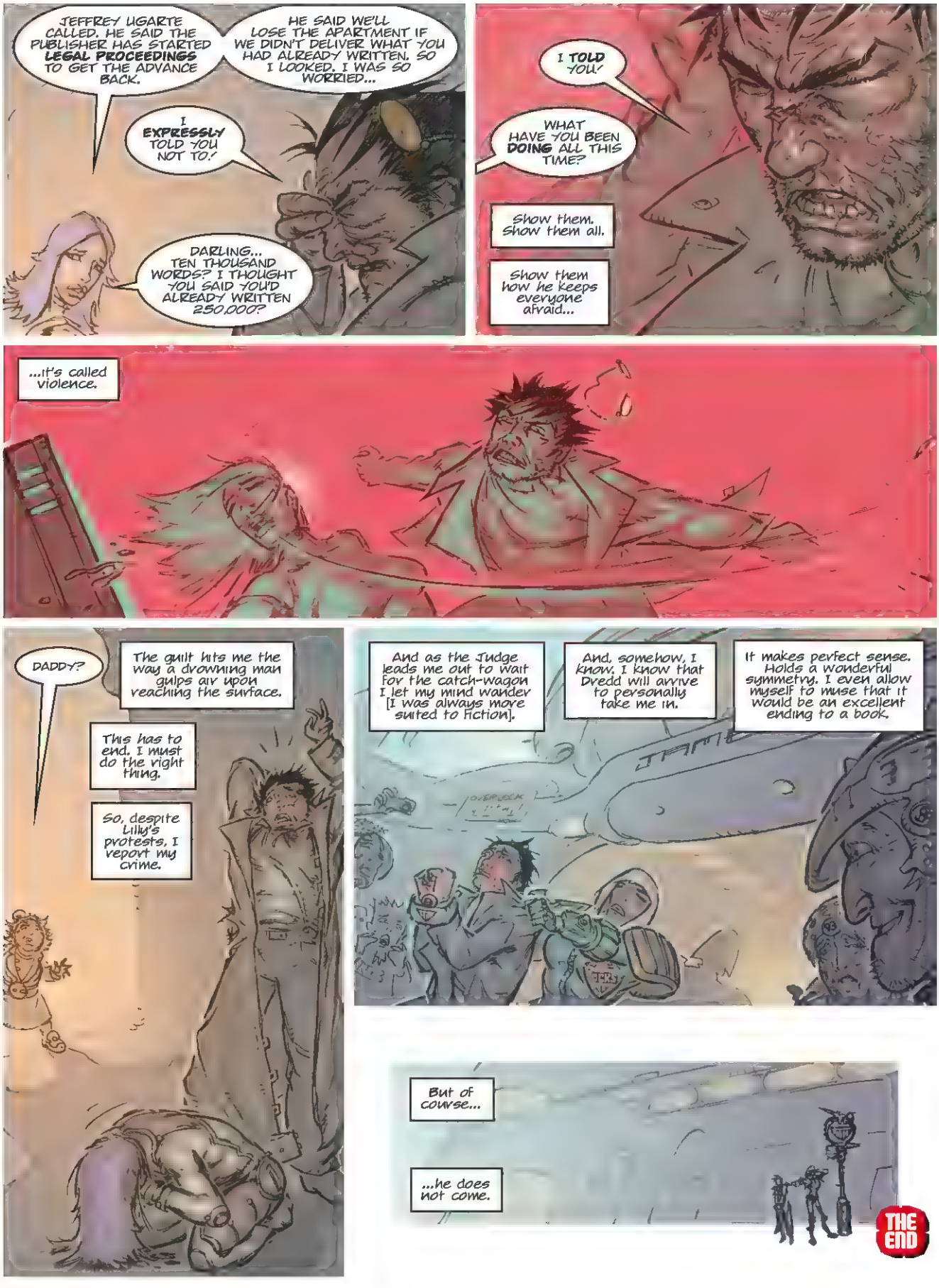

I could pay him. I have money. I could pay him to tell me his tales of Dredd.
He will answer the questions that I want...that I need to have answered.
Yes... I will pay him.

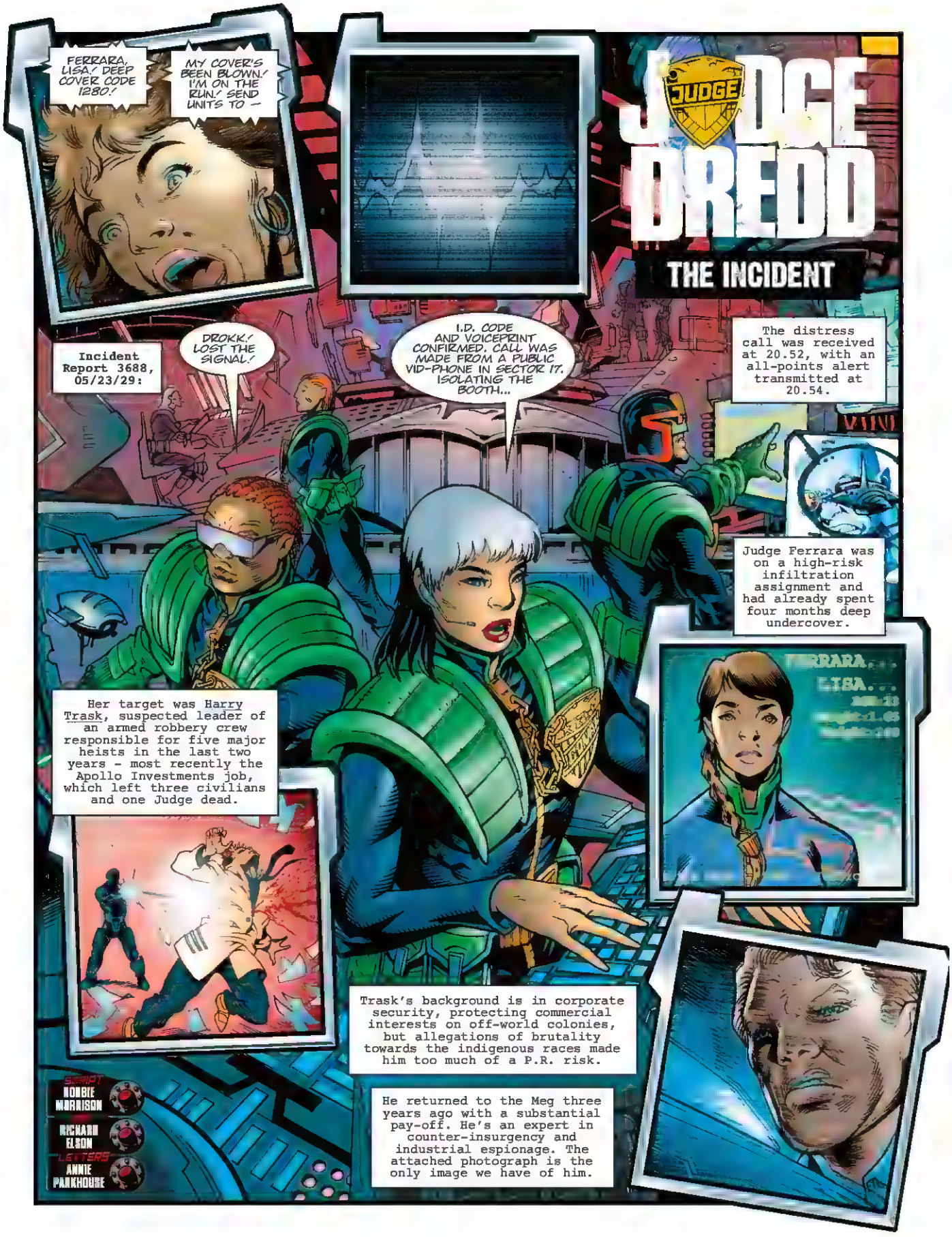

PROBLEM, CITIZEN?
Yes...
NO.


I am a failure.
I have been beaten by a man that I have never met, whom my intellect cannot unravel.
And my despair leads me towards ever more foolish decisions...
BAR

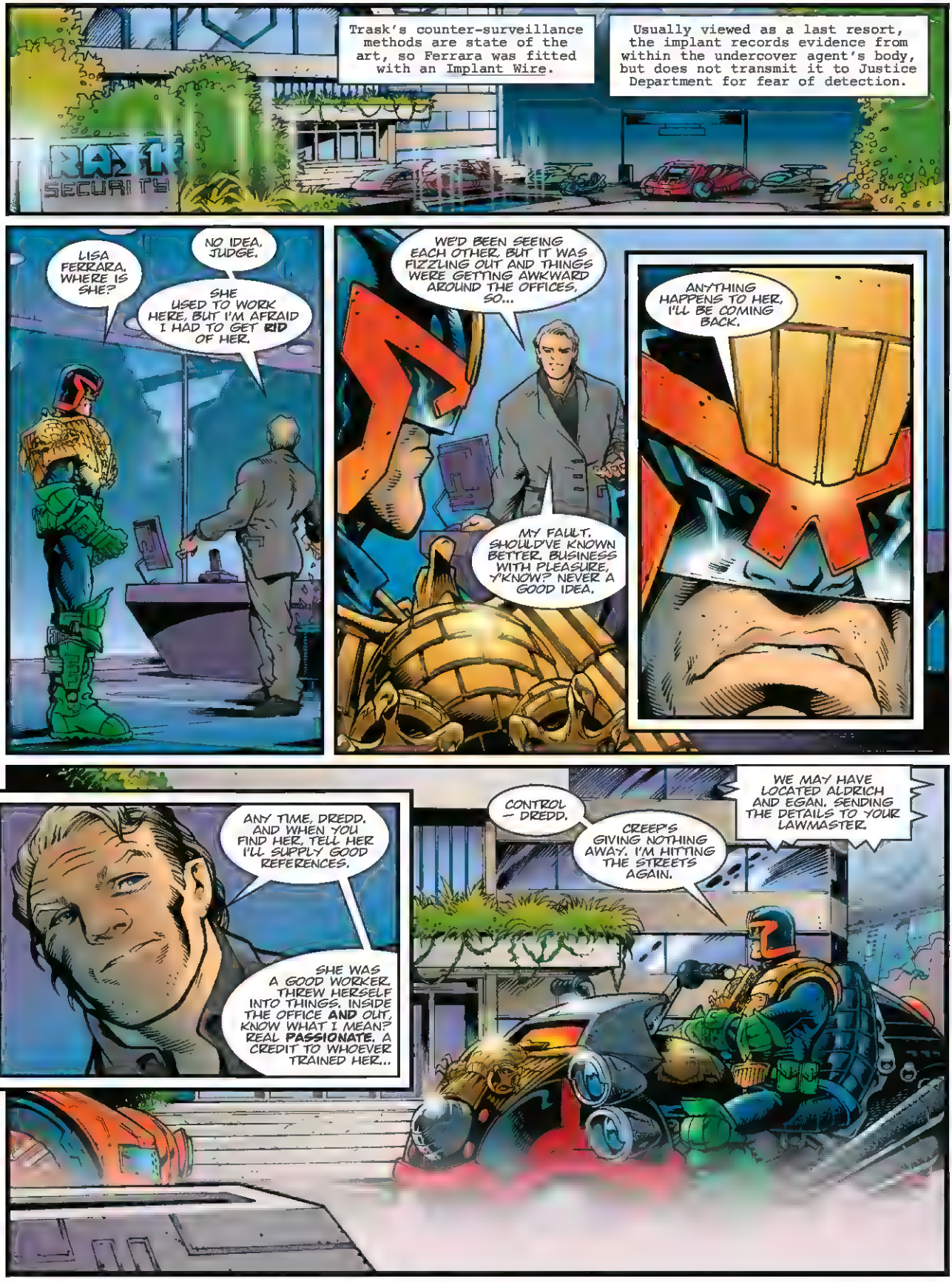

THOSE CREDS FOR ME, LOVER?
YES, IF YOU'LL HELP ME. I WAS TOLD THAT JUDGE DREDD ARRESTED TWO MEN IN THIS PLACE SEVEN MONTHS AGO. WILL YOU TELL ME ABOUT IT?
SURE. MEET ME ROUND BACK.

GOT THE CREDS, LOVER?
YES. TELL ME... PLEASE. PLEASE, TELL ME...
TELL YOU WHAT, BABY? 'COS, FOR THE RIGHT PRICE, I'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT TO HEAR...
TELL ME HOW TO WRITE AN INTERESTING STORY ABOUT A MAN WHO SEEMS TO HAVE NO PERSONALITY OR FEELINGS!
GEEZ! GET OFF ME!
THIS THE DUDE WITH THE COAT FULLA CREDS?
YEAH, HE'S WEIRD. GET HIM.
YOU WANNA KNOW ABOUT DREDD, LITTLE MAN?
WE'RE ABOUT TO SPEAK HIS LANGUAGE TO YOU. SHOW YOU HOW HE KEEPS EVERYONE AFRAID.
IT'S CALLED VIOLENCE.
I presume I was unconscious for several hours. I have no way of knowing for sure. They took my watch, the antique Swiss Lilly bought me the day Iso-Cubed was published.
I wanted to enter Dredd's world. I return home with four teeth missing, fractured ribs and a broken nose.
OH MY GRUD! AMIS! WHAT HAPPENED?
I WAS ROBBED.
OH NO! WE HAVE TO CALL THE JUDGES —
YOU READ IT? MY MANUSCRIPT? I TOLD YOU NOT TO AND YOU READ IT?


JEFFREY UGARTE CALLED. HE SAID THE PUBLISHER HAS STARTED **LEGAL PROCEEDINGS** TO GET THE ADVANCE BACK.
HE SAID WE'LL LOSE THE APARTMENT IF WE DIDN'T DELIVER WHAT YOU HAD ALREADY WRITTEN. SO I LOOKED. I WAS SO WORRIED...
I **EXPRESSLY** TOLD YOU NOT TO!
DARLING... TEN THOUSAND WORDS? I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU'D ALREADY WRITTEN 250,000?
I **TOLD** YOU!
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN **DOING** ALL THIS TIME?
Show them. Show them all.
Show them how he keeps everyone afraid...
...it's called violence.
DADDY?
The guilt hits me the way a drowning man gulps air upon reaching the surface.
This has to end. I must do the right thing.
So, despite Lilly's protests, I report my crime.
And as the Judge leads me out to wait for the catch-wagon I let my mind wander [I was always more suited to fiction].
And, somehow, I know, I know that Dredd will arrive to personally take me in.
It makes perfect sense. Holds a wonderful symmetry. I even allow myself to muse that it would be an excellent ending to a book.
But of course...
...he does not come.
THE END

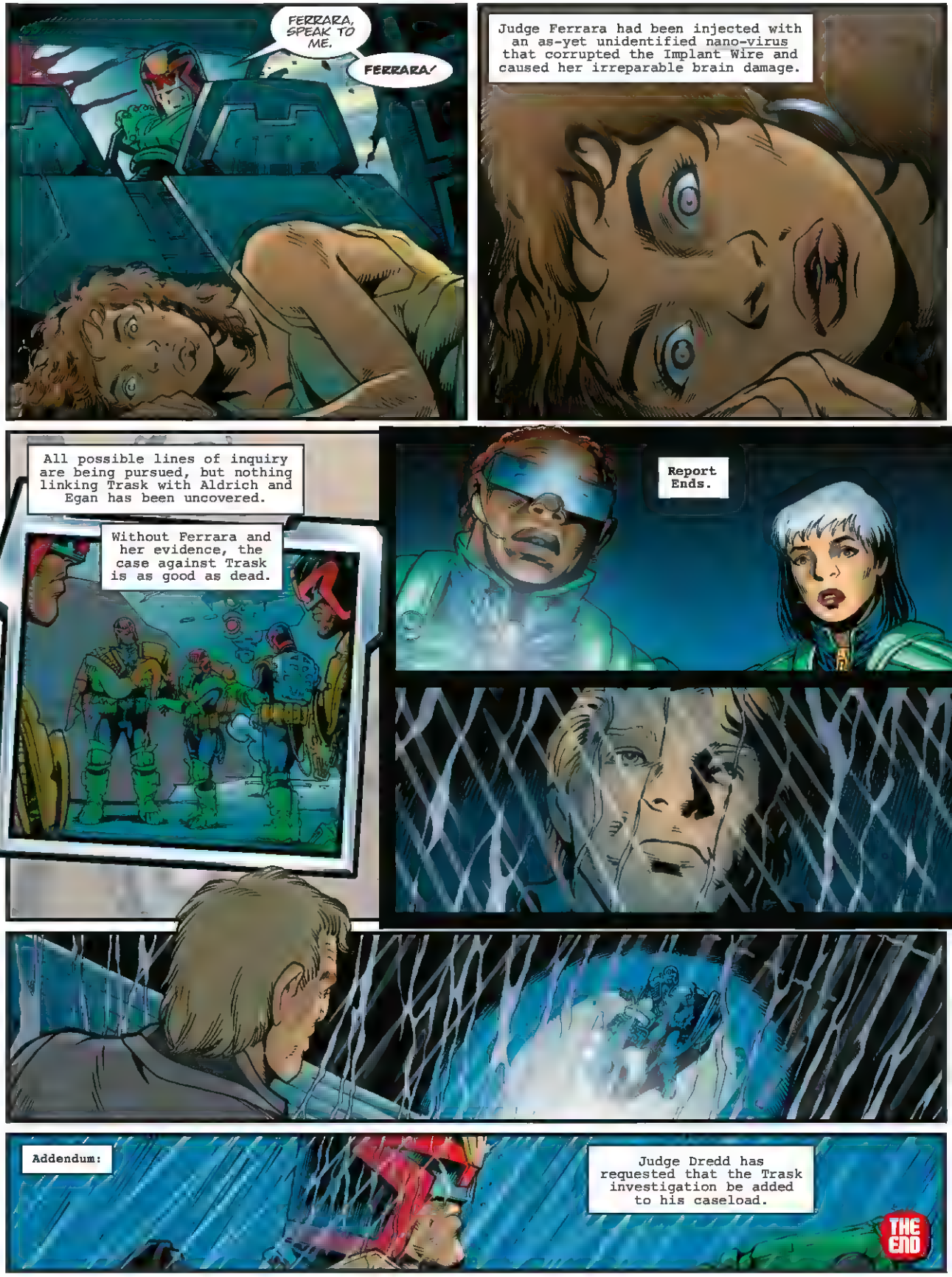

FERRARA, LISA./ DEEP COVER CODE 1280./
MY COVER'S BEEN BLOWN./ I'M ON THE RUN./ SEND UNITS TO —
JUDGE DREDD
THE INCIDENT
Incident Report 3688, 05/23/29:
DROKK./ LOST THE SIGNAL./
I.D. CODE AND VOICEPRINT CONFIRMED. CALL WAS MADE FROM A PUBLIC VID-PHONE IN SECTOR 17. ISOLATING THE BOOTH...
The distress call was received at 20.52, with an all-points alert transmitted at 20.54.
Judge Ferrara was on a high-risk infiltration assignment and had already spent four months deep undercover.
Her target was Harry Trask, suspected leader of an armed robbery crew responsible for five major heists in the last two years - most recently the Apollo Investments job, which left three civilians and one Judge dead.
Trask's background is in corporate security, protecting commercial interests on off-world colonies, but allegations of brutality towards the indigenous races made him too much of a P.R. risk.
He returned to the Meg three years ago with a substantial pay-off. He's an expert in counter-insurgency and industrial espionage. The attached photograph is the only image we have of him.
SCRIPT
ROBBIE MORRISON
RICHARD ELSON
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

GOT IT./ PUBLIC VIDEO BOOTH 7122.
PUTTING IT ON SCREEN NOW.
INTERIOR SECURITY CAMERA?
DAMN IT./ NO VISUAL ON THE ASSAILANT./
THE BOOTH'S ON THE CORNER OF DELANEY AND D'AURIA.
IT'S A CROSSROADS, SO WE SHOULD HAVE ACCESS TO TRAFFIC CAMERAS AND STANDARD STREET SURVEILLANCE.
BASTARDS/ RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET AND NOBODY TRIES TO HELP./
ZOOM IN. TRY FOR A CLEAR SHOT OF THE PERPS.
OKAY, WE HAVE VISUALS. CHECKING FOR A MATCH WITH KNOWN CRIMINALS...
Judge Dredd assumed operational command at 20.59.
PERPS IDENTIFIED AS **LOUIS ALDRICH** AND **WINSTON EGAN.** JOINT CONVICTIONS FOR ASSAULT AND BATTERY AND SUSPECTED INVOLVEMENT IN A NUMBER OF CONTRACT KILLINGS, BUT NOTHING PROVEN.
ANOTHER THING, DREDD — THE ONLY WAY WE COULD GET NEAR TRASK WAS TO USE AN **IMPLANT WIRE.** THEY'LL CUT FERRARA TO PIECES TO GET IT. IF WE DON'T REACH HER BEFORE THAT, WE LOSE THE ENTIRE CASE.
UNDERSTOOD. CHECK STOLEN VEHICLE REPORTS FOR THE SECTOR. IF THEY'RE MOVING HER, THEY WON'T BE USING THEIR OWN TRANSPORT.
I'LL APPLY PRESSURE TO TRASK...

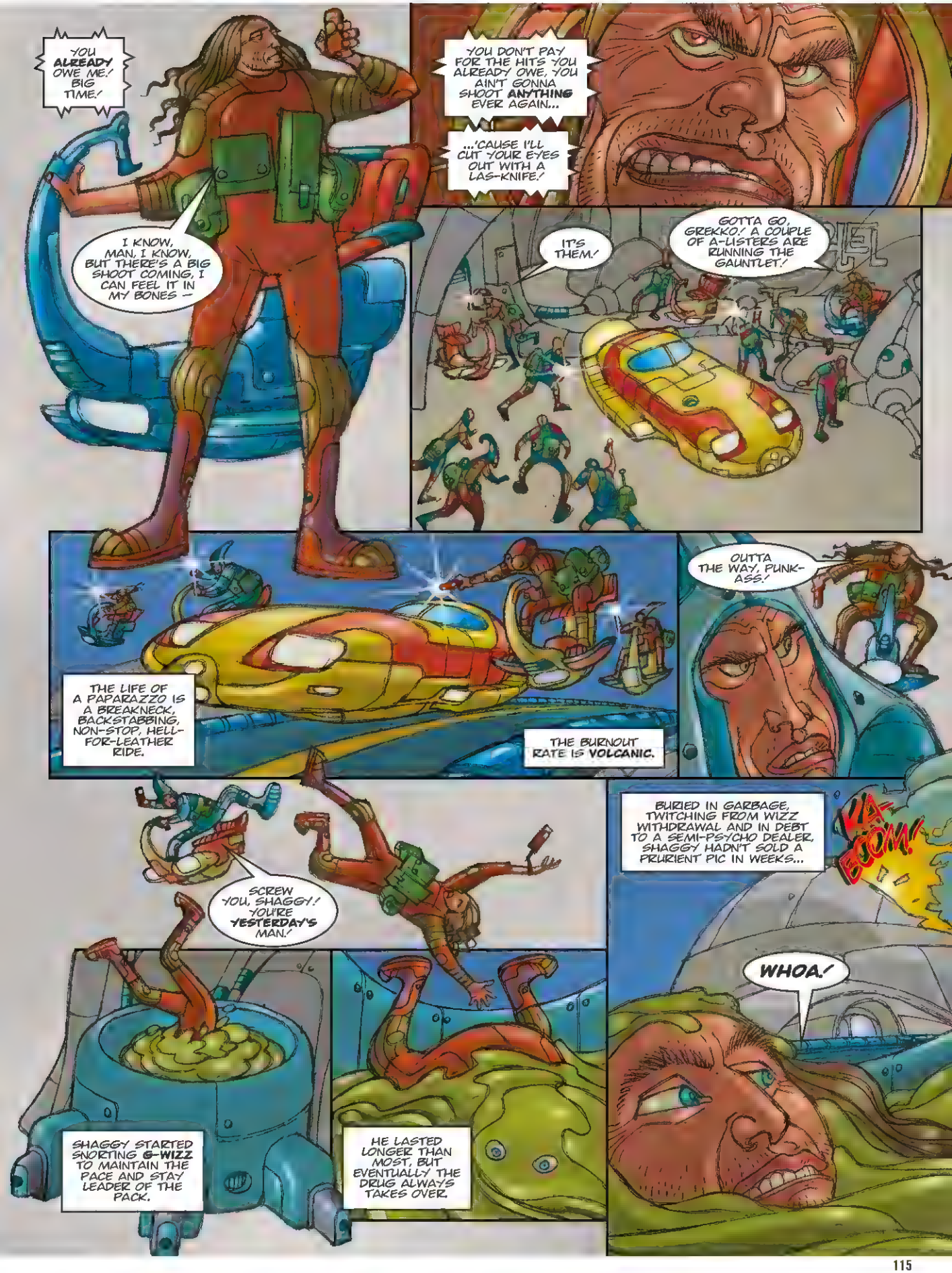

Trask's counter-surveillance methods are state of the art, so Ferrara was fitted with an Implant Wire.
Usually viewed as a last resort, the implant records evidence from within the undercover agent's body, but does not transmit it to Justice Department for fear of detection.
RAT SECURITY
LISA FERRARA. WHERE IS SHE?
NO IDEA, JUDGE.
SHE USED TO WORK HERE, BUT I'M AFRAID I HAD TO GET RID OF HER.
WE'D BEEN SEEING EACH OTHER, BUT IT WAS FIZZLING OUT AND THINGS WERE GETTING AWKWARD AROUND THE OFFICES, SO...
MY FAULT. SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER. BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE, Y'KNOW? NEVER A GOOD IDEA.
ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HER, I'LL BE COMING BACK.
ANY TIME, DREDD. AND WHEN YOU FIND HER, TELL HER I'LL SUPPLY GOOD REFERENCES.
SHE WAS A GOOD WORKER. THREW HERSELF INTO THINGS. INSIDE THE OFFICE AND OUT, KNOW WHAT I MEAN? REAL PASSIONATE. A CREDIT TO WHOEVER TRAINED HER...
CONTROL — DREDD.
CREEP'S GIVING NOTHING AWAY. I'M HITTING THE STREETS AGAIN.
WE MAY HAVE LOCATED ALDRICH AND EGAN. SENDING THE DETAILS TO YOUR LAWMASTER.

Public Surveillance Unit footage placed Aldrich in the vicinity of a hov-transporter theft two nights earlier.
The plates had been changed, but a satellite sweep for similar vehicles in the search area located the perpetrators on the Jackie Stewart Expressway at 21.29.
IT'S THEM. THERMAL IMAGING SHOWS THREE OCCUPANTS: TWO UP FRONT, ONE IN THE REAR.
SHE'S STILL ALIVE...
ENOUGH WITH THE DROKKIN' ATTITUDE!
WE'RE MOVIN' UP IN THE WORLD! WE CAN'T JUST KILL 'EM AND DUMP 'EM ANY MORE, WE GOTTA DISPOSE OF THE BODIES AS WELL! IT'S AN ALL-ROUND SERVICE!
I'M JUST SAYIN', MAN, IT'S A WASTE OF A BODY. I CAN THINK OF OTHER THINGS TO DO WITH HER, KNOW WHAT I —
Judge Dredd intercepted at 21.33, issuing a formal challenge and ordering Aldrich and Egan to halt at the next block exit.
DROKK YOU, DREDD!

GRUDDAMN SONUVABITCH!
DROKK! TRYING TO CUT ME OFF - !
HA!
END OF THE ROAD, PUNK!
CRUNCH!


FERRARA, SPEAK TO ME.
FERRARA!
Judge Ferrara had been injected with an as-yet unidentified nano-virus that corrupted the Implant Wire and caused her irreparable brain damage.
All possible lines of inquiry are being pursued, but nothing linking Trask with Aldrich and Egan has been uncovered.
Without Ferrara and her evidence, the case against Trask is as good as dead.
Report Ends.
Addendum:
Judge Dredd has requested that the Trask investigation be added to his caseload.
THE END

CENSORED
SYNTHI-FUR COAT, NO KNICKERS!
IN THE CUTTHROAT WORLD OF THE TABLOID NEWS-ZINE, THE RIGHT PICTURE'S WORTH ABOUT TEN THOUSAND WORDS...
...SO IF YOU'RE A SCURRILOUS EDITOR, WHO NEEDS FOOTAGE OF A DRUNKEN ACTRESS/MODEL FLASHING HER BOOBS AT A POST-PREMIERE PARTY...
...THEN SHAGGY'S YOUR MAN.
YOU SLEAZY DROKKERS!
JUDGE DREDD
SHAGGY'S BIG SHOOT
ROBBIE MORRISON
NICK McMAHON
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
THE UNDISPUTED KING OF THE CROTCH SHOTS AND UNDER-THE-SKIRT SNAPS —
DROP THE ACT, LOLA! YOU KNOW YOU LOVE IT! YOU'LL BE FRONT PAGE TOMORROW!
— OR, AT LEAST, HE USED TO BE.
C'MON, GREKKO! I NEED THE EDGE, MAN! I NEED THE BUZZ! YOU'VE GOTTA LET ME HAVE SOME!
I DON'T GOTTA DO NOTHING EXCEPT DROKK YOU UP!


YOU ALREADY OWE ME. BIG TIME.
I KNOW, MAN. I KNOW, BUT THERE'S A BIG SHOOT COMING, I CAN FEEL IT IN MY BONES —
YOU DON'T PAY FOR THE HITS YOU ALREADY OWE, YOU AIN'T GONNA SHOOT ANYTHING EVER AGAIN...
...'CAUSE I'LL CUT YOUR EYES OUT WITH A LAS-KNIFE.
IT'S THEM.
GOTTA GO, GREKKO. A COUPLE OF A-LISTERS ARE RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.
THE LIFE OF A PAPARAZZO IS A BREAKNECK, BACKSTABBING, NON-STOP, HELL-FOR-LEATHER RIDE.
THE BURNOUT RATE IS VOLCANIC.
OUTTA THE WAY, PUNK-ASS.
SCREW YOU, SHAGGY. YOU'RE YESTERDAY'S MAN.
SHAGGY STARTED SNORTING G-WIZZ TO MAINTAIN THE PACE AND STAY LEADER OF THE PACK.
HE LASTED LONGER THAN MOST, BUT EVENTUALLY THE DRUG ALWAYS TAKES OVER.
BURIED IN GARBAGE, TWITCHING FROM WIZZ WITHDRAWAL AND IN DEBT TO A SEMI-PSYCHO DEALER, SHAGGY HADN'T SOLD A PRURIENT PIC IN WEEKS...
KA-BOOM!
WHOA.

CONTROL - DREDD.
THE TIP-OFF THAT FINGERED EDDIE SPEELMAN FOR THE AURORA NIGHTCLUB ARSON JOB WAS RIGHT.
SPEELMAN CONFESSED?
CREEP TRIED TO BARBECUE ME WITH A FLAME-GUN WHEN I BROKE HIS ALIBI.
CASE CLOSED.
KOFF! KOFF!
FIREFIGHTERS ARE ON THEIR WAY, DREDD. YOU OKAY?
SMOKE INHALATION. RESPIRATOR DIDN'T WORK.
JUST NEED TO GET SOME AIR..
FRAZZLED AS HE WAS, SHAGGY KNEW A CAREER-SAVING PIC WHEN HE SAW ONE...

THE FACE OF DREDD HAD ACHIEVED MYTHIC STATUS IN THE MEG. IN TRUTH, THE JUDGE'S FEATURES WERE LESS IMPORTANT THAN WHAT HE **REPRESENTED**. HE **WAS** THE LAW.
BUT STRIPPED OF THAT MYSTIQUE, WOULD HE STILL BE SUCH A FEARSOME ICON?
LIKE SHAGGY GAVE A DAMN. A QUICK CALL TO HIS AGENT AND HE WAS BACK IN THE GAME...
WITHOUT HIS **HELMET**? EVERY EDITOR IN TOWN'LL WANT IT.' MAIL IT OVER — I'LL START A BIDDING WAR!
ARE YOU CRAZY? IT'S WAY TOO HOT TO SEND ELECTRONICALLY.'
'I'LL BRING IT ROUND IN PERSON.'
SPEED YOU'RE MOVING AT, SHAG, YOU BETTER BE ON YOUR WAY TO PAY ME OFF...
GREKKO!
I..I WAS.' I AM.' I MEAN, I WILL BE.' JUST ANOTHER FEW HOURS AND I'LL BE ABLE TO PAY YOU BACK — **DOUBLE**!
YEAH? TELL YOU WHAT, I'M A NICE GUY, YOU PAY ME BACK DOUBLE TOMORROW AND I'LL ONLY BURN ONE OF YOUR EYES OUT TONIGHT.
LEFT OR RIGHT?
SIGH...
SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T KNOW WHEN YOU'RE TRYING TO DO THEM A FAVOUR...

WOOAARRGH!
DREDD, PSU JUST PICKED UP GIL GREKKO — WIZZ DEALER, TWO OUTSTANDING WARRANTS — OUTSIDE MICHAEL WINNER BLOCK.
ON MY WAY, CONTROL!
PLEASE, MAN, DON'T HURT ME...LOOK AT THE PICTURES...
THEY'LL BLOW JUSTICE DEPARTMENT WIDE OPEN! IT'S THE STORY OF THE CENTURY! YOU AND ME, WE COULD MAKE MILLIONS!
WASTING YOU AND KEEPING IT ALL FOR MYSELF SOUNDS A HELLUVA LOT BETTER!
YOU'VE WASTED ENOUGH LIVES, PUNK. DROP YOUR WEAPONS OR I FIRE.
DROKK YOU, DREDD!
WRONG CHOICE, CREEPS!
BIKE CANNON!

WHAT DID YOU SAY, CITIZEN? YOU'RE GONNA BLOW JUSTICE DEPARTMENT WIDE OPEN?
BETTER LET ME BE THE JUDGE OF THAT.
SOME PEOPLE JUST AIN'T PHOTOGENIC.
SHAGGED OUT!
Celebrity Photographer Arrested For Gross Invasion of Privacy!
THE END

...AND WELCOME TO THE FIRST JOCK DAY PARADE, INAUGURATED TO MARK CAL-HAB'S UNIQUE CONTRIBUTIONS TO MEGA-CITY'S HERITAGE, AND BECAUSE SOMEONE AT CITY HALL NOTICED THERE WAS STILL ONE DAY THIS MONTH THAT HADN'T YET BEEN MADE A PUBLIC HOLIDAY.
ACCORDING TO A RECENT SURVEY, ALMOST 4% OF THE CITY'S POPULATION THINK THEY HAVE CAL-HAB ANCESTRY, A FURTHER 14% QUITE LIKE THE IDEA OF HAVING CAL-HAB ANCESTRY, WHILE 55.71% ARE IN FAVOUR OF ANYTHING THAT GIVES THEM AN EXCUSE TO GET DRUNK AND START A FIGHT.
CAL-HAB
AND THERE'S TEK-CHIEF MCTIGHE, THE OFFICIAL PARADE MARSHAL AND A SENIOR MEMBER OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT. HE'S CERTAINLY DONE WELL FOR HIMSELF FOR A MAN DESCENDED FROM A RACE OF DRUNKEN LAYABOUTS AND WELFARE CHEATS.
BIG YIN
AND — YES! — BESIDE HIM IS LEGENDARY CAL-HAB VID-CELEB TAM 'BIG JOCK' TAMSON MCJOCK.
SIR TAM, A RESIDENT OF LUNA-CITY SINCE 2074, HAS SWORN TO RETURN TO HIS BELOVED HOMELAND ONLY WHEN THE LAST REMNANTS OF BRIT-CIT RULE HAVE BEEN ERASED. ALONG WITH THE DEMANDS FOR THE ESTIMATED 22 MILLION CREDS HE OWES IN BACK TAXES.
YES, IT'S ME
BUT OF COURSE YOU CAN'T HAVE A CAL-HAB PARADE WITHOUT SOME GENUINE CAL-HABBERS.
DON'T WORRY, VIEWERS, THEY'RE ONLY HERE FOR THE DURATION OF THE PARADE, AND THE JUDGES HAVE HAD THEM ALL E-TAGGED TO ENSURE THAT NONE OF THEM GO WANDERING OFF.
STILL, THEY MAKE A WONDERFUL SIGHT, DON'T THEY?
STORY
ROBBIE BENNIE
ART
JOCK
COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

'SURELY THERE CAN'T BE ANYONE OUT THERE BEGRUDGING THEM THEIR MOMENT OF GLORY?'
DREDD TO ALL UNITS — KEEP THAT PARADE MOVING. WE'VE GOT SKIRT-WEARING FREAKS BACKED UP ALL THE WAY DOWN TO MOLLY WEIR THRU-WAY.
JUDGE DREDD
TARTAN TERRORS
UNDER THE JUDGES' WATCHFUL EYE, THE PARADE-GOERS ARE ENTERTAINED BY DISPLAYS OF TRADITIONAL CAL-HAB CUSTOMS...
YON BIG JESSIE.' FEART O' A HAGGIS'
GOAN YERSEL', SHOOGY.' YE'RE FIGHTIN' FOAR TH' HONOUR O' CLAN MCBAM.'
THE NOBLE ART OF **MUTIE HAGGIS-FIGHTING**...
THE ANCIENT CAL-HAB RITUAL OF THE '**BEVVY SESSION**', WHICH SOME OBSERVERS HAVE LIKENED IN CHARM TO THAT OF THE FAMOUS **HONDO-CIT TEA CEREMONY**...

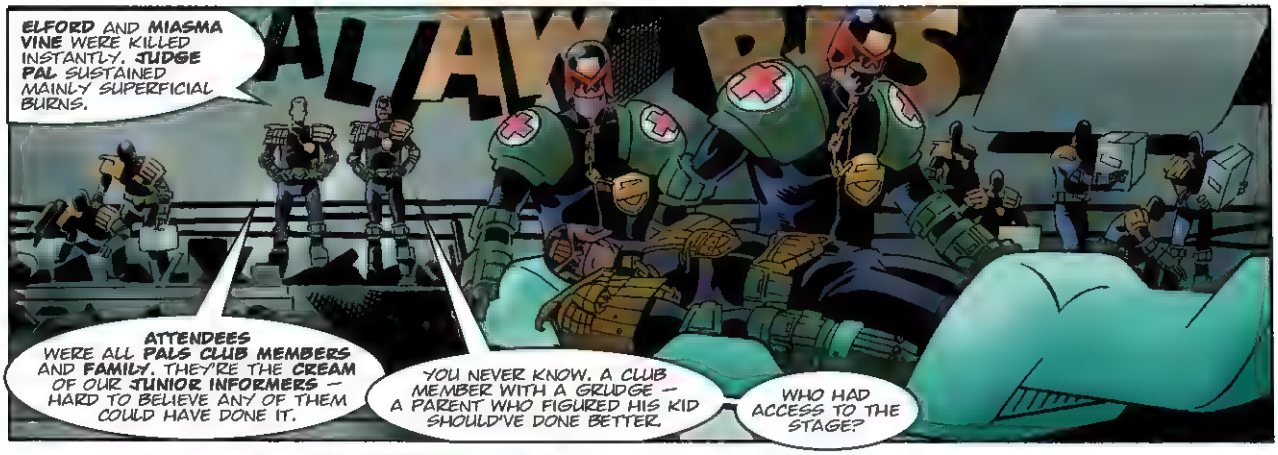
A TASTE OF AULD CAL-HAB
SURPRISED THIS STUFF DOESN'T BREACH YOUR CITY'S HEALTH REGS.
IT DOES, BUT THEY'VE GOT A SPECIAL DISPENSATION FROM JUSTICE CENTRAL — ONE DAY ONLY.
THEY ACTUALLY EAT THIS CRUD OVER THERE, NO WONDER THEY'RE A DYING RACE.
DEEP FRIED -MOCK CHOC- - PIZZA - -MACARONI- : CHEESE
40 CRED BUCKET SUPPER!!
I'VE DEALT WITH CAL-HABBERS BEFORE. YOU SURE THESE MTA CREEPS ARE THAT DANGEROUS?
LAST MONTH, WE UNCOVERED A MENTAL TARTAN ARMY PLOT TO EXPLODE A SERIES OF UNDERGROUND NUKES ALONG THE BORDER ZONE.
THE INTENTION WAS TO BLAST CAL-HAB FREE FROM BRIT-CIT AND SET IT ADRIFT INTO THE BLACK ATLANTIC, AS FAR FROM US AS POSSIBLE.
WE ROUNDED UP MOST OF THE GROUP, BUT WE THINK THE SURVIVORS MIGHT BE HERE, USING THE PARADE AS COVER TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THEIR WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.
THOUGHT CAL-HAB WAS ALREADY INDEPENDENT?
FOR OVER A CENTURY NOW. YOU THINK THAT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE TO THESE LOONS?
WE'VE GOT UNIFORMS AND WALLY SQUAD UNITS DEPLOYED ALL ALONG THE ROUTE. IF YOUR CREEPS ARE HERE, WE'LL FIND THEM.
NOT GOING TO GET MUCH HELP FROM PSU, THOUGH...
...FOR SOME REASON, THEY'RE HAVING PROBLEMS WITH THEIR I.D. RECOGNITION SOFTWARE ON THIS ONE.
...ONLY WITHOUT THE TEA. OR THE CHARM.
...FOLLOWED SHORTLY AFTERWARDS BY THE CAL-HAB MANLY SPORT OF LONG-DISTANCE BOAKING.
5
10
15
20
BRRAAAAPP
...FOLLOWED EVEN MORE SHORTLY AFTERWARDS BY A DISPLAY OF THE VENERABLE ART OF SAUCHIEHALL STREET PAVEMENT DANCING, ITS NAME AND ROOTS LOST FAR IN THE MISTS OF HISTORY.
NATURALLY, THERE WILL ALWAYS BE UNFORTUNATE INCIDENTS OF CULTURAL MISUNDERSTANDING...
IT WASNAE ME.' IT WAS YON BIG SUDDEN GUST O' WIND.'
FLASHER FOR PICK-UP, POST TWELVE.

NON-LICENSED CHARITY STALL IN OPERATION, CORNER OF TENNENTS AND MCKEOWN. COULD BE YOUR TERRORIST PERPS.
I SEE 'EM. CAUSE FOR SUSPICION?
WE'RE TALKING ABOUT CAL-HAB, DREDD...
SAVE THE MIDGIE NOW
THERE'S ONLY TWO REGISTERED CHARITIES IN THE WHOLE PLACE, AND ONE OF THEM'S CAMPAIGNING FOR INCREASED MISERLINESS.
...AYE, AN ENVIRONMENTAL TRAGEDY, THAT'S WHIT IT IS. BUT WI' YOUR HELP, LIKE, WE COULD HELP SAVE YON PRECIOUS WEE BEASTIE FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.
OCH, IT'S THE POLIS! WE'VE BEEN SNIBBED, JINKY!
GRAB THE BAWBEES AN' RUN FOR IT, MALKY! I'LL COVER YE!
COME OAN THEN, BIG YIN! LIKE THE SPIRITS O' MA BONNY ANCESTORS, I'LL GLADLY FIGHT AN' DIE FUR YON WEE BIT HILL AN' RAD-WASTE!
FINE BY ME.
THE OTHER ONE'S ESCAPING INTO THE CROWD. NO CHANCE FOR A CLEAR SHOT.
UNLESS —

ATTENTION./ A HALF-CRED NOTE HAS BEEN REPORTED LOST IN THIS AREA./ ANYONE SEEN IT?
HALF A WHOLE CRED? JINGS./
IT'S MINE./ I DEFINITELY KEN DROPPING IT./
GET DOON CLOSER, HEN./ USE YER HANDS TAE LOOK FOR IT./
FIGURED THAT MIGHT WORK.
MIND MA BATTER, YA FUD./
AAAAGH!
CAL-HABBER DEEP-FRIED IN BATTER, JIMMO SHAND BOULEVARD. MED-UNIT REQUIRED.
SOON —
...GOING TO TAKE A WHILE TO CUT HIM FREE. RIOT FOAM'S GOT NOTHING ON THIS STUFF.
JUST WRAP HIM UP AND I'LL TAKE HIM BACK TO BRIT-CIT AS A TAKEAWAY SUPPER.

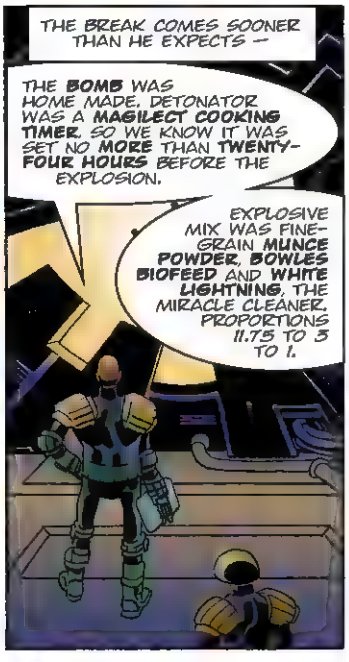
AS NIGHT FALLS, THOUGH, THE CITY IS TREATED TO A GLIMPSE OF THE MORE MYSTIFYING SIDE OF THE CAL-HAB CHARACTER —
SIXTEEN-NINETY, YA BASS!
NAW — NINETEEN SIXTY-SEVEN AW TH' WAY!
BOTH WRONG — IT'S THREE TO FIVE, PENDING TIME OFF FOR GOOD BEHAVIOUR.
WITH THE PARADE OVER, IT'S TIME FOR THE CAL-HABBERS TO MAKE THEIR FAREWELLS TO MEGA-CITY ONE...
THIRTY MINUTES LEFT ON THOSE VISA PERMITS. GET 'EM LOADED UP AND ONTO THE ZOOM-TRAINS.
...AND THEY LEAVE AS THEY FIRST ARRIVED, TO THE SOUND OF THEIR TRADITIONAL RURAL FOLKSONGS.
WE HATE JIMMY HILL! HE'S A POOOOOOO HE'S POOOOO
CAL-HABBERS...GO FIGURE!
BLACK ATLANTIC TUNNEL
THE END

THE PALS CLUB ANNUAL AWARDS —
PALS CLUB ANNUAL AWARDS
AND OUR AWARD IN THE 'HEARTWARMING LESSONS' CATEGORY GOES TO — MIASMA VINE OF SECTOR 34!
JUDGE
JUDGE DREDD
ELECTRAGLIDE IN SILVER
MIASMA CALLED TO TELL ME ABOUT HER FATHER'S DEALINGS ON THE BLACK MARKET. IT EARNED MIASMA 300 PALS CLUB POINTS AND HER DAD NINE MONTHS' ENCUBEMENT!
I'M GLAD TO SAY HE'S HERE WITH MIASMA TONIGHT!
WHEN MIASMA TURNED ME IN SHE DID ME THE BIGGEST FAVOUR OF MY LIFE! YOU SEE, MY TIME IN THE CUBES GAVE ME A CHANCE TO THINK AGAIN. AND I HAVE.
SINCE I GOT OUT I'VE BECOME A FULLY FLEDGED ADULT INFORMER FOR JUSTICE DEPARTMENT. MY LIFE IS SO FULFILLED, NOW I'M ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS!
AND ALL BECAUSE THIS LITTLE ANGEL DID THE DIRTY ON ME! TO SEE HER CLUTCHING HER AWARD, IT MAKES ME SO PROUD! SNIFF!
A SALUTARY TALE! LET'S GIVE A BIG JUDGE PAL CHEER FOR MIASMA VINE!
SCRIPT
JOHN WAGNER
PAUL MARSHALL
STEVE ROBERTS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
VROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

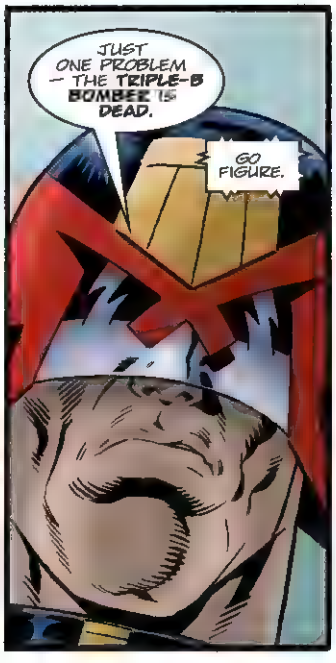

ELFORD AND MIASMA VINE WERE KILLED INSTANTLY. JUDGE PAL SUSTAINED MAINLY SUPERFICIAL BURNS.
ATTENDEES WERE ALL PALS CLUB MEMBERS AND FAMILY. THEY'RE THE CREAM OF OUR JUNIOR INFORMERS — HARD TO BELIEVE ANY OF THEM COULD HAVE DONE IT.
YOU NEVER KNOW. A CLUB MEMBER WITH A GRUDGE — A PARENT WHO FIGURED HIS KID SHOULD'VE DONE BETTER.
WHO HAD ACCESS TO THE STAGE?

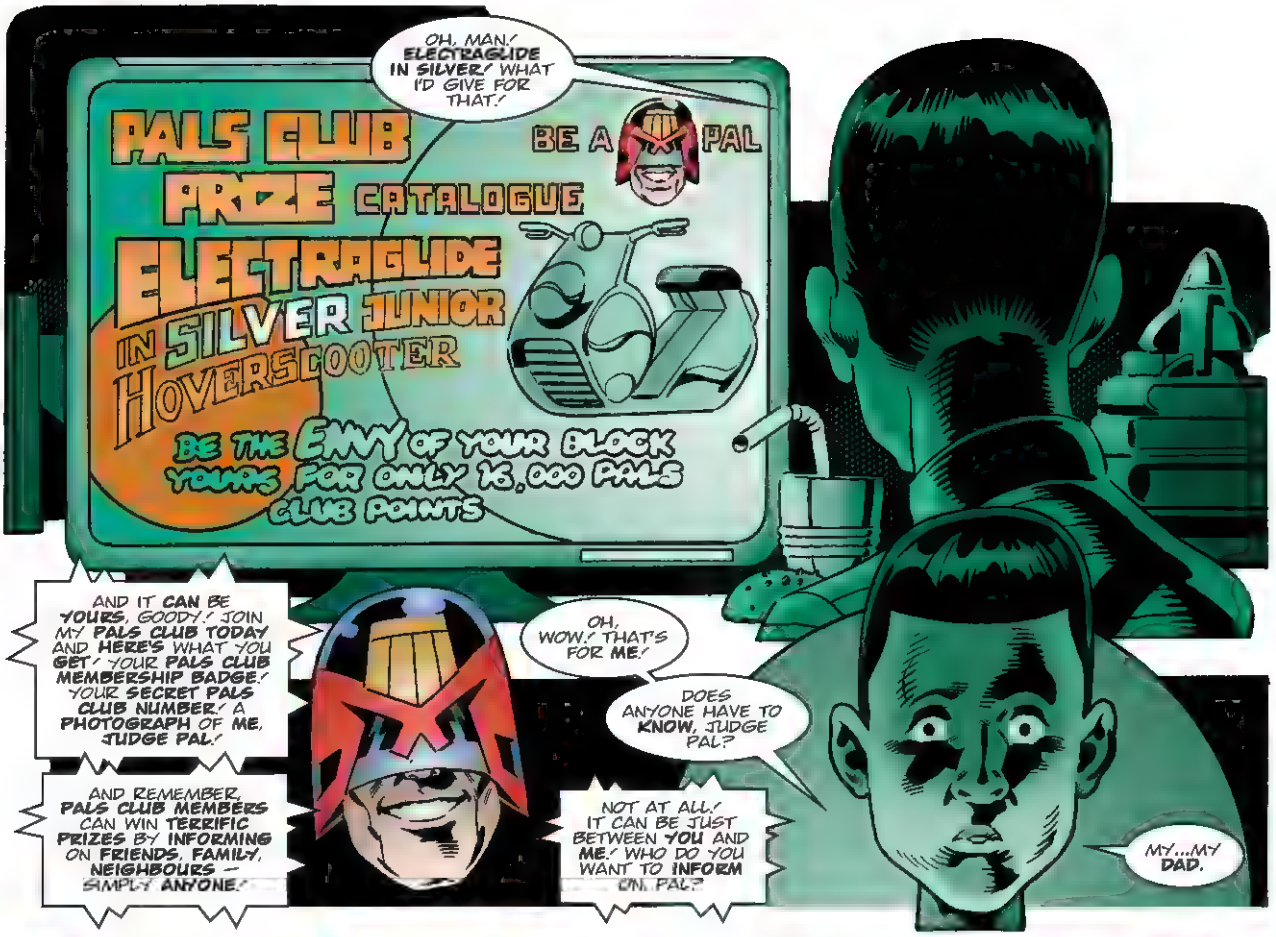
FOR THE THREE DAYS BEFORE THE EVENT THE DOORS WERE LEFT OPEN FOR WORK DROIDS. ANYONE COULD HAVE WALKED IN.
SURVEILLANCE CAMS?
YOU KNOW THESE YMJA HALLS. NOTHING WORKS.
TERRIFIC.

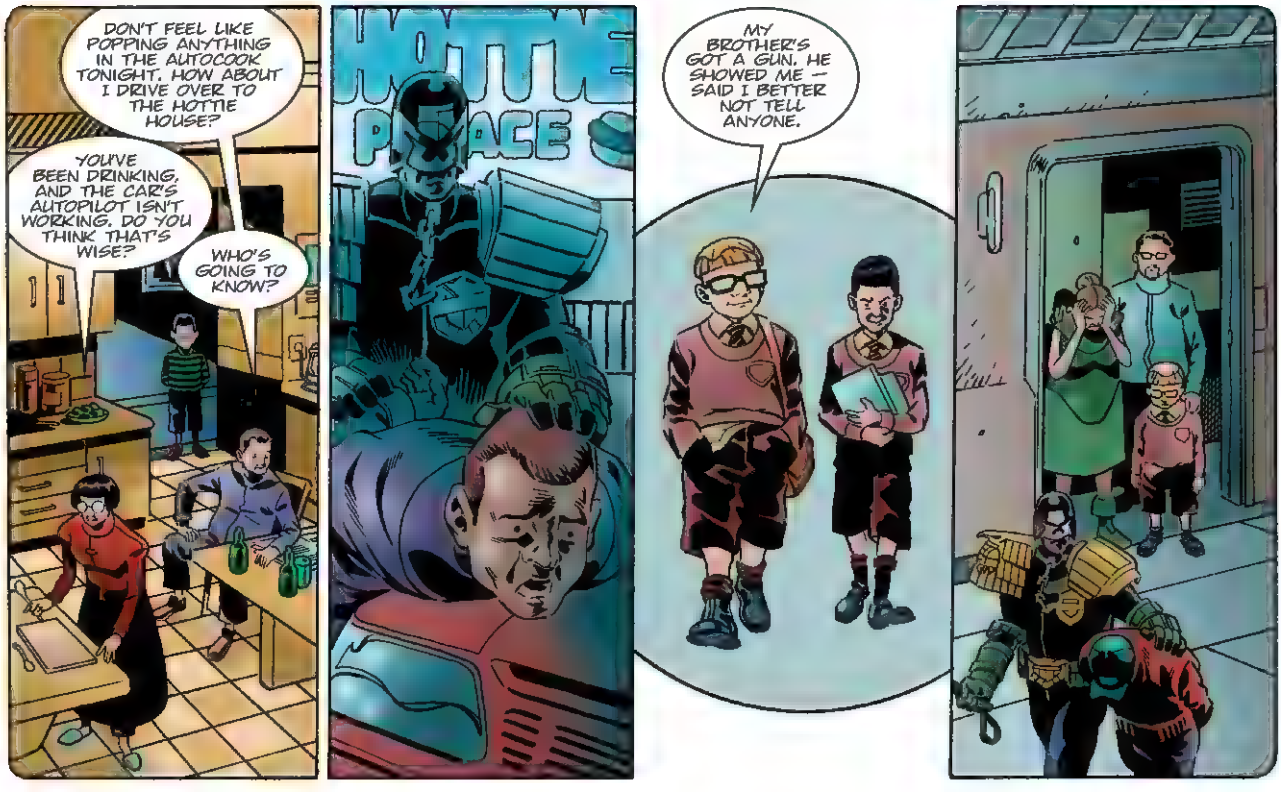
MOST LIKELY IT WAS AN OUTSIDER. PLENTY HAD REASON TO HATE THE PALS CLUB. INFORMATION PROVIDED BY CLUB MEMBERS HAD, OVER THE YEARS, BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR MILLIONS OF CONVICTIONS...
THEN BETTER GET BUSY. THIS COULD BE A LONG INVESTIGATION.


THE BREAK COMES SOONER THAN HE EXPECTS —
THE BOMB WAS HOME MADE. DETONATOR WAS A MAGILECT COOKING TIMER. SO WE KNOW IT WAS SET NO MORE THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.
EXPLOSIVE MIX WAS FINE-GRAIN MUNCE POWDER, BOWLES BIOFEED AND WHITE LIGHTNING, THE MIRACLE CLEANER. PROPORTIONS 11.75 TO 3 TO 1.

THIS IS THE SAME METHOD AND THE EXACT SAME CONCENTRATIONS USED BY THE TRIPLE-B BOMBER.
AND HE'S GOT GOOD REASON TO HATE THE PALS CLUB.

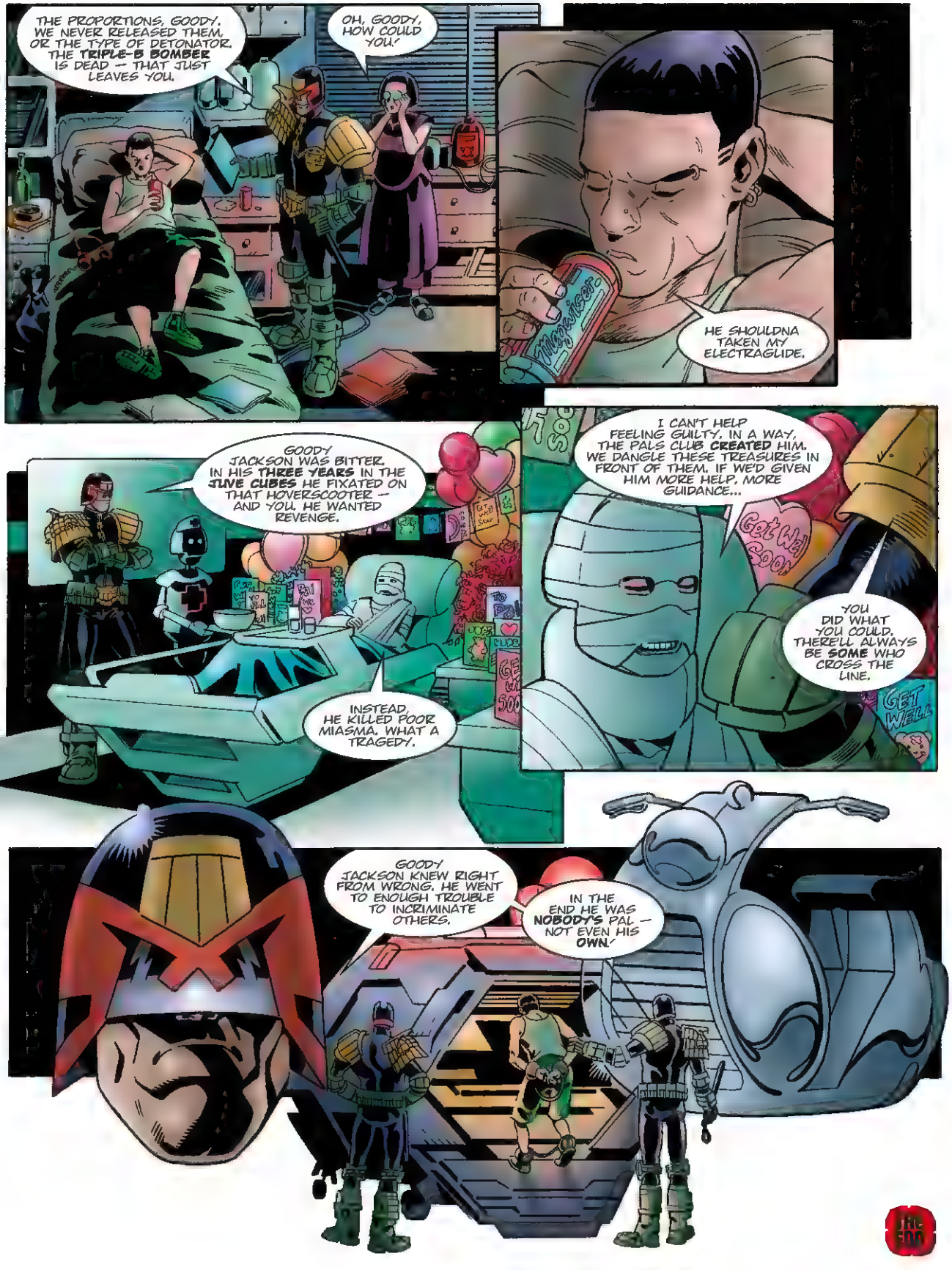

JUST ONE PROBLEM — THE TRIPLE-B BOMBER IS DEAD.
GO FIGURE.


OH, MAN! ELECTRAGLIDE IN SILVER! WHAT I'D GIVE FOR THAT!
PALS CLUB PRIZE CATALOGUE
BE A PAL
ELECTRAGLIDE IN SILVER JUNIOR HOVERSCOOTER
BE THE ENVY OF YOUR BLOCK YOURS FOR ONLY 13,000 PALS CLUB POINTS
AND IT CAN BE YOURS, GOODY! JOIN MY PALS CLUB TODAY AND HERE'S WHAT YOU GET! YOUR PALS CLUB MEMBERSHIP BADGE! YOUR SECRET PALS CLUB NUMBER! A PHOTOGRAPH OF ME, JUDGE PAL!
AND REMEMBER, PALS CLUB MEMBERS CAN WIN TERRIFIC PRIZES BY INFORMING ON FRIENDS, FAMILY, NEIGHBOURS — SIMPLY ANYONE!
OH, WOW! THAT'S FOR ME!
DOES ANYONE HAVE TO KNOW, JUDGE PAL?
NOT AT ALL! IT CAN BE JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME! WHO DO YOU WANT TO INFORM ON, PAL?
MY...MY DAD.


DON'T FEEL LIKE POPPING ANYTHING IN THE AUTOCOOK TONIGHT. HOW ABOUT I DRIVE OVER TO THE HOTTIE HOUSE?
YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING, AND THE CAR'S AUTOPILOT ISN'T WORKING. DO YOU THINK THAT'S WISE?
WHO'S GOING TO KNOW?
HOTTIE PALACE
MY BROTHER'S GOT A GUN. HE SHOWED ME — SAID I BETTER NOT TELL ANYONE.

GOOD WORK, PAL! WE TRACED THE GUN BACK TO A PEEP-STORE ROBBERY LAST WEEK, SO YOUR FRIEND'S BROTHER WILL BE DOING EIGHT YEARS — AND YOU EARN YOURSELF 575 PALS CLUB POINTS!
THE ELECTRAGLIDE'S 16,000! WITH THE SIXTY I GOT FOR DAD I'M STILL WAY SHORT! IT'LL TAKE YEARS!
ElectraGlide
KEEP TRYING, PAL! YOU'LL DO IT!
I GOTTA HAVE THE ELECTRAGLIDE! I GOTTA HAVE IT!
HELLO, JUDGE PAL. IT'S GOODY JACKSON. MEMBERSHIP NUMBER 7079915! SEND SOMEONE QUICK! IT'S MY MOM — SHE'S SHOPLIFTING!
I REALLY DON'T KNOW HOW THAT GOT IN THERE —!
I WAS ARRESTED IN THE CAR AGAIN TODAY! JUDGE FOUND A VI MAG IN THE TRUNK! A VI MAG — ME!
I SAID THE REPAIR SHOP MUST HAVE LEFT IT THERE, BUT HE SAID POSSESSION IS AN OFFENCE, HOWEVER IT GOT THERE! THE LEAST I'M GOING TO GET IS THERAPY!
IT'S ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER! WHY IS ALL THIS HAPPENING TO US, RONALD?
WITH THE PROCEEDS OF HIS FIRST MONTH'S POINTS, GOODY JACKSON TOOK A CALCULATED GAMBLE. HE INVESTED EVERYTHING IN A HIGH-POWER SONIC IMAGING SYSTEM CAPABLE OF PEERING THROUGH CURTAINS — AND AVAILABLE TO PALS AT A KNOCKDOWN PRICE.
THAT'S WHEN HE GOT HIS BIG BREAK —
BOBBY BROWN
BOBBY BROWN

JUDGE DREDD!
WH- WHAT IS IT NOW?
HE'S WEIGHING THINGS OUT, JUDGE PAL — IT'S FINE-GRAIN MUNCE POWDER, BIOFEED AND WHITE LIGHTNING, JUST LIKE YOU TOLD US TO LOOK FOR!
THE TRIPLE-B BOMBER HAD CLAIMED SEVERAL LIVES IN HIS STALKING GROUND OF BOBBY BROWN BLOCK. ALL LOCAL PALS CLUB MEMBERS HAD BEEN PUT ON THE ALERT —
DREDD — AHHHH!
IT WAS WHEN THE SILVER ELECTRAGLIDE ARRIVED THAT THE JACKSONS SMELT A RAT —
THE PALS CLUB — THAT EXPLAINS A LOT!
SO THAT'S HOW THOSE THINGS GOT IN MY BAG!
WHERE DID YOU GET THE VI MAG, GOODY?
I FOUND IT IN A GARBAGE BIN.
AND IT WAS YOU WHO SCRAWLED YOUR FRIEND BUB'S NAME, AND PUT THE SCHNEIDER'S DOG EXCREMENT THROUGH MRS QUIRT'S LETTERBOX?
Y-YES, JUDGE PAL.
THESE ARE VERY SERIOUS OFFENCES, GOODY. INNOCENT PEOPLE HAVE BEEN PUNISHED FOR THINGS YOU HAVE DONE. I'M SENTENCING YOU TO THREE YEARS' ENCUBEMENT.
I AM FURTHERMORE EXPELLING YOU FROM THE PALS CLUB. YOU HAVE SHOWN YOU ARE UNFIT TO BE A PAL.
PLEASE DON'T TAKE MY ELECTRAGLIDE! PLEASE!
I HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE. YOU CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO PROFIT FROM YOUR CRIMES.
TAKE IT AWAY!
NOOOOO!

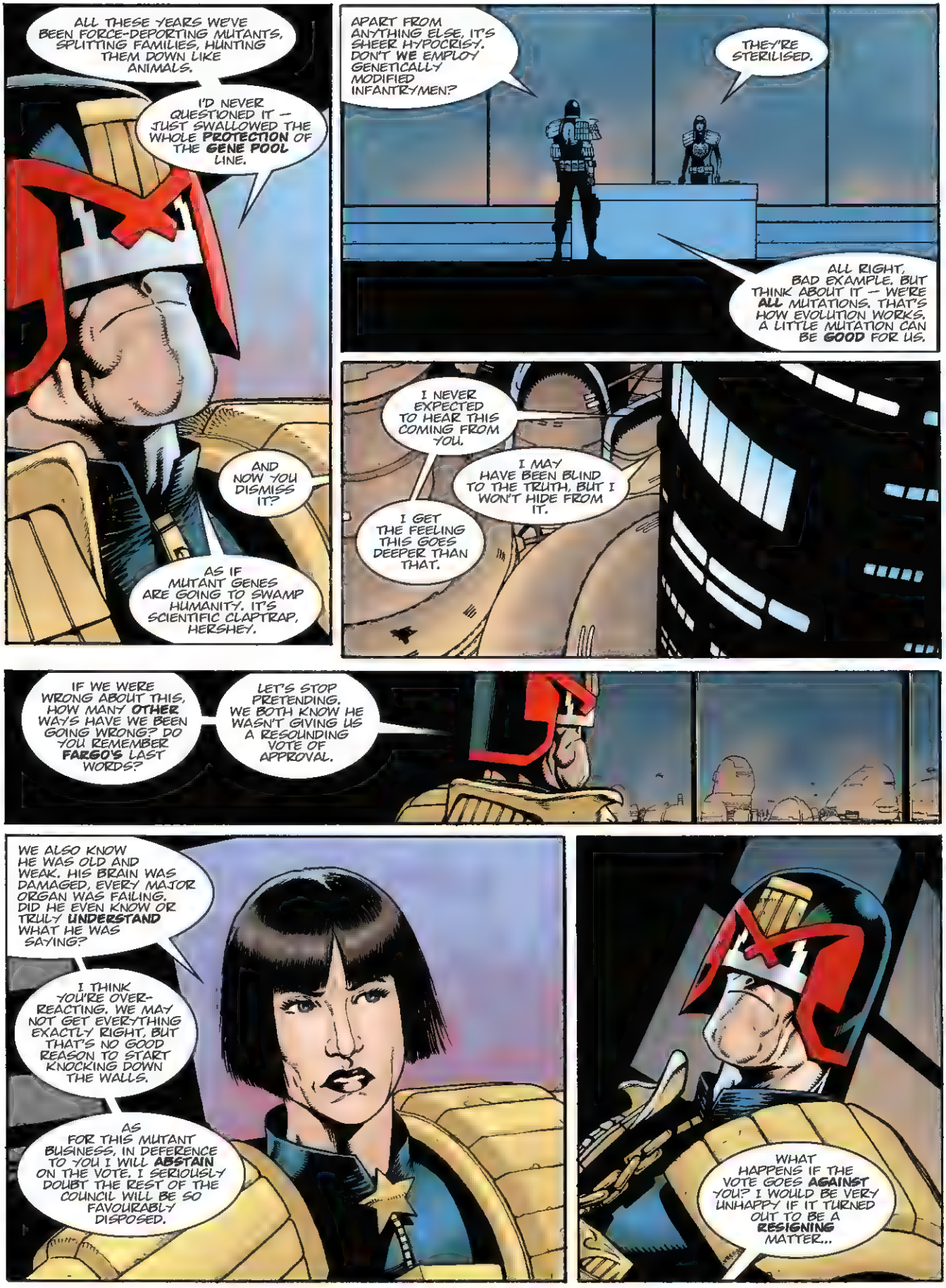

THE PROPORTIONS, GOODY. WE NEVER RELEASED THEM, OR THE TYPE OF DETONATOR. THE **TRIPLE-B BOMBER** IS DEAD — THAT JUST LEAVES YOU.
OH, GOODY, HOW COULD YOU!
HE SHOULDNA TAKEN MY ELECTRAGLIDE.
GOODY JACKSON WAS BITTER. IN HIS **THREE YEARS** IN THE **JUVE CUBES** HE FIXATED ON THAT HOVERSCOOTER — AND YOU. HE WANTED REVENGE.
INSTEAD, HE KILLED POOR MIASMA. WHAT A TRAGEDY.
I CAN'T HELP FEELING GUILTY. IN A WAY, THE PALS CLUB **CREATED** HIM. WE DANGLE THESE TREASURES IN FRONT OF THEM. IF WE'D GIVEN HIM MORE HELP, MORE GUIDANCE...
YOU DID WHAT YOU COULD. THERE'LL ALWAYS BE **SOME** WHO CROSS THE LINE.
GOODY JACKSON KNEW RIGHT FROM WRONG. HE WENT TO ENOUGH TROUBLE TO INCRIMINATE OTHERS.
IN THE END HE WAS **NOBODY'S** PAL — NOT EVEN HIS **OWN!**

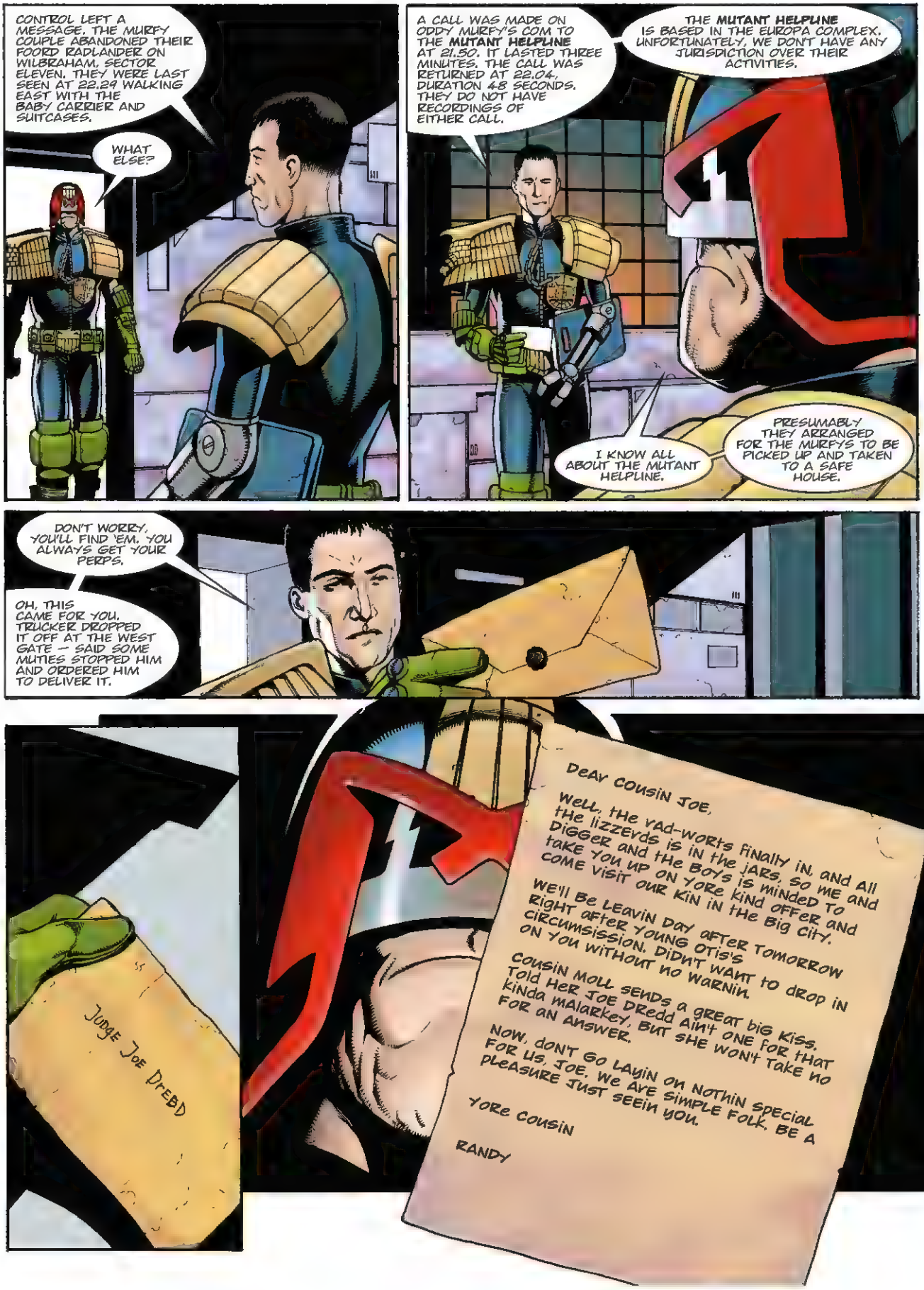
AAAHHHH!
JUDGE DREDD
MUTANTS IN MEGA-CITY ONE
HE'S COMING, CONSTANZA! THE LITTLE DARLING —
PUSH AGAIN, MRS MURFY.
GRUD PRESERVE US! IT'S ONE OF THEM!
SEND FOR THE MUTANT CATCHERS!
'MOTHER! FOR PITY'S SAKE, NO.'
JOHN WAGNER
COLIN MACNEIL
CHRIS BLYTHE
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

SO THIS IS IT, EH?
STAND ASIDE. WE'LL HANDLE THIS.
YES, NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. IT'S A BAD ONE.
AS CLEAR A CASE AS I'VE SEEN.
JOVIS MARY MOTHER OF GRUD.'
WE...WERE CURSED EARTH AID WORKERS. WE CAME BACK THREE... THREE MONTHS AGO WHEN I STARTED GETTING BIG...
THERE'S THE PROBLEM. YOU PEOPLE THINK YOUR LIVES OF GOOD WORKS ARE WITHOUT CONSEQUENCES. NOW YOU KNOW DIFFERENT.
BY LAW YOU HAVE THREE CHOICES. THERE ARE SEVERAL GOOD HOMES IN THE CURSED EARTH WHERE THE CHILD CAN BE CARED FOR.
FEES, I'M AFRAID, CAN BE SUBSTANTIAL.
STILL, THEY TEND TO DIE YOUNG OUT THERE. THAT IS A BLESSING.
YOU MAY, OF COURSE, LEAVE THE CITY AND TAKE THE CHILD WITH YOU. WE'RE NOT HEARTLESS. WE CAN ALLOW YOU 48 HOURS' GRACE BEFORE THE DEPORTATION ORDER TAKES EFFECT.
THAT'S OUTRAGEOUS! WHY SHOULD WE HAVE TO? WE'RE CITIZENS — WE HAVE A RIGHT TO BRING UP OUR CHILD HERE!
ON THE CONTRARY, AS YOU MUST KNOW WE HAVE STRINGENT LAWS TO PROTECT OUR GENE POOL. YOU MAY REMAIN HERE — THIS...CHILD MAY NOT.
I WARNED YOU NOT TO MARRY HIM! NOW LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED!
YOU! KEEP OUT OF THIS, MRS BELLINI!
PLEASE... YOU SAID THERE WAS A THIRD CHOICE.
WE CAN TAKE IT TO THE EUTHANASIUM AND HAVE IT QUIETLY PUT DOWN.
STANDARD PROCEDURE. JUST SIGN THE FORM AND IT'LL BE OUT OF YOUR HAIR.
DO IT, CONSTANZA. IT'S FOR THE BEST.
YOU'RE NOT TAKING OUR BABY! GET YOUR HANDS OFF!

WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING - ?
P-PUT US DOWN!
AIII! IT DID IT! IT-IT'S THE SON OF SATAN!
MOTHER! DON'T SAY THAT!
YOU SAW WHAT MY SON DID TO YOU! GET OUT OF HERE OR YOU'LL GET SOME MORE!
YES, WE'LL GO! AND WE'LL BE BACK — WITH THE LAW!
WAIT! PLEASE — YOU WERE RIGHT. I SEE IT NOW. WE CAN'T KEEP HIM.
CONSTANZA! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
IT'S... IT'S THE LAW, DEAR. WE CAN'T FIGHT IT.
PLEASE, WAIT IN THE LOUNGE. GIVE MY HUSBAND AND ME A FEW MINUTES TO DECIDE.
OH, SUCH A DISGRACE! HOW WILL I TELL THE FAMILY?
IT'S NOT MY PLACE TO SAY IT, CITIZEN — NOT OUR JOB TO GIVE COMFORT TO RELATIVES — BUT IT COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE.
WHEN IT DOES, WE'RE HERE TO MAKE SURE THE CONTAMINATION DOESN'T SPREAD.
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE GOING ALONG WITH THIS!
WE'RE NOT! GET MY CLOTHES! QUICKLY! WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!

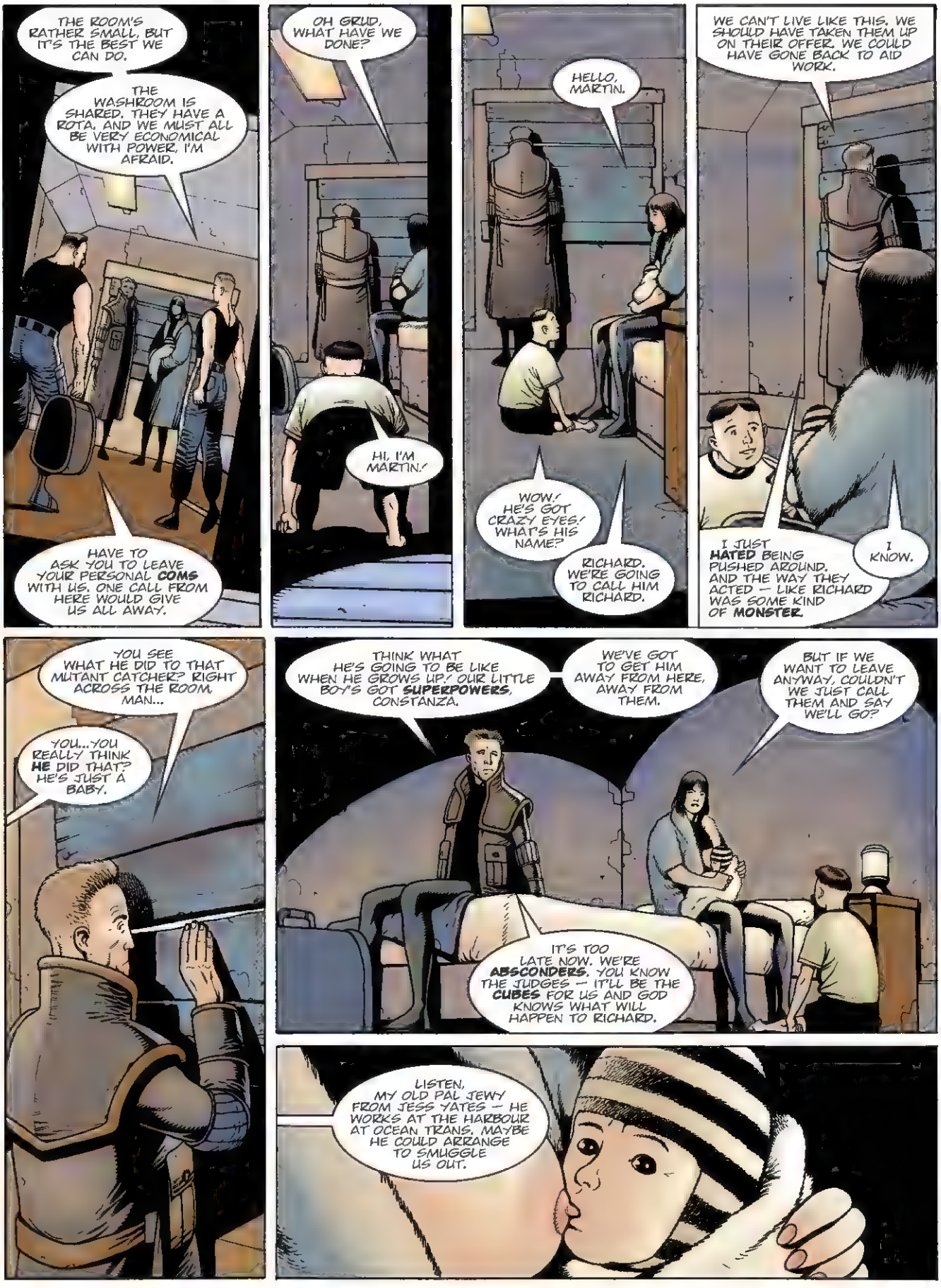
— AND THAT'S WHEN WE FOUND WE WERE LOCKED IN.'
NATURALLY WE CALLED YOU RIGHT AWAY. ABSCONDING WITH A PROHIBITED MUTANT — THIS IS A VERY SERIOUS MATTER. A **VERY** SERIOUS MATTER.
YOU TRIED RINGING THEIR COMS?
THEY DON'T ANSWER.
YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE YOUR DAUGHTER MIGHT HAVE GONE, MRS BELLINI?
NO. TO SOME OF THEIR BLEEDING-HEART FRIENDS, I SUPPOSE.
THEY'LL GET A FROSTY RECEPTION WHEN THEY SEE THAT CHILD.' IT'S TOUCHED BY THE DEVIL.'
YOU SAY IT WAS LIKE INVISIBLE HANDS PICKED YOU UP AND HURLED YOU ACROSS THE ROOM?
IT WAS UNCANNY.
INTERESTING.
BARELY OUT OF THE WOMB AND ASSAULTING MUTANT CONTROL OFFICERS. THE CHILD IS DANGEROUS. IT MUST BE FOUND AND EXTERMINATED.
A MOTHER'S LOVE RUNS SO DEEP. BE GENTLE WITH THEM —
WELL, NOT HIM, ACTUALLY — THAT **HUSBAND** OF HERS. YOU CAN BE AS ROUGH WITH HIM AS YOU LIKE.
RIGHT.
THE BLOCK CAMS SHOWED THE COUPLES FOORD RADLANDER LEAVING THE BASE LEVEL POD PARK AT 21.08. HE PASSED IT TO CONTROL FOR A FULL TRACE.
IRONIC THAT HE SHOULD CATCH THIS ONE.
THE LAW WAS THE LAW. AND YET...
THE **PROBLEM** HAD BEEN LYING LIKE A DEAD WEIGHT ON HIS MIND SINCE HE'D RETURNED FROM THE CURSED EARTH...
YOU HAVE A MOTION BEFORE THE COUNCIL ON WEDNESDAY — REPEAL OF THE **MUTANT** LAWS.
WOULD THIS HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH YOUR IN-LAWS?
I CAN'T DENY IT.
THEY WERE MUTANT, TRUE, BUT THEY WERE DECENT PEOPLE. ROUGH AND READY, A LITTLE QUICK WITH FIREARMS — BUT DECENT PEOPLE.

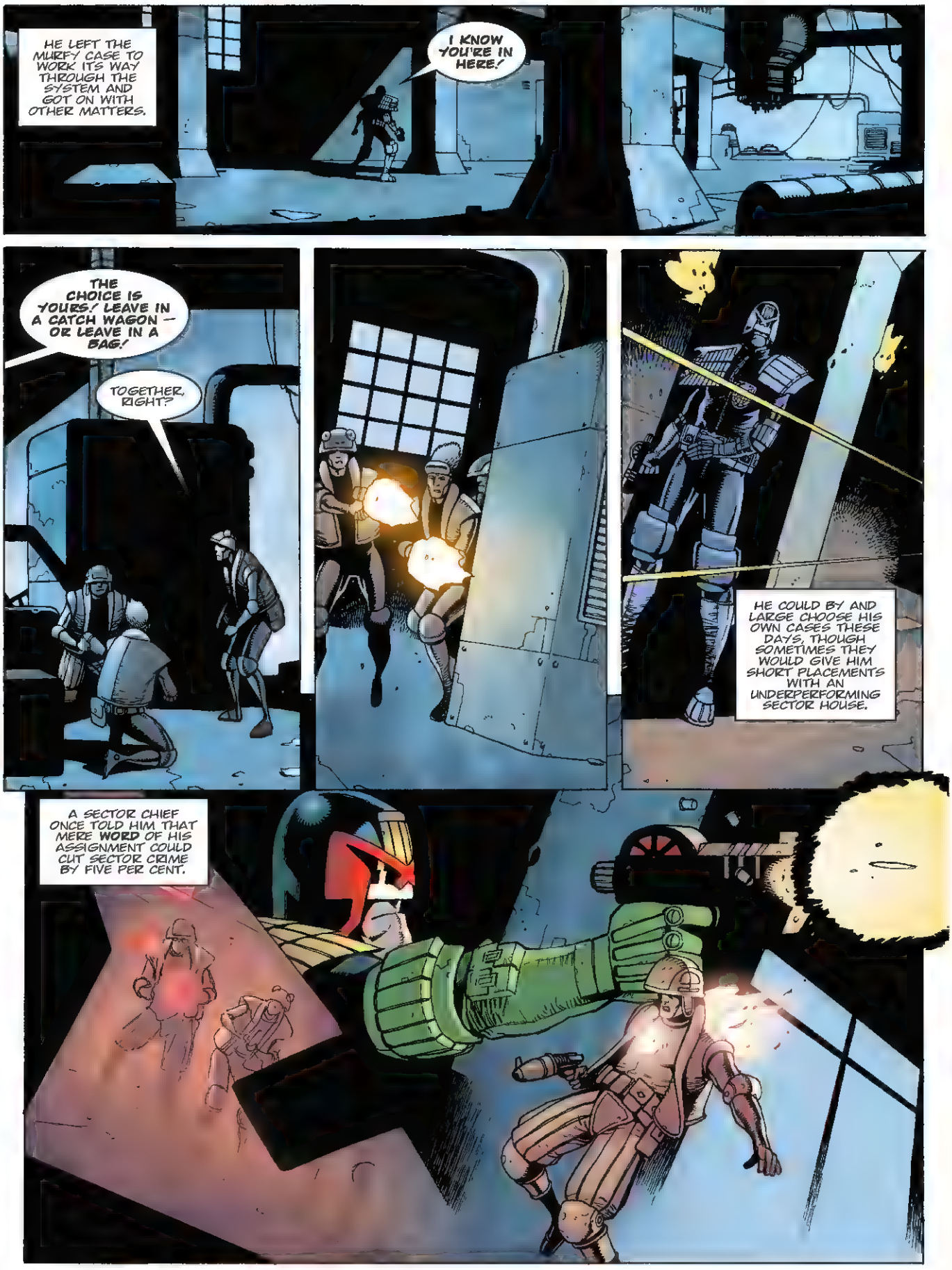

ALL THESE YEARS WE'VE BEEN FORCE-DEPORTING MUTANTS, SPLITTING FAMILIES, HUNTING THEM DOWN LIKE ANIMALS.
I'D NEVER QUESTIONED IT — JUST SWALLOWED THE WHOLE **PROTECTION** OF THE **GENE POOL** LINE.
AND NOW YOU DISMISS IT?
AS IF MUTANT GENES ARE GOING TO SWAMP HUMANITY. IT'S SCIENTIFIC CLAPTRAP, HERSHEY.
APART FROM ANYTHING ELSE, IT'S SHEER HYPOCRISY. DON'T **WE** EMPLOY GENETICALLY MODIFIED INFANTRYMEN?
THEY'RE STERILISED.
ALL RIGHT, BAD EXAMPLE. BUT THINK ABOUT IT — WE'RE **ALL** MUTATIONS. THAT'S HOW EVOLUTION WORKS. A LITTLE MUTATION CAN BE **GOOD** FOR US.
I NEVER EXPECTED TO HEAR THIS COMING FROM YOU.
I MAY HAVE BEEN BLIND TO THE TRUTH, BUT I WON'T HIDE FROM IT.
I GET THE FEELING THIS GOES DEEPER THAN THAT.
IF WE WERE WRONG ABOUT THIS, HOW MANY **OTHER** WAYS HAVE WE BEEN GOING WRONG? DO YOU REMEMBER **FARGO'S** LAST WORDS?
LET'S STOP PRETENDING. WE BOTH KNOW HE WASN'T GIVING US A RESOUNDING VOTE OF APPROVAL.
WE ALSO KNOW HE WAS OLD AND WEAK. HIS BRAIN WAS DAMAGED, EVERY MAJOR ORGAN WAS FAILING. DID HE EVEN KNOW OR TRULY **UNDERSTAND** WHAT HE WAS SAYING?
I THINK YOU'RE OVER-REACTING. WE MAY NOT GET EVERYTHING EXACTLY RIGHT, BUT THAT'S NO GOOD REASON TO START KNOCKING DOWN THE WALLS.
AS FOR THIS MUTANT BUSINESS, IN DEFERENCE TO YOU I WILL **ABSTAIN** ON THE VOTE. I SERIOUSLY DOUBT THE REST OF THE COUNCIL WILL BE SO FAVOURABLY DISPOSED.
WHAT HAPPENS IF THE VOTE GOES **AGAINST** YOU? I WOULD BE VERY UNHAPPY IF IT TURNED OUT TO BE A **RESIGNING** MATTER...


CONTROL LEFT A MESSAGE. THE MURFY COUPLE ABANDONED THEIR FOORD RAPLANDER ON WILBRAHAM, SECTOR ELEVEN. THEY WERE LAST SEEN AT 22.29 WALKING EAST WITH THE BABY CARRIER AND SUITCASES.
WHAT ELSE?
A CALL WAS MADE ON ODDY MURFY'S COM TO THE MUTANT HELPLINE AT 21.50. IT LASTED THREE MINUTES. THE CALL WAS RETURNED AT 22.04. DURATION 48 SECONDS. THEY DO NOT HAVE RECORDINGS OF EITHER CALL.
THE MUTANT HELPLINE IS BASED IN THE EUROPA COMPLEX. UNFORTUNATELY, WE DON'T HAVE ANY JURISDICTION OVER THEIR ACTIVITIES.
I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE MUTANT HELPLINE.
PRESUMABLY THEY ARRANGED FOR THE MURFYS TO BE PICKED UP AND TAKEN TO A SAFE HOUSE.
DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL FIND 'EM. YOU ALWAYS GET YOUR PERPS.
OH, THIS CAME FOR YOU. TRUCKER DROPPED IT OFF AT THE WEST GATE — SAID SOME MUTIES STOPPED HIM AND ORDERED HIM TO DELIVER IT.
JUDGE JOE DREDD
DEAR COUSIN JOE,
WELL, THE VAD-WORTS FINALLY IN, AND ALL THE LIZZEYDS IS IN THE JARS, SO ME AND DIGGER AND THE BOYS IS MINDED TO TAKE YOU UP ON YORE KIND OFFER AND COME VISIT OUR KIN IN THE BIG CITY.
WE'LL BE LEAVIN DAY AFTER TOMORROW RIGHT AFTER YOUNG OTIS'S CIRCUMSISSION. DIDN'T WANT TO DROP IN ON YOU WITHOUT NO WARNIN.
COUSIN MOLL SENDS A GREAT BIG KISS. TOLD HER JOE DREDD AIN'T ONE FOR THAT KINDA MALARKEY, BUT SHE WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER.
NOW, DON'T GO LAYIN ON NOTHIN SPECIAL FOR US, JOE. WE AVE SIMPLE FOLK. BE A PLEASURE JUST SEEIN YOU.
YORE COUSIN
RANDY

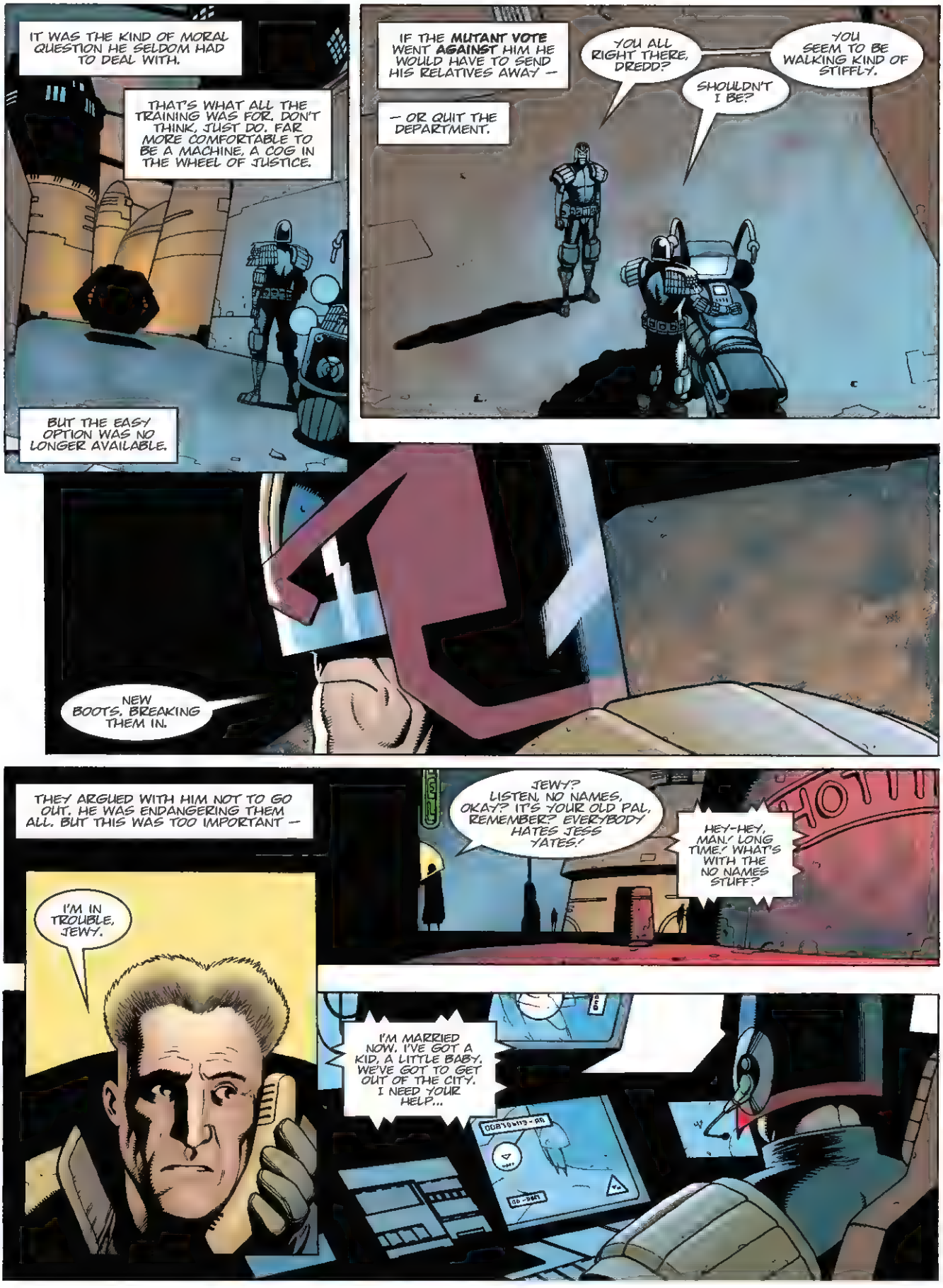
IN THE MORNING, WHEN THE FUGITIVE PARENTS HAD NOT BEEN FOUND, DREDD QUESTIONED PROMINENT MUTANT SYMPATHISERS —
MUTANT INFORMATION BUREAU
HE WAS PERFUNCTORY AT BEST. THE SUBJECTS' OPEN SUPPORT FOR THE MUTANT CAUSE MADE LINKS WITH THE MUTANT UNDERGROUND UNLIKELY...
WHAT'S YOUR ANGLE IN THIS, NOLAN? YOU DON'T PROFILE LIKE THE TYPICAL BLEEDING HEART.
My friend Mutie
DON'T I?
I HAD A BROTHER, JOE. SAME NAME AS YOU — DIFFERENT OUTCOMES. JOE WAS BORN MUTANT.
MOM AND DAD HID HIM FOR TWELVE YEARS. KEPT HIM IN OUR APARTMENT — ATE LESS AND ECONOMISED ON EVERYTHING SO YOUR COMPUTERS WOULDN'T PICK UP THEY WERE BUYING FOR FOUR.
I HAD TO DO WITHOUT A LOT OF THINGS, BUT I DIDN'T MIND. HE WAS MY BROTHER, SEE. I LOVED HIM.
WHEN JOE WAS TWELVE THE MUTANT CATCHERS CAME AND TOOK HIM AWAY.
I GOT SIX MONTHS IN JUVIE FOR CONCEALING EVIDENCE. WHEN I WAS OLD ENOUGH I TRIED TO FIND JOE. I GOT THE NAME OF THE FARM HE WAS SENT TO AND I WENT THERE. HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THESE PLACES?
NOT UP CLOSE.
MY MOTHER AND FATHER WERE ARRESTED. THEY GOT THREE YEARS EACH. IT DESTROYED THEM. MY MOTHER DIED IN THE CUBES. DAD...DAD... WELL, HE'S ALIVE ANYWAY.
WELL BY GRUD YOU SHOULD.' BY GRUD YOU SHOULD.'
HE WAS A TWELVE YEAR OLD. HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND. HE REFUSED TO EAT. HE DIDN'T. THEY SAID, RESPOND TO ELECTRICAL STIMULUS.
HE DIED WITHIN SIX DAYS. THEY FED HIM TO THE PIGS — BECAUSE, YOU SEE, MUTANTS WEREN'T REALLY HUMAN. IT DIDN'T MATTER. THEY WERE JUST MEAT.
AND THEY DIDN'T EVEN TELL US.
I'M SORRY.
'YOU'RE SORRY? SORRY? WELL, SORRY'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH.'

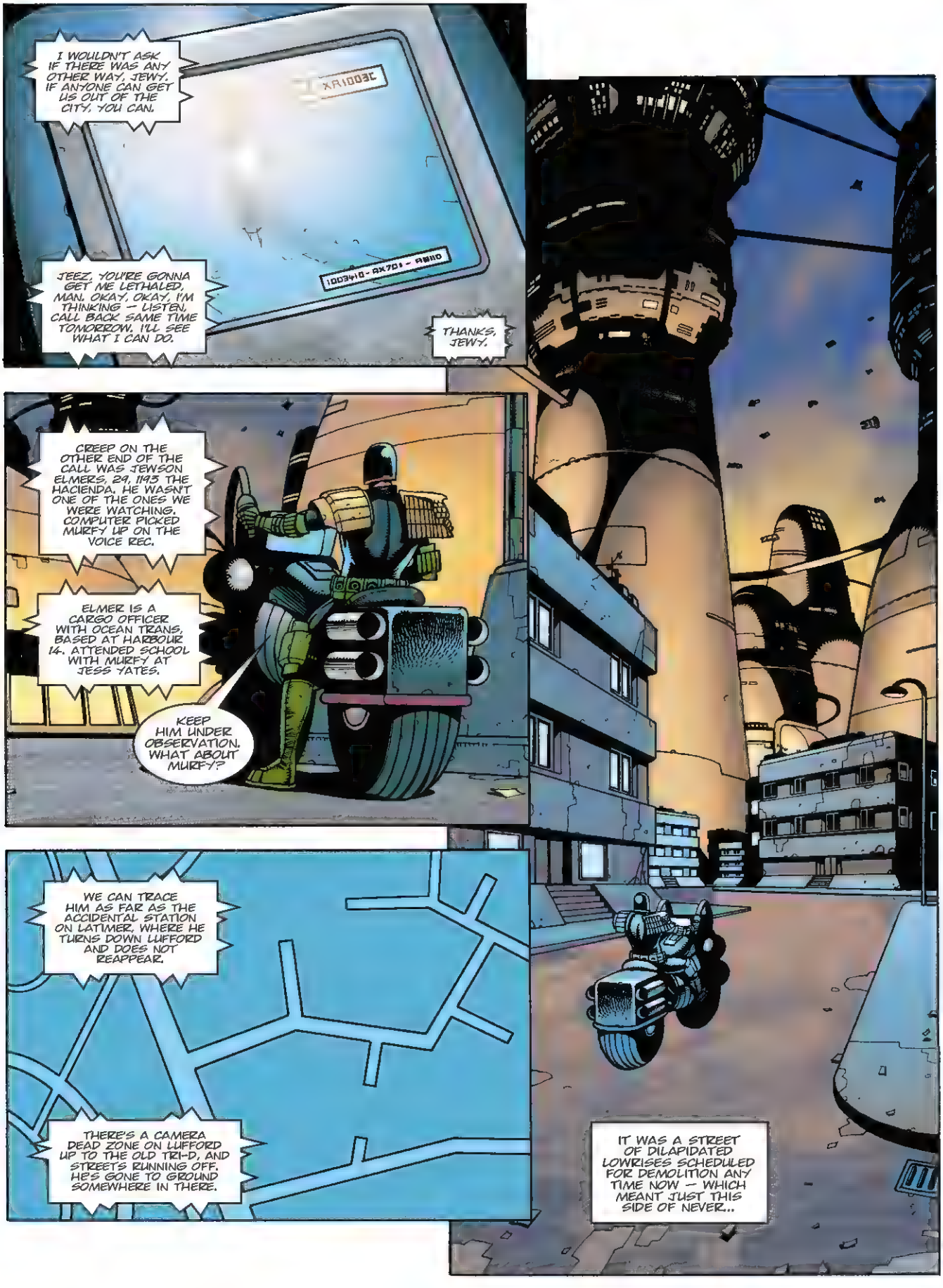
ALL CLEAR! HURRY!
KEEP GOING! RIGHT ON UP!
MR AND MRS MURFY, WELCOME, WELCOME. AND THIS IS THE LITTLE DARLING.
ANY TROUBLE?
ALL PRETTY SMOOTH.
THE APARTMENT UPSTAIRS IS ALL BOARDED UP. IT'S OWNED BY A COMPANY SECRETLY OWNED BY THE HELPLINE. NOBODY KNOWS WE HAVE ACCESS.
WHATEVER HAPPENS, YOU MUST NEVER REVEAL ANYTHING ABOUT US.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE WE ARE.
EVERYBODY, COME AND MEET THE MURFYS! CONSTANZA, ODDY AND THEIR BABY ARE GOING TO BE STAYING WITH US FOR A WHILE.
THIS IS JERRICA AND HER LITTLE BOY MARTIN. THEY'VE BEEN HERE THREE YEARS.
HI.
AND GERALD LILLIMAN. THEY FOUND GENETIC ABNORMALITIES IN GERALD LAST YEAR.
BORDERLINE CASE, Y'KNOW. SOME JERK AT THE TESTING CENTRE HAS A BAD DAY AN' THAT'S IT, YOU GET THE BIG M.
I'M PATRISHA, THIS IS LENNY.
THE BABY'S IN PAIN. SHE NEEDS AN OPERATION, REALLY.
WAAHHHH!


THE ROOM'S RATHER SMALL, BUT IT'S THE BEST WE CAN DO.
THE WASHROOM IS SHARED. THEY HAVE A ROTA, AND WE MUST ALL BE VERY ECONOMICAL WITH POWER, I'M AFRAID.
HAVE TO ASK YOU TO LEAVE YOUR PERSONAL **COMS** WITH US. ONE CALL FROM HERE WOULD GIVE US ALL AWAY.
OH GRUD, WHAT HAVE WE DONE?
HI, I'M MARTIN.
HELLO, MARTIN.
WOW. HE'S GOT CRAZY EYES. WHAT'S HIS NAME?
RICHARD. WE'RE GOING TO CALL HIM RICHARD.
WE CAN'T LIVE LIKE THIS. WE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THEM UP ON THEIR OFFER. WE COULD HAVE GONE BACK TO AID WORK.
I JUST **HATED** BEING PUSHED AROUND. AND THE WAY THEY ACTED — LIKE RICHARD WAS SOME KIND OF **MONSTER**.
I KNOW.
YOU SEE WHAT HE DID TO THAT MUTANT CATCHER? RIGHT ACROSS THE ROOM, MAN...
YOU...YOU REALLY THINK **HE** DID THAT? HE'S JUST A BABY.
THINK WHAT HE'S GOING TO BE LIKE WHEN HE GROWS UP. OUR LITTLE BOY'S GOT **SUPERPOWERS**, CONSTANZA.
WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM AWAY FROM HERE, AWAY FROM THEM.
BUT IF WE WANT TO LEAVE ANYWAY, COULDN'T WE JUST CALL THEM AND SAY WE'LL GO?
IT'S TOO LATE NOW. WE'RE **ABSCONDERS**. YOU KNOW THE JUDGES — IT'LL BE THE **CUBES** FOR US AND GOD KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO RICHARD.
LISTEN, MY OLD PAL JEWY FROM JESS YATES — HE WORKS AT THE HARBOUR AT OCEAN TRANS. MAYBE HE COULD ARRANGE TO SMUGGLE US OUT.


HE LEFT THE MURFY CASE TO WORK ITS WAY THROUGH THE SYSTEM AND GOT ON WITH OTHER MATTERS.
I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE!
THE CHOICE IS YOURS! LEAVE IN A CATCH WAGON — OR LEAVE IN A BAG!
TOGETHER, RIGHT?
HE COULD BY AND LARGE CHOOSE HIS OWN CASES THESE DAYS, THOUGH SOMETIMES THEY WOULD GIVE HIM SHORT PLACEMENTS WITH AN UNDERPERFORMING SECTOR HOUSE.
A SECTOR CHIEF ONCE TOLD HIM THAT MERE **WORD** OF HIS ASSIGNMENT COULD CUT SECTOR CRIME BY FIVE PER CENT.

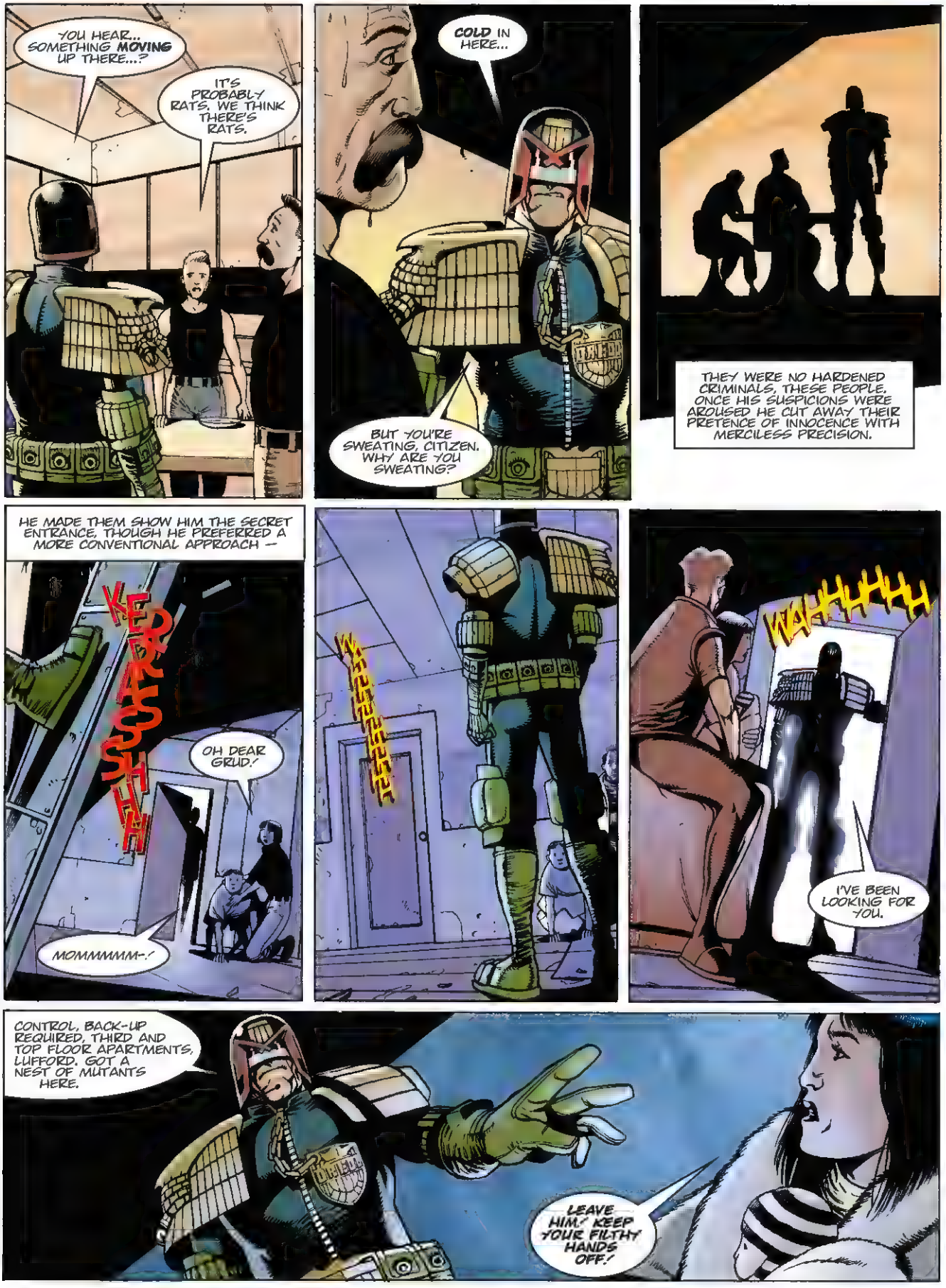
AN EXAGGERATION, OF COURSE, BUT IT WAS STILL A SOURCE OF SATISFACTION.
ENOUGH.!
COME OUT. HANDS OVER YOUR HEAD.
YOU COULDN'TA JUST **WOUNDED** THEM?
I TRIED. I'M A LOUSY SHOT.
TONIGHT, THOUGH, PATROL WAS JUST A DISTRACTION.
TWENTY YEARS — FOR A **LOOT** RAP? COME **ON**.!
FOR THE ATTEMPTED **MURDER** OF A JUDGE.
THAT'S BEING LENIENT, CREEP. HE MUST BE IN A TOUCHY-FEELY MOOD.
HE COULDN'T GET THE **LETTER** OUT OF HIS MIND.
AFTER YOUNG OTIS'S CIRCUMSISSION. I WANT TO DROP IN ON YOU WITHOUT WARNIN.
SIN MOLL SENDS A GREAT BIG KISS. HER JOE DREDD AIN'T ONE FOR THAT NDA MALARKEY, BUT SHE WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER.
NOW, DON'T GO LAYIN ON NOTHIN SPECIAL FOR US, JOE. WE ARE SIMPLE FOLK. BE A PLEASURE JUST SEEIN YOU.
YORE COUSIN
RANDY
LAYING ON SOMETHING SPECIAL — LIKE A **HI-EX**, OR A TRIP TO A MUTIE FARM.
THEY FED HIM TO THE PIGS — BECAUSE MUTANTS WEREN'T REALLY HUMAN. IT DIDN'T MATTER. THEY WERE JUST MEAT.


IT WAS THE KIND OF MORAL QUESTION HE SELDOM HAD TO DEAL WITH.
THAT'S WHAT ALL THE TRAINING WAS FOR. DON'T THINK, JUST DO. FAR MORE COMFORTABLE TO BE A MACHINE, A COG IN THE WHEEL OF JUSTICE.
BUT THE EASY OPTION WAS NO LONGER AVAILABLE.
IF THE MUTANT VOTE WENT AGAINST HIM HE WOULD HAVE TO SEND HIS RELATIVES AWAY —
— OR QUIT THE DEPARTMENT.
YOU ALL RIGHT THERE, DREDD?
SHOULDN'T I BE?
YOU SEEM TO BE WALKING KIND OF STIFFLY.
NEW BOOTS. BREAKING THEM IN.
THEY ARGUED WITH HIM NOT TO GO OUT. HE WAS ENDANGERING THEM ALL. BUT THIS WAS TOO IMPORTANT —
I'M IN TROUBLE, JEWY.
JEWY? LISTEN, NO NAMES, OKAY? IT'S YOUR OLD PAL, REMEMBER? EVERYBODY HATES JESS YATES!
HEY-HEY, MAN! LONG TIME! WHAT'S WITH THE NO NAMES STUFF?
I'M MARRIED NOW. I'VE GOT A KID, A LITTLE BABY, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THE CITY. I NEED YOUR HELP...

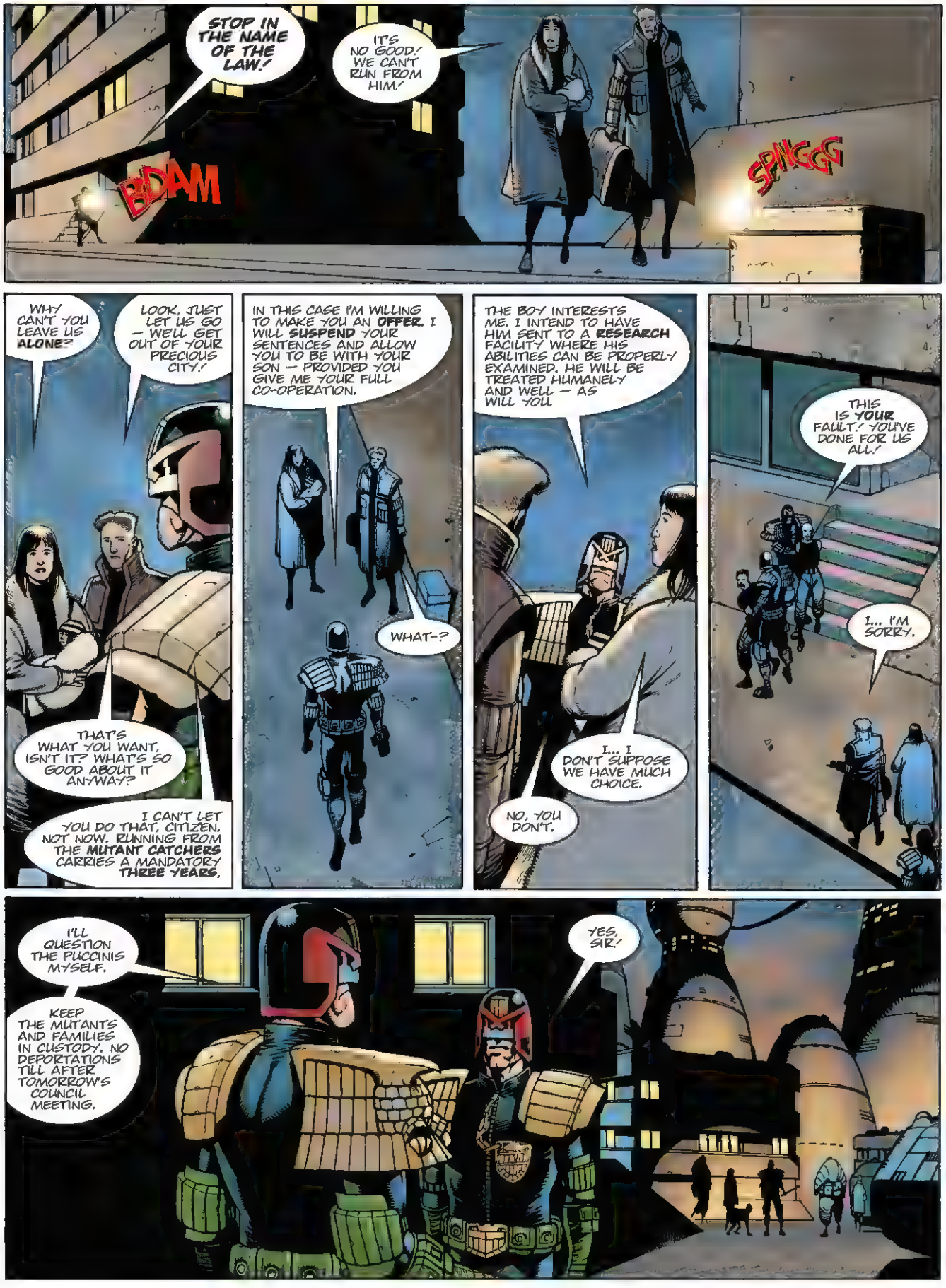

I WOULDN'T ASK IF THERE WAS ANY OTHER WAY, JEWY. IF ANYONE CAN GET US OUT OF THE CITY, YOU CAN.
XR1003L
JEEZ, YOU'RE GONNA GET ME LETHALED, MAN. OKAY, OKAY, I'M THINKING — LISTEN, CALL BACK SAME TIME TOMORROW. I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.
THANKS, JEWY.
CREEP ON THE OTHER END OF THE CALL WAS JEWSON ELMERS, 29, 193 THE HACIENDA. HE WASN'T ONE OF THE ONES WE WERE WATCHING. COMPUTER PICKED MURFY UP ON THE VOICE REC.
ELMER IS A CARGO OFFICER WITH OCEAN TRANS, BASED AT HARBOUR 14. ATTENDED SCHOOL WITH MURFY AT JESS YATES.
KEEP HIM UNDER OBSERVATION. WHAT ABOUT MURFY?
WE CAN TRACE HIM AS FAR AS THE ACCIDENTAL STATION ON LATIMER, WHERE HE TURNS DOWN LUFFORD AND DOES NOT REAPPEAR.
THERE'S A CAMERA DEAD ZONE ON LUFFORD UP TO THE OLD TRI-D, AND STREETS RUNNING OFF. HE'S GONE TO GROUND SOMEWHERE IN THERE.
IT WAS A STREET OF DILAPIDATED LOWRISES SCHEDULED FOR DEMOLITION ANY TIME NOW — WHICH MEANT JUST THIS SIDE OF NEVER...

THERE'S A JUDGE DOWN THERE, JUST RIDING UP AND DOWN THE STREET, UP AND DOWN.
FOR GRUD'S SAKE, KEEP AWAY FROM THE WINDOW!
HE WAS MAKING HIS THIRD PASS WHEN HE NOTICED IT AGAIN — A FLICKER OF CURTAINS IN A SECOND-FLOOR APARTMENT.
RAP! RAP! RAP!
OOH! YOU'RE A BIG ONE!
YOU LOOK OUT OF THIS WINDOW A LOT?
OH NO, NO. NOT ME. NEVER.
YOU MUST SEE A LOT OF INTERESTING THINGS.
OH, DEAR ME, NO. WOULDN'T THINK OF IT.
EVER CONSIDERED **PEEPING** FOR THE CITY? YOU CAN EARN YOURSELF LARGE CASH SUMS, JUST WATCHING AND TELLING US WHAT YOU SEE.
REALLY? WELL, I NEVER!
WE'RE LOOKING FOR A MAN, A MAN AND A WOMAN. THEY HAVE A BABY. THEY PROBABLY ARRIVED AFTER DARK.
WELL, NOW YOU MENTION IT, I DID SEE SOMETHING VERY SUSPICIOUS LAST NIGHT...

DARK VAN, PEOPLE HIDDEN BENEATH AN OVERCOAT — IT COULD ALL BE IN THE ELDSTER'S IMAGINATION.
YET THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THE BUILDING. THE BOARDED WINDOWS, THE AIR OF DERELICTION...
ON THE TOP FLOOR, A SEALED-OFF DOOR —
BING BONG BING BONG
APARTMENT UPSTAIRS — HOW LONG'S IT BEEN BOARDED UP?
I, UH...
TH-THE APARTMENT UPSTAIRS, HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN BOARDED UP, AIDA?
OH, FOR YEARS.
WHO OWNS IT?
I DON'T KNOW.
EVER SEE ANYONE COMING OR GOING?
N-NO.


YOU HEAR... SOMETHING MOVING UP THERE...?
IT'S PROBABLY RATS. WE THINK THERE'S RATS.
COLD IN HERE...
BUT YOU'RE SWEATING, CITIZEN. WHY ARE YOU SWEATING?
THEY WERE NO HARDENED CRIMINALS, THESE PEOPLE. ONCE HIS SUSPICIONS WERE AROUSED HE CUT AWAY THEIR PRETENCE OF INNOCENCE WITH MERCILESS PRECISION.
HE MADE THEM SHOW HIM THE SECRET ENTRANCE, THOUGH HE PREFERRED A MORE CONVENTIONAL APPROACH —
KERRASHHH
OH DEAR GRUD!
MOMMMMM-!
SSSSSSSS
WAHHHHH
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU.
CONTROL, BACK-UP REQUIRED, THIRD AND TOP FLOOR APARTMENTS, LUFFORD. GOT A NEST OF MUTANTS HERE.
LEAVE HIM! KEEP YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF!

RICHARD-!
IT WAS LIKE SOME INVISIBLE FORCE PRESSING HIM DOWN —
UNNNH!
— CRUSHING HIM BENEATH A GREAT WEIGHT.
DROKK-!
LET'S GO, CONSTANZA!
THE DAMNEDEST THING. IT COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN THE CHILD. IT MUST HAVE SENSED ITS MOTHER'S DISTRESS —
THEY WENT THAT WAY!


STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
IT'S NO GOOD! WE CAN'T RUN FROM HIM!
BDAM
SPNGG
WHY CAN'T YOU LEAVE US ALONE?
LOOK, JUST LET US GO — WE'LL GET OUT OF YOUR PRECIOUS CITY!
THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, ISN'T IT? WHAT'S SO GOOD ABOUT IT ANYWAY?
I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT, CITIZEN. NOT NOW. RUNNING FROM THE MUTANT CATCHERS CARRIES A MANDATORY THREE YEARS.
IN THIS CASE I'M WILLING TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER. I WILL SUSPEND YOUR SENTENCES AND ALLOW YOU TO BE WITH YOUR SON — PROVIDED YOU GIVE ME YOUR FULL CO-OPERATION.
WHAT-?
THE BOY INTERESTS ME. I INTEND TO HAVE HIM SENT TO A RESEARCH FACILITY WHERE HIS ABILITIES CAN BE PROPERLY EXAMINED. HE WILL BE TREATED HUMANELY AND WELL — AS WILL YOU.
I... I DON'T SUPPOSE WE HAVE MUCH CHOICE.
NO, YOU DON'T.
THIS IS YOUR FAULT! YOU'VE DONE FOR US ALL!
I... I'M SORRY.
I'LL QUESTION THE PUCCINIS MYSELF.
KEEP THE MUTANTS AND FAMILIES IN CUSTODY. NO DEPORTATIONS TILL AFTER TOMORROW'S COUNCIL MEETING.
YES, SIR!

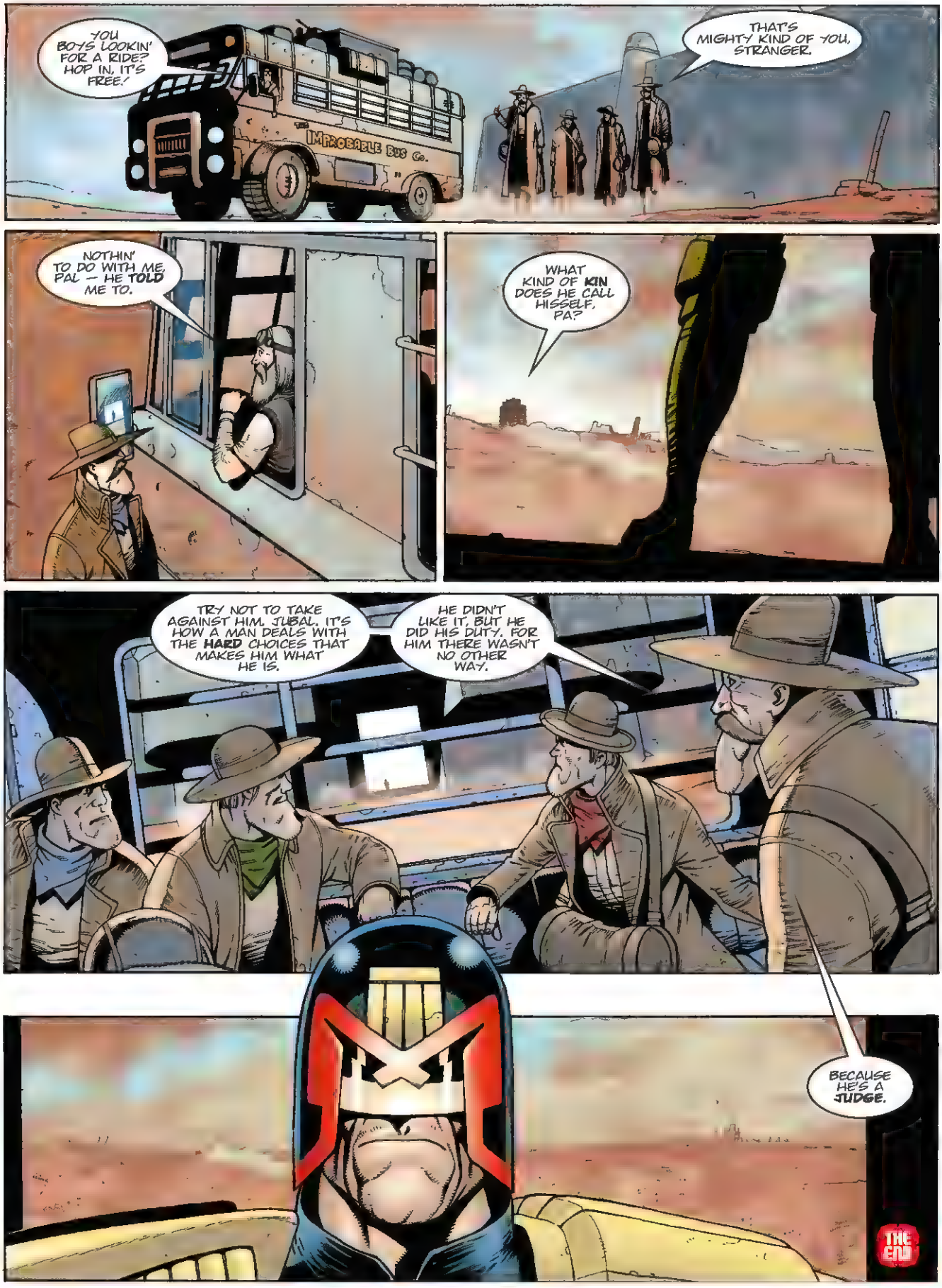
IT'S A LITTLE EARLY, BUT AS WE'RE ALL HERE, LET'S GET THE MEETING STARTED.
A CHANGE TO THE SCHEDULED ORDER OF PROCEEDINGS — AS HE IS ENGAGED IN AN ONGOING INVESTIGATION JUDGE DREDD HAS REQUESTED THAT HIS **MOTION** — FOR THE **REPEAL** OF THE **MUTANT** LAWS — BE MOVED FORWARD.
DREDD?
THE QUESTION IS, HOW MUCH MISERY DO WE HAVE A RIGHT TO INFLICT?

THERE SHE IS, BOYS! MEGA-CITY ONE!
MAN OH MAN, LOOK AT THAT WALL! THEY MUST BE EXPECTIN' TROUBLE OR SOMETHIN'!
NO EXIT
STRAIGHTEN YOURSELVES UP AN' DUST YOURSELVES OFF! REMEMBER YOUR MANNERS! WE DON'T DO NOTHIN' THAT BRINGS SHAME ON OUR KIN!
THEY RODE US DOWN AND HITCHED A RIDE.
AND YOU LET THEM?
YOU ARGUE WITH THEM — WE WASN'T GONNA.
I RECOGNISE THE OUTFIT! RANDY FARGO — PUT IT THERE!
I'LL PUT A BOOT IN YOUR BUTT, MUTIE!
DON'T KNOW WHERE THE HELL YOU BOYS THINK YOU'RE GOING, BUT YOU CAN CROSS MEGA-CITY ONE OFF THE LIST.
WHAT KINDA WAY IS THAT TO TALK TO US, PA?
EASY, BORDEN. JUST SOME MISUNDERSTANDIN', I GUESS.
WE UNDERSTAND YOUR TYPE WELL ENOUGH! TURN AROUND AND START WALKING!
COLEY! THAT'S ENOUGH!

WE HAVE AN ORDER IN ON THESE FOUR. TREAT WITH RESPECT.
YOU'RE KIDDING?
MR FARGO, MY APOLOGIES. WE GET A LOT OF UNDESIRABLES — HARD SOMETIMES TO FIGURE OUT WHO'S WHO.
IF YOU'D ACCOMPANY ME, PLEASE. I CAN OFFER YOU SOME REFRESHMENTS WHILE JUDGE DREDD IS INFORMED OF YOUR ARRIVAL.
WELL...I GUESS THAT'S RIGHT KIND OF YOU. AIN'T IT, BOYS?
RECKON.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO YOU, DREDD.
I RESPECT YOU. THERE ISN'T ANOTHER JUDGE IN THE DEPARTMENT I ADMIRE MORE. BUT I THINK YOU'RE BADLY MISTAKEN ON THIS.
WE'RE STRETCHED ENOUGH OUT THERE AS IT IS. WHATEVER THE RIGHTS OR WRONGS OF THE MATTER, DO WE NEED ANOTHER PROBLEM?
AS I SEE IT, WE'D BE REMOVING ONE.
YOU'VE MADE SOME GOOD POINTS. I CANNOT GO ALONG WITH YOUR ARGUMENT REGARDING THE GENE POOL, BUT I WOULD AGREE TO A GENERAL REVIEW OF THE WAY WE TREAT OUR... MUTANT BRETHREN. THERE IS CERTAINLY ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT THERE.
IF NO ONE HAS ANYTHING FURTHER TO ADD, WE WILL PUT THE MOTION TO A VOTE.

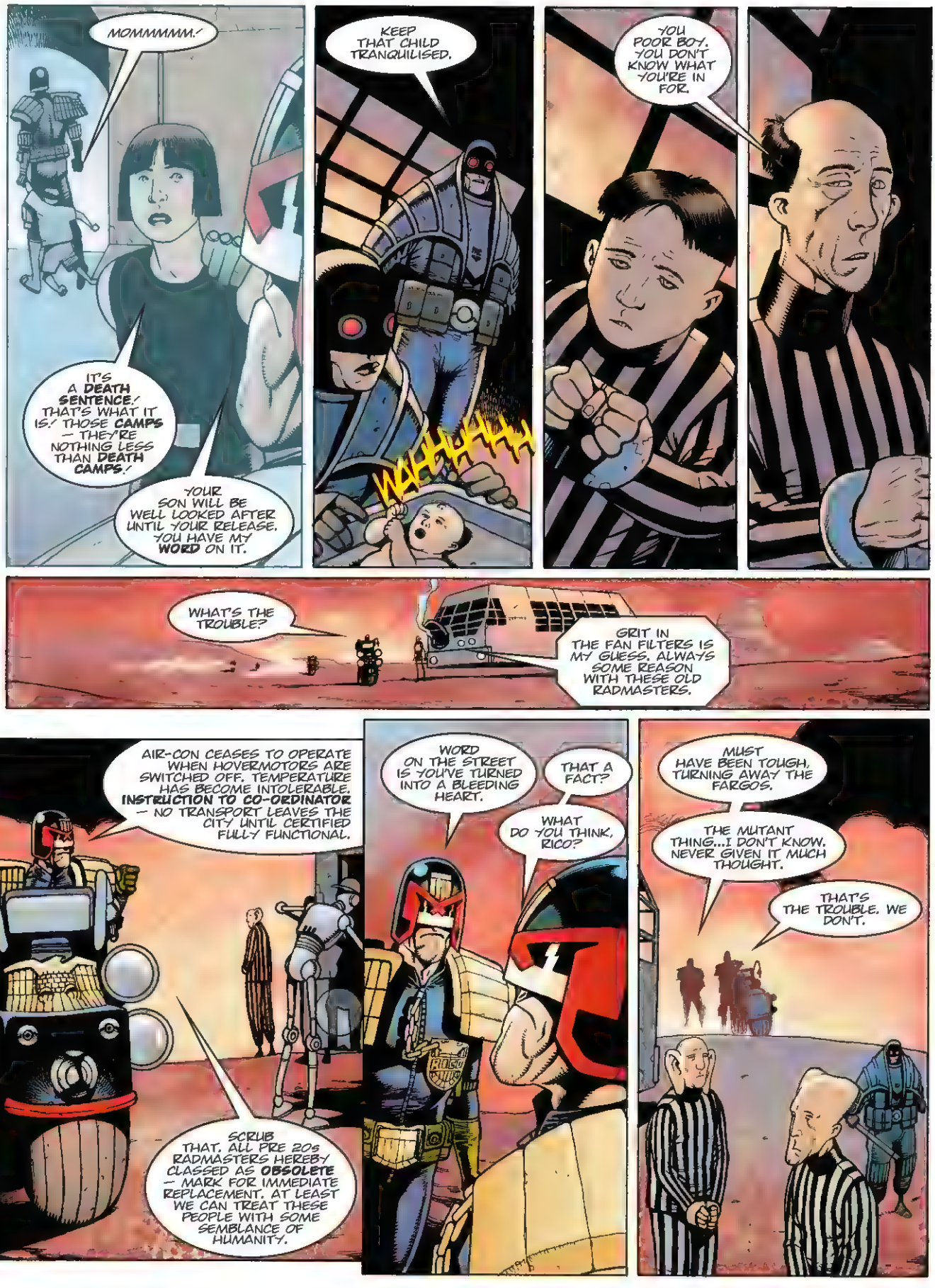
DREDD'S MUTANT RELATIVES?
WOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE SCRATCHING THOSE CHINS.
RECKON THIS HERE IS WHAT THEY CALL A HOTTIE.
TASTES LIKE SHIT WITH PICKLES ON.
MAN, I HEAR MEGA-CITY WIMMEN ARE HOTTER 'N A NEST O' FIRE ANTS!
FINE. I'LL LET 'EM CRAWL ALL OVER ME AN' BITE ME WHERE THEY LIKE!
YOU BOYS STOP THAT DIRTY TALK. AIN'T GONNA BE NO MESSIN' AROUND WITH WIMMEN. COUSIN JOE DON'T LIKE THAT KINDA STUFF.
CAN'T SAY I DO MUCH NEITHER — 'CEPT FOR PROCREATIN'.
AN' THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO PROCREATIN' ON THIS TRIP.
I'M SORRY, DREDD.
MAYBE IN TIME THINGS WILL CHANGE. AS A CONSOLATION I'M GRANTING **SPECIAL DISPENSATION** FOR THE **FARGOS** TO VISIT THE CITY. THEY WILL HAVE AMBASSADORIAL STATUS.
THANK YOU, CHIEF JUDGE.
BUT I HAVE TO DECLINE.

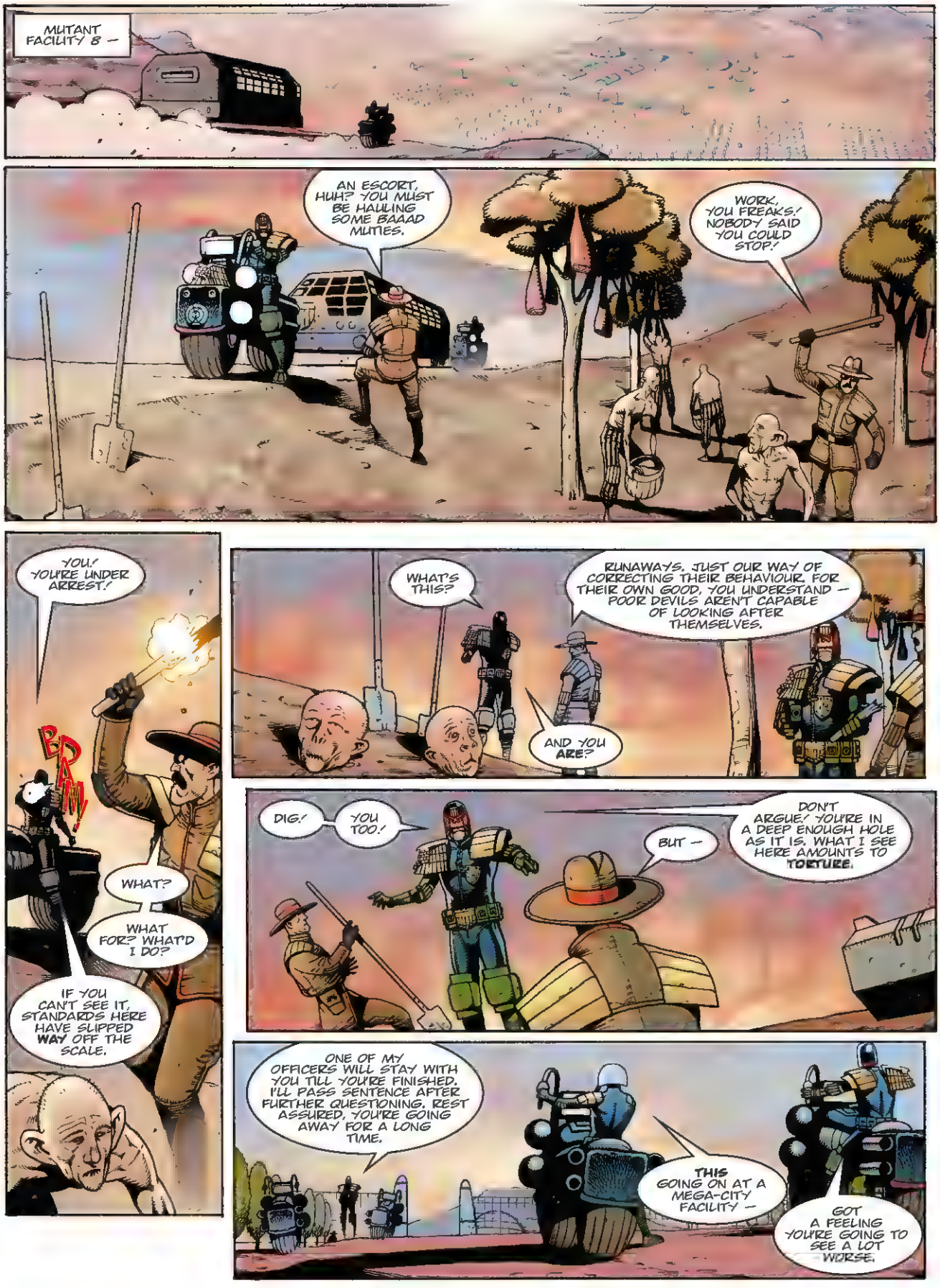
THERE CANNOT BE ONE LAW FOR ONE AND ANOTHER FOR THE REST.
COUSIN JOE!
I'M PLEASED TO SEE YOU, PLEASED TO SEE YOU ALL.
BUT UNDER OUR LAWS I REGRET I CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO ENTER THE CITY.
I'M SORRY. I WISH THINGS WERE DIFFERENT HERE. SOMETIMES EVEN WE GET IT WRONG.

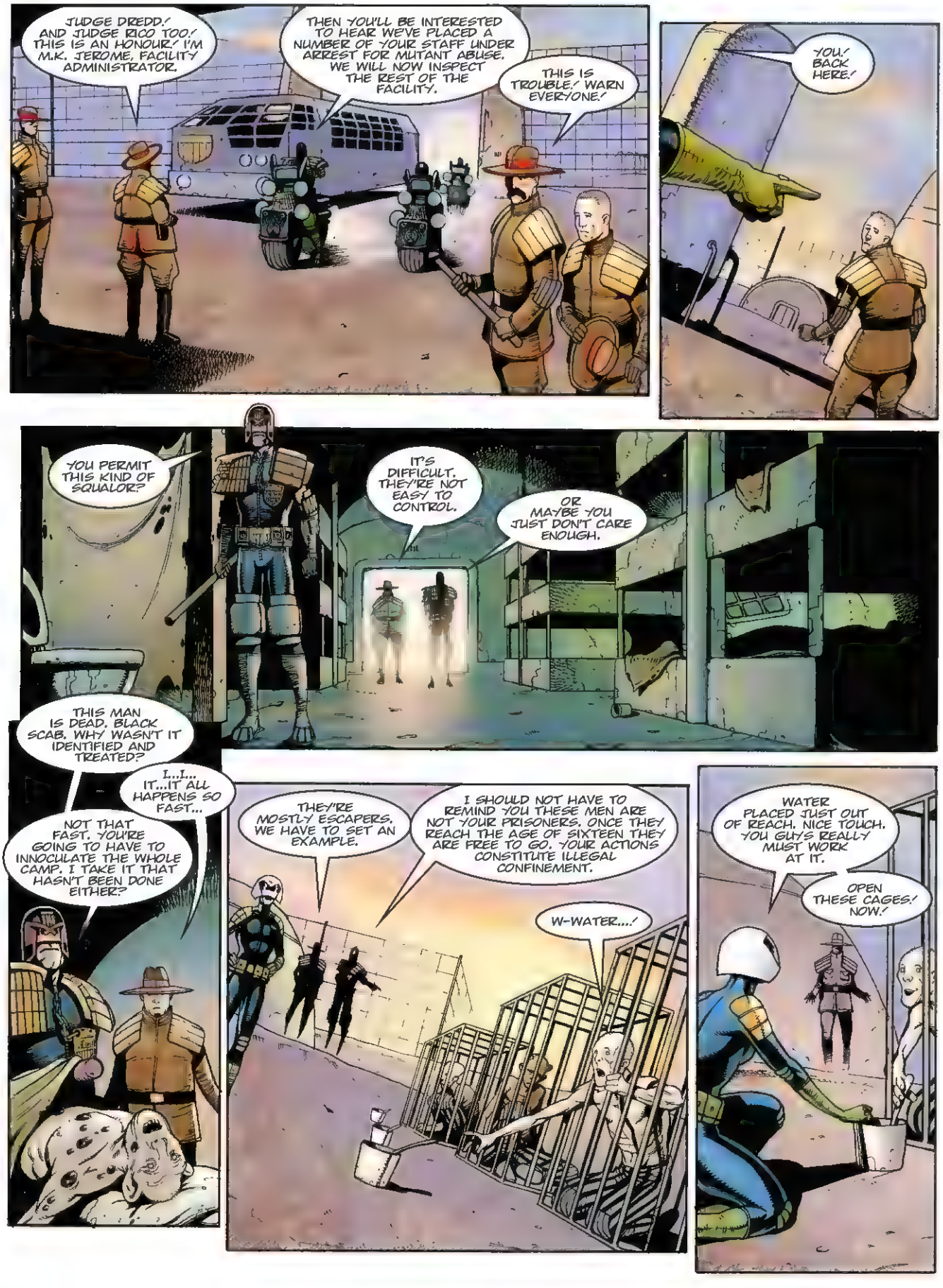

YOU BOYS LOOKIN' FOR A RIDE? HOP IN, IT'S FREE!
THAT'S MIGHTY KIND OF YOU, STRANGER.
IMPROBABLE BUS Co.
NOTHIN' TO DO WITH ME, PAL — HE TOLD ME TO.
WHAT KIND OF KIN DOES HE CALL HISSELF, PA?
TRY NOT TO TAKE AGAINST HIM, JUBAL. IT'S HOW A MAN DEALS WITH THE HARD CHOICES THAT MAKES HIM WHAT HE IS.
HE DIDN'T LIKE IT, BUT HE DID HIS DUTY. FOR HIM THERE WASN'T NO OTHER WAY.
BECAUSE HE'S A JUDGE.
THE END

SCRIPT
JOHN WAGNER
ART
COLIN MACNEIL
COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
JUDGE DREDD
THE FACILITY
THE BUS FOR MUTANT FACILITY 8 CLEARS THE WEST WALL AT 07.50 —
I WANT MY MOM!
BE QUIET, YOU!
12
HE'D CALLED UNEXPECTEDLY FOR BEENY THAT MORNING.
GET DRESSED, FRONT OF THE ACADEMY, FIVE MINUTES, SIGNED OUT TO DREDD. THAT WAS THE ONLY EXPLANATION.
ACADEMY OF LAW

YOU WANTED ME, SIR?
TAKING YOU ON A LITTLE TRIP, BEENY. THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU SOMETHING NEW TO ADD TO YOUR CATALOGUE OF OUR SINS.
RICO AND GLASSWELL. THEY'LL BE COMING ALONG.
CHARMED, I'M SURE.
YOU CATCH RICO'S FACE WHEN YOU DID THE CHARMED BIT?
I DID NOTICE A CERTAIN STONY GLARE.
WE'RE NOT RIDING WITH THE CACKLE BROTHERS, THAT'S FOR SURE. I'D KEEP THE HUMOUR TO A MINIMUM IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET BACK WITH DEMERITS COMING OUT YOUR ASS.
THEY TURNED DOWN THE OLD MAN'S MOTION TO REPEAL THE MUTANT LAWS. HE'S IN A REAL STINKER.
THE CASE HAD DISTURBED HIM, BROUGHT HOME THE INIQUITY OF THE MUTANT LAWS. INNOCENT FAMILIES CAUGHT IN A LEGAL NIGHTMARE —
FOR WILFULLY CONCEALING A MUTANT, BY LAW I HAVE NO OPTION BUT TO SENTENCE YOU BOTH TO TWO YEARS' ENCUBEMENT.
DON'T TAKE MY BABY!
DAMN YOU - !
DON'T MAKE IT WORSE FOR YOURSELF!
I...I'M NOT REALLY VERY MUTANT AT ALL. COULDN'T...COULDN'T YOU ASK THEM TO RECONSIDER?
I'VE SENT YOUR CASE FOR REVIEW, LILLIMAN. MEANTIME, THE LAW IS CLEAR.

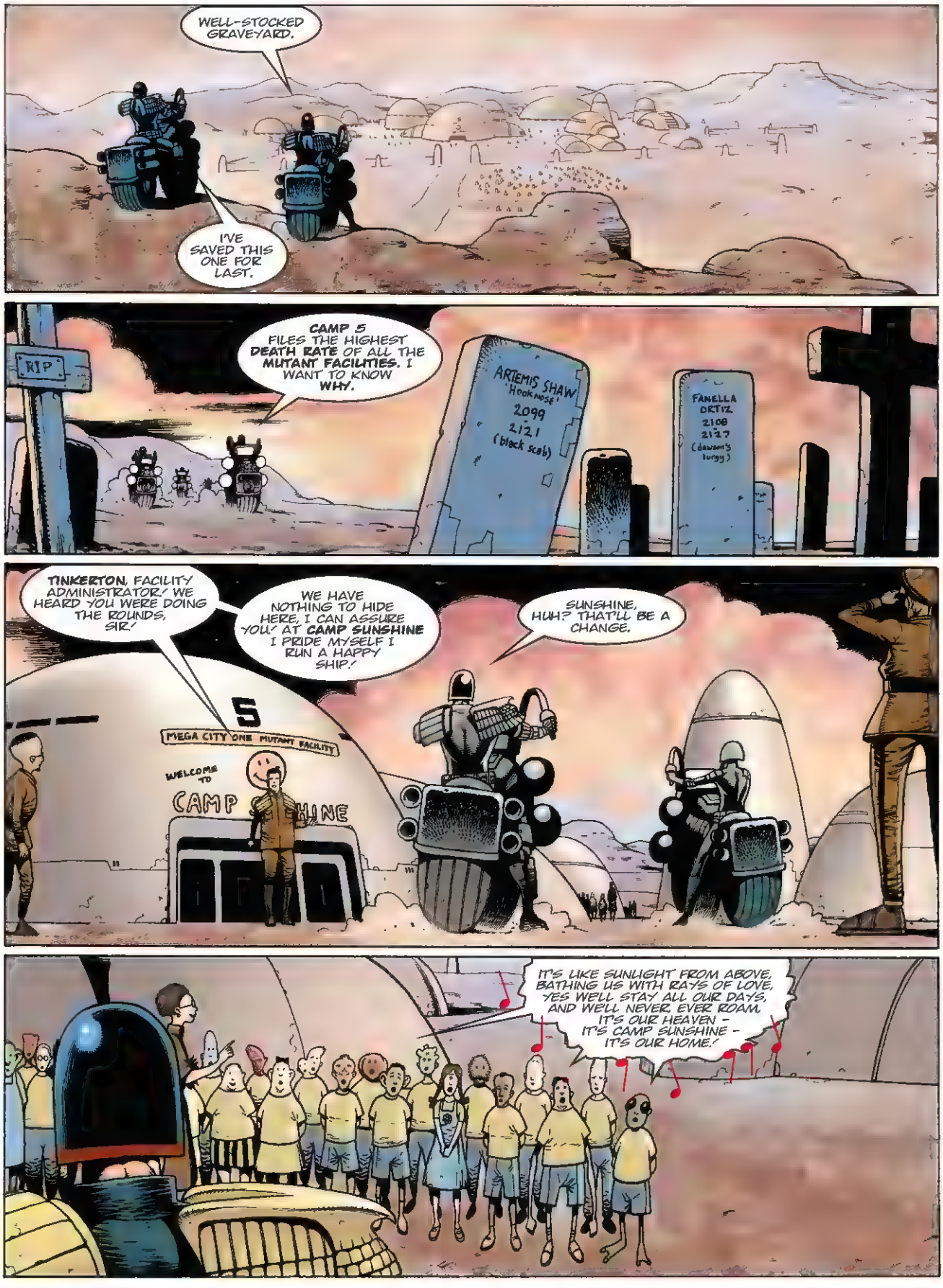

MOMMMMM.!
IT'S A DEATH SENTENCE.! THAT'S WHAT IT IS.! THOSE CAMPS — THEY'RE NOTHING LESS THAN DEATH CAMPS.!
YOUR SON WILL BE WELL LOOKED AFTER UNTIL YOUR RELEASE. YOU HAVE MY WORD ON IT.
KEEP THAT CHILD TRANQUILISED.
WAHHHHH
YOU POOR BOY. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE IN FOR.
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
GRIT IN THE FAN FILTERS IS MY GUESS. ALWAYS SOME REASON WITH THESE OLD RADMASTERS.
AIR-CON CEASES TO OPERATE WHEN HOVERMOTORS ARE SWITCHED OFF. TEMPERATURE HAS BECOME INTOLERABLE. INSTRUCTION TO CO-ORDINATOR — NO TRANSPORT LEAVES THE CITY UNTIL CERTIFIED FULLY FUNCTIONAL.
SCRUB THAT. ALL PRE 20s RADMASTERS HEREBY CLASSED AS OBSOLETE — MARK FOR IMMEDIATE REPLACEMENT. AT LEAST WE CAN TREAT THESE PEOPLE WITH SOME SEMBLANCE OF HUMANITY.
WORD ON THE STREET IS YOU'VE TURNED INTO A BLEEDING HEART.
THAT A FACT?
WHAT DO YOU THINK, RICO?
MUST HAVE BEEN TOUGH, TURNING AWAY THE FARGOS.
THE MUTANT THING...I DON'T KNOW. NEVER GIVEN IT MUCH THOUGHT.
THAT'S THE TROUBLE. WE DON'T.

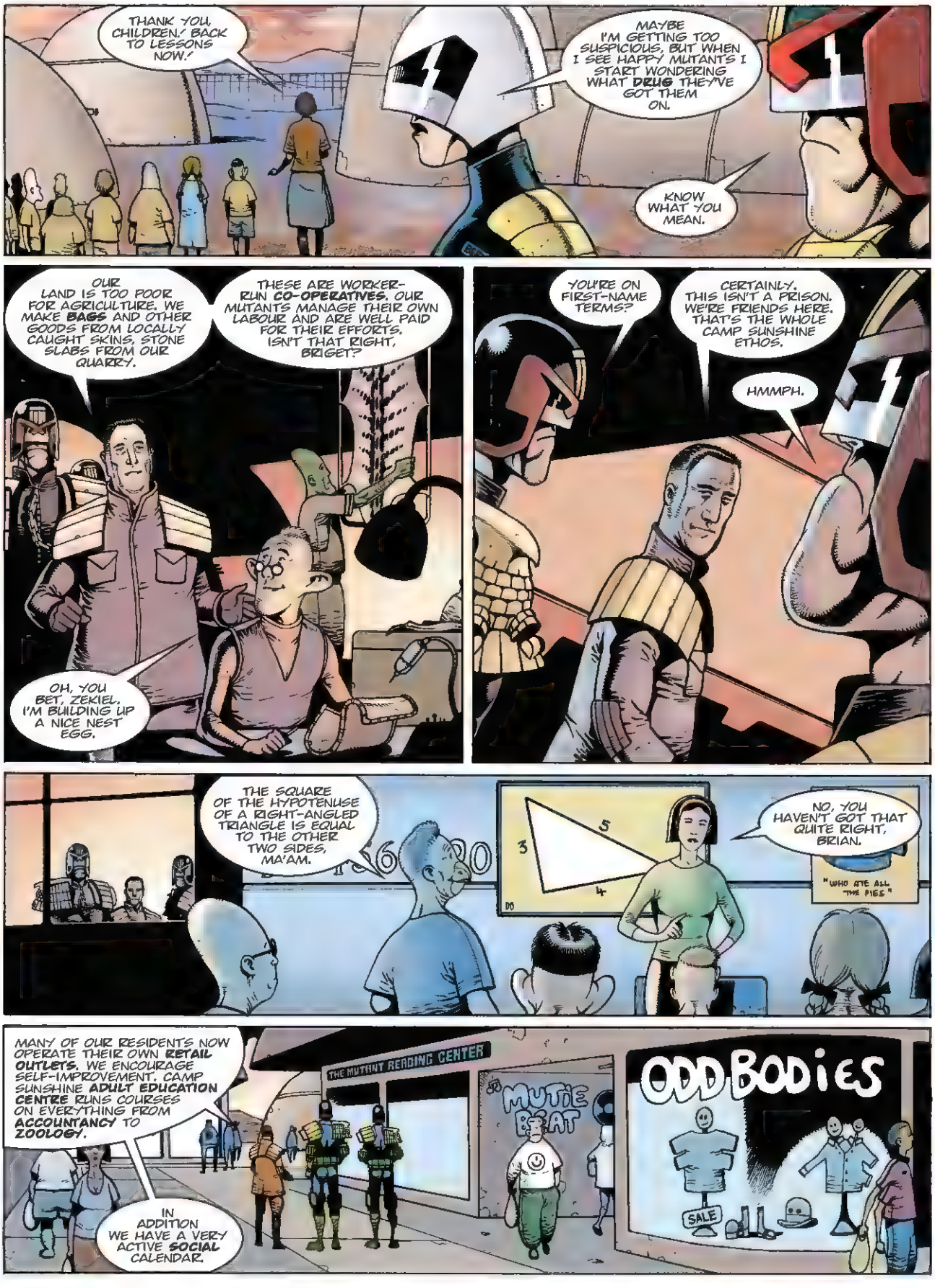

MUTANT FACILITY 8 —
AN ESCORT, HUH? YOU MUST BE HAULING SOME BAAAD MUTIES.
WORK, YOU FREAKS! NOBODY SAID YOU COULD STOP!
YOU! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
BLAM!
WHAT?
WHAT FOR? WHAT'D I DO?
IF YOU CAN'T SEE IT, STANDARDS HERE HAVE SLIPPED WAY OFF THE SCALE.
WHAT'S THIS?
RUNAWAYS. JUST OUR WAY OF CORRECTING THEIR BEHAVIOUR. FOR THEIR OWN GOOD, YOU UNDERSTAND — POOR DEVILS AREN'T CAPABLE OF LOOKING AFTER THEMSELVES.
AND YOU ARE?
DIG!
YOU TOO!
BUT —
DON'T ARGUE! YOU'RE IN A DEEP ENOUGH HOLE AS IT IS. WHAT I SEE HERE AMOUNTS TO TORTURE.
ONE OF MY OFFICERS WILL STAY WITH YOU TILL YOU'RE FINISHED. I'LL PASS SENTENCE AFTER FURTHER QUESTIONING. REST ASSURED, YOU'RE GOING AWAY FOR A LONG TIME.
THIS GOING ON AT A MEGA-CITY FACILITY —
GOT A FEELING YOU'RE GOING TO SEE A LOT WORSE.

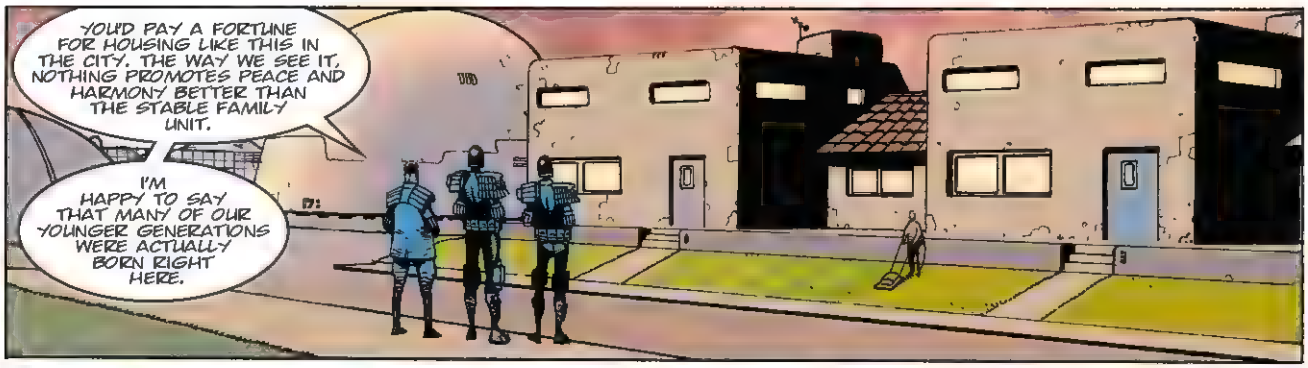

JUDGE DREDD! AND JUDGE RICO TOO! THIS IS AN HONOUR! I'M M.K. JEROME, FACILITY ADMINISTRATOR.
THEN YOU'LL BE INTERESTED TO HEAR WE'VE PLACED A NUMBER OF YOUR STAFF UNDER ARREST FOR MUTANT ABUSE. WE WILL NOW INSPECT THE REST OF THE FACILITY.
THIS IS TROUBLE! WARN EVERYONE!
YOU! BACK HERE!
YOU PERMIT THIS KIND OF SQUALOR?
IT'S DIFFICULT. THEY'RE NOT EASY TO CONTROL.
OR MAYBE YOU JUST DON'T CARE ENOUGH.
THIS MAN IS DEAD. BLACK SCAB. WHY WASN'T IT IDENTIFIED AND TREATED?
I...I... IT...IT ALL HAPPENS SO FAST...
NOT THAT FAST. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO INNOCULATE THE WHOLE CAMP. I TAKE IT THAT HASN'T BEEN DONE EITHER?
THEY'RE MOSTLY ESCAPERS. WE HAVE TO SET AN EXAMPLE.
I SHOULD NOT HAVE TO REMIND YOU THESE MEN ARE NOT YOUR PRISONERS. ONCE THEY REACH THE AGE OF SIXTEEN THEY ARE FREE TO GO. YOUR ACTIONS CONSTITUTE ILLEGAL CONFINEMENT.
W-WATER...!
WATER PLACED JUST OUT OF REACH. NICE TOUCH. YOU GUYS REALLY MUST WORK AT IT.
OPEN THESE CAGES! NOW!

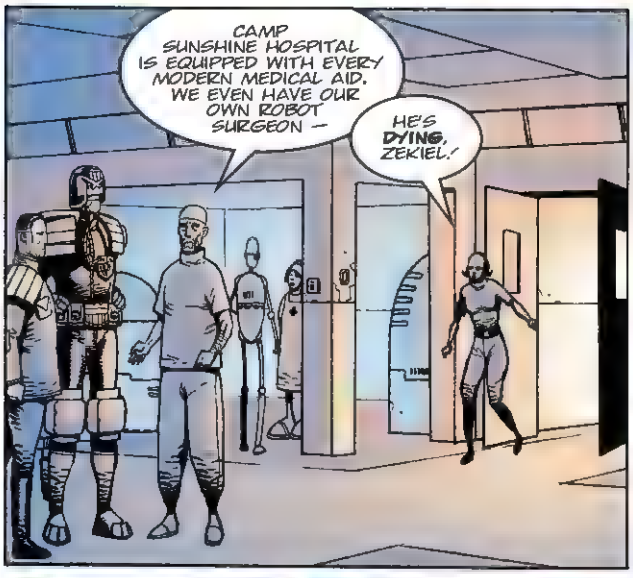
THEY SEND TRUCKLOADS OF EDIBLE PRODUCE TO THE CITY, BUT LOOK AT THEM — SKIN AND BONE.
THE FACILITY RECEIVES A REASONABLE ALLOWANCE FOR FOOD, MEDICINE, ENTERTAINMENT AND OTHER OVERHEADS, DEDUCTED FROM FARM INCOME.
I THINK WE'LL FIND JEROME AND HIS STAFF ARE SKIMMING MOST OF IT OFF.
Charity F
TASTE THE PIG!!
TABLE FOR VEGETARIANS
THE CONDITIONS IN THIS FACILITY BEGGAR BELIEF. FROM CRIMINAL NEGLECT TO OUTRIGHT CRIMINALITY, EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU BEARS A SHARE OF THE BLAME.
WHAT DOES IT MATTER? WHAT DO YOU CARE? THEY'RE MUTIES.' GRUD ALMIGHTY, YOU SENT THEM HERE.'
A HOVERSHIP IS ON ITS WAY WITH STAFF TO REPLACE YOU. IT WILL RETURN YOU TO THE INTERROGATION CUBES, WHERE YOU WILL BE ASSISTED IN MAKING A FULL CONFESSION.
LET ME WARN YOU THAT NONE OF YOU CAN EXPECT TO ESCAPE ENCUBEMENT.
THERE, THERE, LITTLE DARLING.
LILLIMAN, YOU SEEM A SENSIBLE SORT. I'M APPOINTING YOU MUTANT WELFARE OFFICER. YOU'LL WORK WITH THE NEW ADMINISTRATION AND REPORT DIRECTLY TO ME. I'LL SEE THAT YOU RECEIVE A SALARY AS WELL.
WHY... YES, I'D BE GLAD TO. MIGHT AS WELL MAKE MYSELF USEFUL TILL THE OLD REVIEW COMES THROUGH.
TAKE LILLIMAN THERE — AND THE BOY, TOO. WHAT HARM WOULD IT HAVE DONE TO LEAVE THEM WHERE THEY WERE? INSTEAD WE SEND THEM HERE.
I SUSPECTED.
YOU KNEW IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS.
HELL ON EARTH — OF OUR OWN MAKING. DOES IT MAKE YOU PROUD, BEENY? STILL WANT TO BE A JUDGE?
THE END

JUDGE DREDD
THE SECRET OF MUTANT CAMP 5
HE'S TURNING THE CAMPS UPSIDE DOWN.'
EIGHTEEN ARRESTED AT MUTANT FACILITY 1, THE ENTIRE STAFF OF 6.'
TWELVE ARRESTS AT 4 AND TWENTY-ONE SENT FOR RE-EDUCATION.' MUTANT FACILITY 2 CONDEMNED AS UNFIT FOR HUMAN HABITATION - ALL THE INMATES MOVED.'
I DON'T THINK WE ACTUALLY CALL THEM 'INMATES'.
IT'S THE EXPENSE, CHIEF JUDGE.' DREDD'S ORDERED THE TRANSPORT FLEET REPLACED BY HOVERLUX MODELS. HOVERLUX.' WE'LL HAVE MUTANTS TRAVELLING LIKE FOREIGN AMBASSADORS.'
JOHN WAGNER
COLIN MACNEIL
CHRIS BLYTHE
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
OR LIKE HUMAN BEINGS.
IT'S TO OUR SHAME THAT WE'VE LET THE CAMPS GET TO THIS STATE. SEE THAT DREDD'S ORDERS ARE COMPLIED WITH.

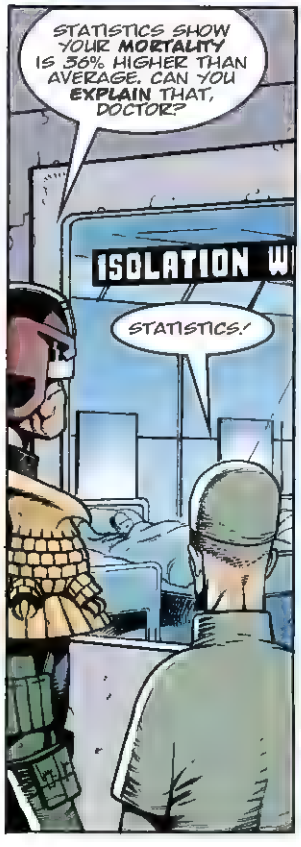

WELL-STOCKED GRAVEYARD.
I'VE SAVED THIS ONE FOR LAST.
RIP
CAMP 5 FILES THE HIGHEST DEATH RATE OF ALL THE MUTANT FACILITIES. I WANT TO KNOW WHY.
ARTEMIS SHAW 'Hook nose' 2099 2121 (black scab)
FANELLA ORTIZ 2108 - 2127 (dawson's lurgy)
TINKERTON, FACILITY ADMINISTRATOR! WE HEARD YOU WERE DOING THE ROUNDS, SIR!
WE HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE HERE, I CAN ASSURE YOU! AT CAMP SUNSHINE I PRIDE MYSELF I RUN A HAPPY SHIP!
SUNSHINE, HUH? THAT'LL BE A CHANGE.
5
MEGA CITY ONE MUTANT FACILITY
WELCOME TO
IT'S LIKE SUNLIGHT FROM ABOVE, BATHING US WITH RAYS OF LOVE, YES WE'LL STAY ALL OUR DAYS, AND WE'LL NEVER, EVER ROAM. IT'S OUR HEAVEN - IT'S CAMP SUNSHINE - IT'S OUR HOME!

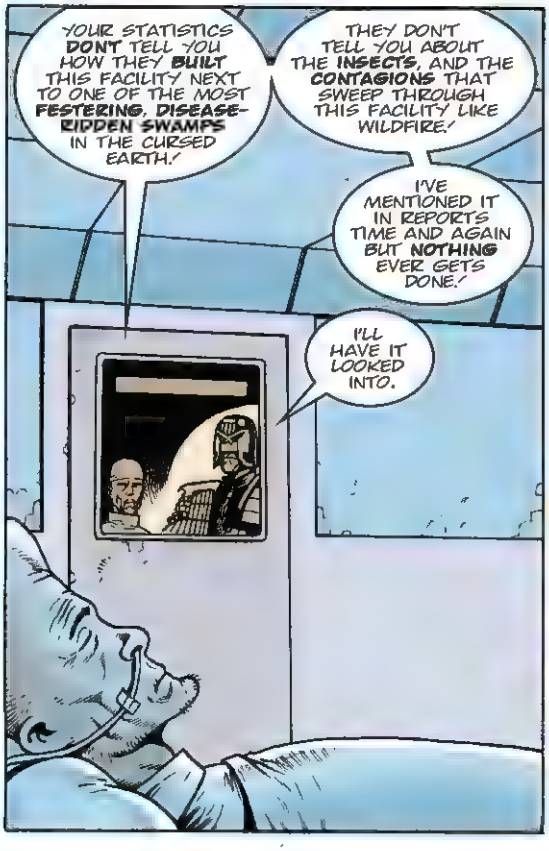

THANK YOU, CHILDREN! BACK TO LESSONS NOW!
MAYBE I'M GETTING TOO SUSPICIOUS, BUT WHEN I SEE HAPPY MUTANTS I START WONDERING WHAT DRUG THEY'VE GOT THEM ON.
KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
OUR LAND IS TOO POOR FOR AGRICULTURE. WE MAKE BAGS AND OTHER GOODS FROM LOCALLY CAUGHT SKINS, STONE SLABS FROM OUR QUARRY.
THESE ARE WORKER-RUN CO-OPERATIVES. OUR MUTANTS MANAGE THEIR OWN LABOUR AND ARE WELL PAID FOR THEIR EFFORTS. ISN'T THAT RIGHT, BRIGET?
OH, YOU BET, ZEKIEL, I'M BUILDING UP A NICE NEST EGG.
YOU'RE ON FIRST-NAME TERMS?
CERTAINLY. THIS ISN'T A PRISON. WE'RE FRIENDS HERE. THAT'S THE WHOLE CAMP SUNSHINE ETHOS.
HMMPH.
THE SQUARE OF THE HYPOTENUSE OF A RIGHT-ANGLED TRIANGLE IS EQUAL TO THE OTHER TWO SIDES, MA'AM.
3
5
4
NO, YOU HAVEN'T GOT THAT QUITE RIGHT, BRIAN.
"WHO ATE ALL THE PIES"
MANY OF OUR RESIDENTS NOW OPERATE THEIR OWN RETAIL OUTLETS. WE ENCOURAGE SELF-IMPROVEMENT. CAMP SUNSHINE ADULT EDUCATION CENTRE RUNS COURSES ON EVERYTHING FROM ACCOUNTANCY TO ZOOLOGY.
IN ADDITION WE HAVE A VERY ACTIVE SOCIAL CALENDAR.
THE MUTANT READING CENTER
MUTIE BEAT
ODD BODIES
SALE


YOU'D PAY A FORTUNE FOR HOUSING LIKE THIS IN THE CITY. THE WAY WE SEE IT, NOTHING PROMOTES PEACE AND HARMONY BETTER THAN THE STABLE FAMILY UNIT.
I'M HAPPY TO SAY THAT MANY OF OUR YOUNGER GENERATIONS WERE ACTUALLY BORN RIGHT HERE.

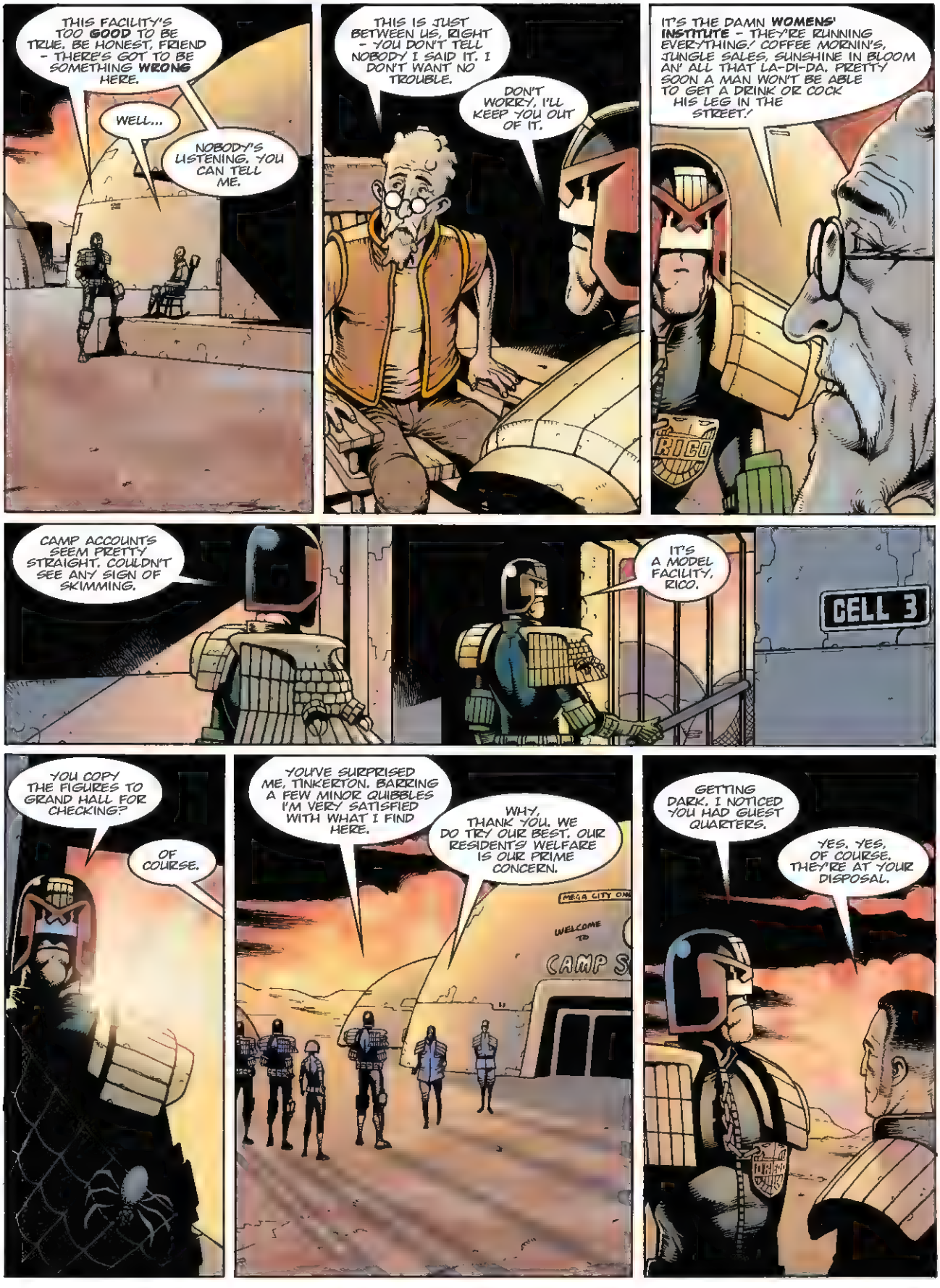

CAMP SUNSHINE HOSPITAL IS EQUIPPED WITH EVERY MODERN MEDICAL AID. WE EVEN HAVE OUR OWN ROBOT SURGEON —
HE'S **DYING**, ZEKIEL!

WHY IS IT ALWAYS THE **YOUNG**? FIRST DAVIS - THEN JAKUB - NOW BOBBY!
WE HAVE **EIGHT** DOWN WITH **PUSTULATING NEWMONIA**. WE'VE CONTAINED IT, THANK GRUD, BUT I FEAR THERE'S NO HOPE FOR THOSE POOR SOULS.
I'M SO SORRY, DILYS.


STATISTICS SHOW YOUR **MORTALITY** IS 36% HIGHER THAN AVERAGE. CAN YOU **EXPLAIN** THAT, DOCTOR?
ISOLATION W
STATISTICS!


YOUR STATISTICS **DON'T** TELL YOU HOW THEY **BUILT** THIS FACILITY NEXT TO ONE OF THE MOST **FESTERING, DISEASE-RIDDEN SWAMPS** IN THE CURSED EARTH!
THEY DON'T TELL YOU ABOUT THE **INSECTS**, AND THE **CONTAGIONS** THAT SWEEP THROUGH THIS FACILITY LIKE WILDFIRE!
I'VE MENTIONED IT IN REPORTS TIME AND AGAIN BUT **NOTHING** EVER GETS DONE!
I'LL HAVE IT LOOKED INTO.

IT'S ALL TOO OFTEN THE WAY. THE INFECTIVE AGENT TURNS THE VICTIM'S OWN YOUTH AND STRENGTH AGAINST THEM. WE LOSE SO MANY YOUNG ONES. SO MANY...
THERE'S A BIG **BULGE** IN YOUR DEATH STATS IN THE 15-35 AGE RANGE.


THIS FACILITY'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE. BE HONEST, FRIEND - THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING WRONG HERE.
WELL...
NOBODY'S LISTENING. YOU CAN TELL ME.
THIS IS JUST BETWEEN US, RIGHT - YOU DON'T TELL NOBODY I SAID IT. I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE.
DON'T WORRY, I'LL KEEP YOU OUT OF IT.
IT'S THE DAMN WOMENS' INSTITUTE - THEY'RE RUNNING EVERYTHING! COFFEE MORNIN'S, JUNGLE SALES, SUNSHINE IN BLOOM AN' ALL THAT LA-DI-DA. PRETTY SOON A MAN WON'T BE ABLE TO GET A DRINK OR COCK HIS LEG IN THE STREET!
RICO
CAMP ACCOUNTS SEEM PRETTY STRAIGHT. COULDN'T SEE ANY SIGN OF SKIMMING.
IT'S A MODEL FACILITY, RICO.
CELL 3
YOU COPY THE FIGURES TO GRAND HALL FOR CHECKING?
OF COURSE.
YOU'VE SURPRISED ME, TINKERTON. BARRING A FEW MINOR QUIBBLES I'M VERY SATISFIED WITH WHAT I FIND HERE.
WHY, THANK YOU. WE DO TRY OUR BEST. OUR RESIDENTS' WELFARE IS OUR PRIME CONCERN.
MEGA CITY ONE
WELCOME TO
CAMP S
GETTING DARK. I NOTICED YOU HAD GUEST QUARTERS.
YES. YES, OF COURSE. THEY'RE AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

AND...IF YOU'RE STAYING THE NIGHT WE WOULD BE EXTREMELY **HONOURED** IF YOU WOULD **ALL** BE OUR GUESTS AT THE **THEATRE** TONIGHT.'
CAMP SUNSHINE **DRAMATIC SOCIETY** IS PUTTING ON A SPECIAL PRODUCTION - A **PLAY** BY ONE OF OUR VERY OWN RESIDENTS.
IF WE MUST.
GOOD.' THAT'S SETTLED THEN.'
WE COULD HAVE MADE IT BACK. THREE HOURS AND WE'D BE IN THE MEG.
SOMETHING'S BOTHERING HIM. IT'S THIS PLACE - AFTER WHAT WE'VE SEEN, IT SEEMS... I DON'T KNOW, JUST TOO PERFECT...
WHAT'S WITH YOU AND THE OLD MAN? HOW COME HE BROUGHT YOU ALONG?
I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE HE LIKES ME.
THAT'D BE A FIRST.
YOU NOTICE A LITTLE...CATCH IN HIS VOICE WHEN HE HEARD WE WERE STAYING?
YEAH.
WONDER WHY?
WE'VE GOT TO CALL IT OFF.'
TOO LATE FOR THAT.' IT'S BEEN ARRANGED FOR WEEKS.' YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE **LIKE** WHEN WE LET THEM DOWN.'
IT'LL BE FINE. DREDD AND HIS PEOPLE WILL BE AT THE THEATRE. GET IT DONE QUICKLY AND THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT A THING...

IMPERTINENT MUTANT! NO WOMAN IN HER RIGHT MIND COULD KISS THAT FACE!
LEMME SUGGEST SOMETHIN' ELSE YOU CAN KISS, LADY!
YOU'RE FEELING SICK, BEENY. YOU NEED TO GET SOME AIR.
I DO?
GOT THE FEELING THERE WAS SOMETHING THEY DIDN'T WANT US TO KNOW ABOUT. WOULDN'T BE POLITIC FOR ME TO LEAVE. LOOK AROUND AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN SEE.
THE CAMP WAS QUIET. EVERYONE WAS ATTENDING THE OPENING NIGHT.
Opening Nite
RogueBoys
"Shoot me a Mutie"
I'M SO SORRY.
WE LOST OUR NEWMONIA PATIENTS TONIGHT.
ALL OF THEM?
THE DISEASE RUNS A RAPID AND MERCILESS COURSE, I'M AFRAID.
SPARE A THOUGHT FOR POOR DILYS LONGBONE. FIRST HER HUSBAND, NOW BOTH HER SONS.
A KIND WORD FROM YOU, I KNOW, WOULD BE OF GREAT COMFORT.

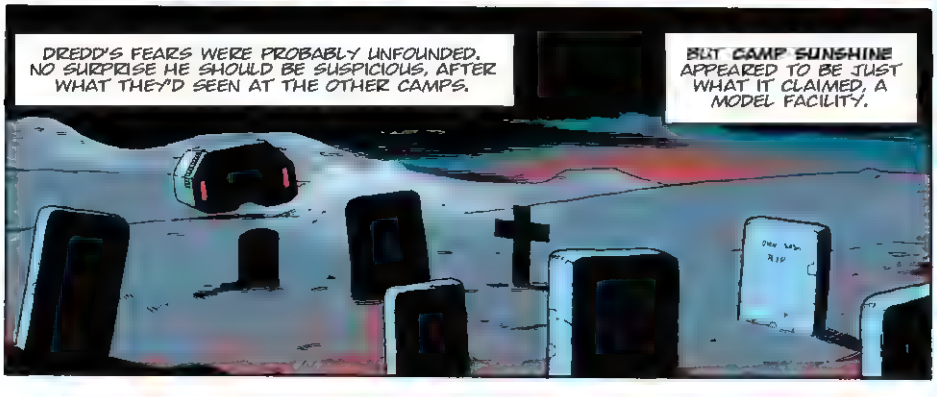
MRS LONGBONE...

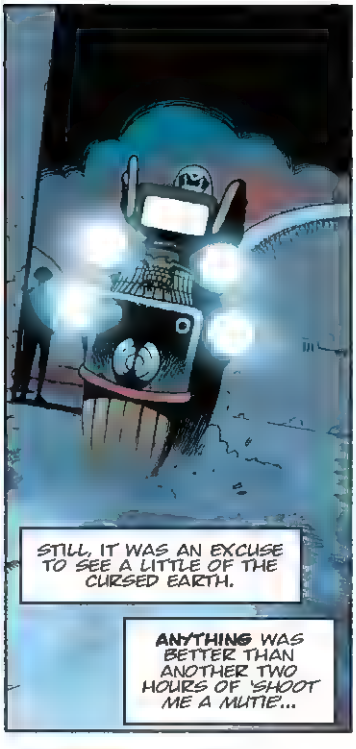
YOU SURE THIS IS A GOOD IDEA, DOC — WITH **HER** OUT THERE POKING HER NOSE AROUND?
WHAT'S SHE TO KNOW? JUST GET IT DONE, THE QUICKER THE BETTER.

I WAS AT **CAMP 5** ONCE. I KNOW HOW BAD THEY CAN BE. BUT THIS IS A **GOOD** PLACE. MR TINKERTON AND ALL THE STAFF COULDN'T BE NICER. WE'VE BEEN SO HAPPY HERE.

SOON MY WHOLE **FAMILY** WILL BE SCATTERED ON THIS STONY GROUND. **WHY** IS THERE SUCH A **CURSE** ON IT? **WHY?**
DAVIS.D. LONGBONE
2086
21 17
(FLUKES)
JOKUB LONGBONE
21 09
21 27
(DAWSON'S LURGY)

THEY TAKE THE BODIES AWAY FOR BURNIN', 'CASE OF CONTAMINATION. JUST BRING THE ASHES BACK — SAFER THAT WAY.
MAKES SENSE, I GUESS.
CAMP SUNSHINE


DREDD'S FEARS WERE PROBABLY UNFOUNDED. NO SURPRISE HE SHOULD BE SUSPICIOUS, AFTER WHAT THEY'D SEEN AT THE OTHER CAMPS.
BUT **CAMP SUNSHINE** APPEARED TO BE JUST WHAT IT CLAIMED, A MODEL FACILITY.


STILL, IT WAS AN EXCUSE TO SEE A LITTLE OF THE CURSED EARTH.
ANYTHING WAS BETTER THAN ANOTHER TWO HOURS OF 'SHOOT ME A MUTIE'...

AND SOMETIMES YOU GET LUCKY —
OH, THE MUTANT AND THE NORM THEY SHOULD BE FRIENDS YES, THE MUTANT AND THE NORM THEY SHOULD BE FRIENDS
JUST GOT A MESSAGE FROM MY CADET. YOU WANT TO EXPLAIN WHO YOUR STAFF ARE MEETING OUT IN THE SCRUB, TINKERTON?
I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
DON'T EVEN TRY LYING TO US! YOU'RE IN THIS UP TO YOUR EYEBALLS!
THEY MET WITH A HOVERSHIP — BIG ONE. THREE MEN CAME OUT. YOUR DOCTOR SHOOK HANDS — LIKE OLD FRIENDS.
THEY'RE OPENING UP THE 'PORTER. THEY'RE BRINGING OUT A BODYBAG.
NO ACTION TILL WE GET THERE, BEENY.
WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
UGLY-LOOKING SUCKER.
SHE'S YOUNG AND HEALTHY, THAT'S WHAT MATTERS.

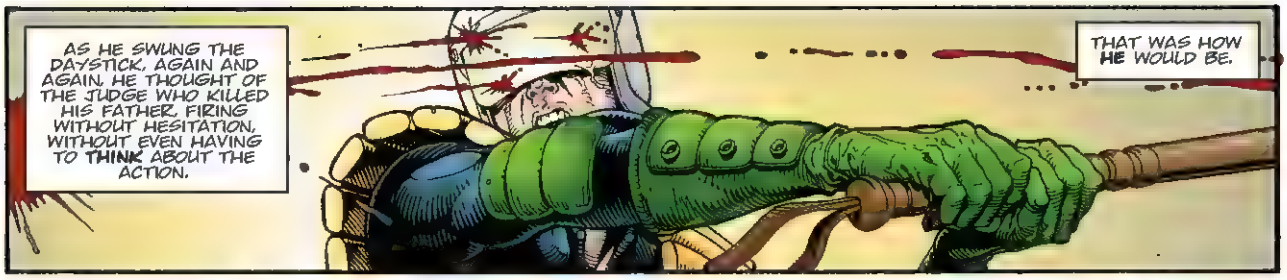
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS, BARKO.
WHAT, ARE YOU SO RICH NOW?
WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? WE'RE NOT GREEDY. WE DO NOT DRINK AT YOUR WELL TOO OFTEN. CAREFUL, THAT'S THE THING.
IT'S GONE ON TOO LONG. WE HAVE...WE HAVE RESPONSIBILITIES TO THESE PEOPLE —
YOU HAVE RESPONSIBILITIES TO US, MY FRIEND. WE'VE HAD THIS ALL BEFORE. YOU WILL DO AS YOU ARE TOLD OR YOU WILL NOT LIKE THE CONSEQUENCES.
LET'S GO, BEENY.
THIS IS THE LAW. RAISE 'EM OR DIE.
GET OUTA HERE. GO. GO.
BDAM BDAM BDAM
HI-EX.

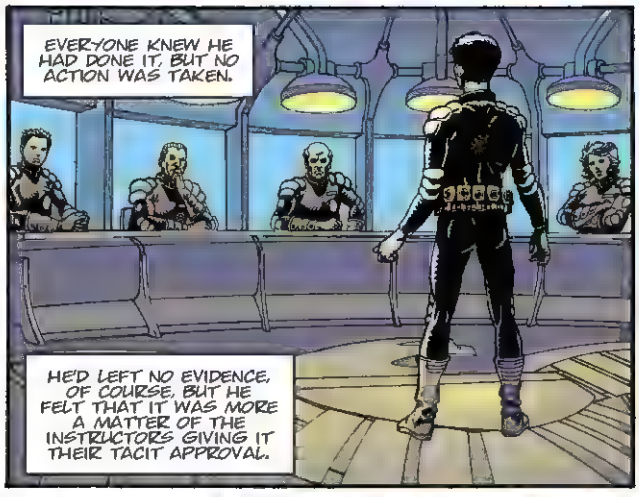
WARROOO
THEY'RE NOT HANGING ROUND TO ASSESS DAMAGE!
I'LL GIVE THEM DAMAGE!
BEENY — TAKE THOSE CREEPS IN CUSTODY!
ABOARD, THEY FOUND ONLY A SOLITARY ROBOT AUTO-CON, AND THE HUMAN CARGO —
LOOKS LIKE CAMP SUNSHINE WASN'T THEIR FIRST STOP.
JUDGES! OH, THANKS BE!
OPEN

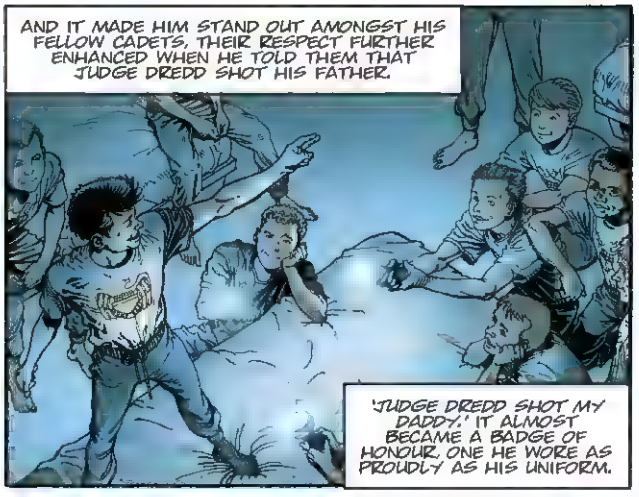
HE'S ALIVE.!
THEY'RE ALL ALIVE.
CREEPS WERE ORGAN-LEGGERS — DEAD'S NO GOOD TO THEM.
THE GOOD DOCTOR FAKED THEIR ILLNESS WITH DRUGS AND MAKE-UP, SO THEY COULD SHIP THEM OUT WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION.
THEY'VE BEEN RUNNING THIS LITTLE SCAM FOR YEARS.
WHUH... WHERE AM I...?
BOBBY!. THANK GRUD.!
AT LEAST THERE'S SOME CONSOLATION FOR MRS LONGBONE — AND THE OTHERS.
MONEY — THAT'S HOW IT STARTED. IT'S ALWAYS MONEY. THEY WERE JUST MUTANTS. THEY DIDN'T MATTER.
WE...WE WANTED TO STOP. WE TRIED. BUT THEY WOULDN'T LET US. THEY WOULD HAVE TURNED US IN. IT...IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ALL OVER FOR US.
THEN AS TIME PASSED WE STARTED TO SEE THEM FOR WHAT THEY WERE — PEOPLE, JUST ORDINARY, DECENT PEOPLE.
I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU — IT IS ALL OVER.
SHAME! SHAME! SHAME!
THEY ALMOST HAD ME FOOLED.
REMEMBER THIS, BEENY, NEXT TIME YOU START THINKING THERE MIGHT BE SOME GOOD IN HUMAN NATURE.
YES, SIR. I'LL REMEMBER.
THE END

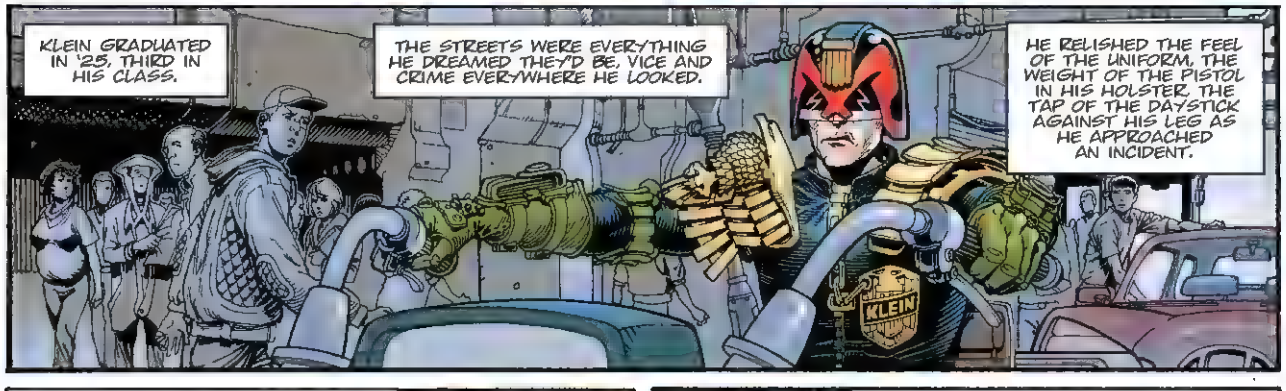
KLEIN WOULD NEVER FORGET THE MOMENT HE REALISED HE WANTED TO BE A JUDGE.
HIS MOTHER LAY DEAD IN THE DEBRIS OF THEIR APARTMENT.
ROBBIE MORRISON
CLIFF ROBINSON
CHRIS BLYTHE
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
JUDGE DREDD
CYCLE OF VIOLENCE
IT WASN'T THE WORST BEATNG KLEIN'S FATHER HAD INFLICTED UPON HER IN THEIR YEARS TOGETHER, BUT SHE'D BEEN SO BROKEN UP BY THE OTHERS THAT HER GRIP ON LIFE WAS FRAGILE.
SHE WASN'T THE ONLY VICTIM. THE MEDICS DISCOVERED LATER THAT THREE OF KLEIN'S RIBS HAD BEEN KICKED IN, BUT HE DIDN'T FEEL THE PAIN.
ALL HE HAD IN HIM WAS HATRED.
SHOOT HIM.
HE AIN'T SHOOTING NOBODY, JOSH, NOT UNLESS HE WANTS TO BE WIPING YOU OFF HIS VISOR.'
YOU HEAR THAT, LAWMAN? BACK OFF OR I'LL CUT THE LITTLE DROKKER'S —

THE JUDGE FILLED THE ROOM WITH STRENGTH AND AUTHORITY. HE KNEW WHAT WAS RIGHT, WHAT WAS WRONG. HE **WAS** THE LAW.
KLEIN STARED AT THE JUDGE. AT THE UNIFORM, THE NAME BADGE, THE SMOKING GUN. RIGHT THERE AND THEN, HE KNEW WHAT HE WANTED, WHAT HE **NEEDED**.
THE ACADEMY OF LAW. THE HARDEST SCHOOL ON EARTH, THEY CALLED IT.
NOT TO KLEIN. HE WELCOMED IT. THE RIGOUR AND THE DISCIPLINE GAVE HIM PURPOSE.
ACADEMY OF LAW
HE EXCELLED IN THE PHYSICAL TRAINING — MARKSMANSHIP, UNARMED COMBAT, DAYSTICK TECHNIQUE — AND MAINTAINED CONSISTENTLY DECENT GRADES IN THOSE CLASSES THAT COVERED THE MINUTIAE OF CRIMINAL LAW AND JUDICIAL PROCEDURE.
HE RARELY BONDED WITH HIS FELLOW CADETS, HOWEVER, REMAINING AN OUTSIDER TO THE CAMARADERIE THE INSTRUCTORS TRIED TO INSTIL IN THEM.
THE YEARS PASSED WELL ENOUGH, BARRING ONE INCIDENT.
A COUPLE OF THE OLDER CADETS, KNOWN FOR THROWING THEIR WEIGHT AROUND, GOT HOLD OF HIS SCHOOL RECORDS AND DISCOVERED HIS FAMILY HISTORY.
PERPS HAVE GOT TO BE PUNISHED!
YOU'RE NOT FIT TO BE A JUDGE! **SAY IT, CREEP!**
THEIR 'PUNISHMENT SESSIONS' WERE NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT HE HAD ENDURED IN HIS CHILDHOOD, BUT TO LET THEM CONTINUE WOULD BE AN INSULT TO THE UNIFORM.
EVEN THOUGH ACADEMY REGULATIONS CALLED FOR HIM TO REPORT THE INCIDENTS, SNITCHING, AS HIS FATHER HAD CALLED IT, FELT WRONG.
IT SEEMED MORE APPROPRIATE TO HANDLE IT HIMSELF.
KLEIN STOLE A DAYSTICK FROM THE TRAINING ARENA, DONNED HIS UNIFORM, MINUS BADGE, CONFRONTED THEM ON ONE OF THEIR NIGHTLY EXCURSIONS OUTSIDE THE DORMITORIES...
...AND THEN BEAT THEM SENSELESS.

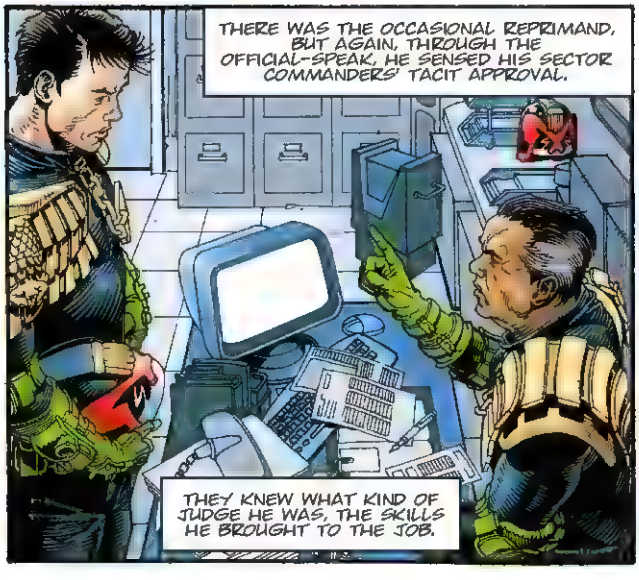

AS HE SWUNG THE DAYSTICK, AGAIN AND AGAIN, HE THOUGHT OF THE JUDGE WHO KILLED HIS FATHER, FIRING WITHOUT HESITATION, WITHOUT EVEN HAVING TO **THINK** ABOUT THE ACTION.
THAT WAS HOW **HE** WOULD BE.


EVERYONE KNEW HE HAD DONE IT, BUT NO ACTION WAS TAKEN.
HE'D LEFT NO EVIDENCE, OF COURSE, BUT HE FELT THAT IT WAS MORE A MATTER OF THE INSTRUCTORS GIVING IT THEIR TACIT APPROVAL.


AND IT MADE HIM STAND OUT AMONGST HIS FELLOW CADETS, THEIR RESPECT FURTHER ENHANCED WHEN HE TOLD THEM THAT JUDGE DREDD SHOT HIS FATHER.
'JUDGE DREDD SHOT MY DADDY.' IT ALMOST BECAME A BADGE OF HONOUR, ONE HE WORE AS PROUDLY AS HIS UNIFORM.


KLEIN GRADUATED IN '25, THIRD IN HIS CLASS.
THE STREETS WERE EVERYTHING HE DREAMED THEY'D BE. VICE AND CRIME EVERYWHERE HE LOOKED.
HE RELISHED THE FEEL OF THE UNIFORM, THE WEIGHT OF THE PISTOL IN HIS HOLSTER, THE TAP OF THE DAYSTICK AGAINST HIS LEG AS HE APPROACHED AN INCIDENT.
KLEIN

AND HE LOVED THE JOB. FOR FOUR YEARS HE BUILT A SOLID REPUTATION AS A LAWMAN, THOUGH HE WAS DOGGED BY CONSISTENT ALLEGATIONS OF EXCESSIVE FORCE.
AAAHHHH!
QUIT HOWLING, CREEP, OR I'LL ADD NOISE POLLUTION TO JAYWALKING.


THERE WAS THE OCCASIONAL REPRIMAND, BUT AGAIN, THROUGH THE OFFICIAL-SPEAK, HE SENSED HIS SECTOR COMMANDERS' TACIT APPROVAL.
THEY KNEW WHAT KIND OF JUDGE HE WAS, THE SKILLS HE BROUGHT TO THE JOB.

MAXINE QUINN. A SLABWALKER. KLEIN FOUND HER, BEATEN TO DEATH IN A BACK ALLEY. SHE WAS TWENTY-SEVEN. LOOKED TEN YEARS OLDER.

KLEIN'S MOTHER HAD BEEN A SLABWALKER, BUT HE DIDN'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT HIS OLD LIFE, ABOUT THE THINGS SHE DID TO FEED HIM.

THE PRIME SUSPECT WAS **MATTHEW QUINN**, MAXINE'S ESTRANGED HUSBAND, WHO LIVED OFF THE PROCEEDS OF HER SOLICITING.

HE'D PUT HER IN HOSPITAL AT LEAST FOUR TIMES, BUT SHE ALWAYS REFUSED TO PRESS CHARGES.

Matthew Quinn

K 7779432

QUINN'S ALIBI WAS WEAK, BUT THERE WAS NO PHYSICAL EVIDENCE TO CONNECT HIM TO THE KILLING, AND LITTLE IN THE WAY OF ANYTHING CIRCUMSTANTIAL.

WHEN THE TIME LIMIT FOR QUESTIONING EXPIRED, THEY HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO LET HIM GO.

KLEIN **KNEW** QUINN WAS GUILTY.

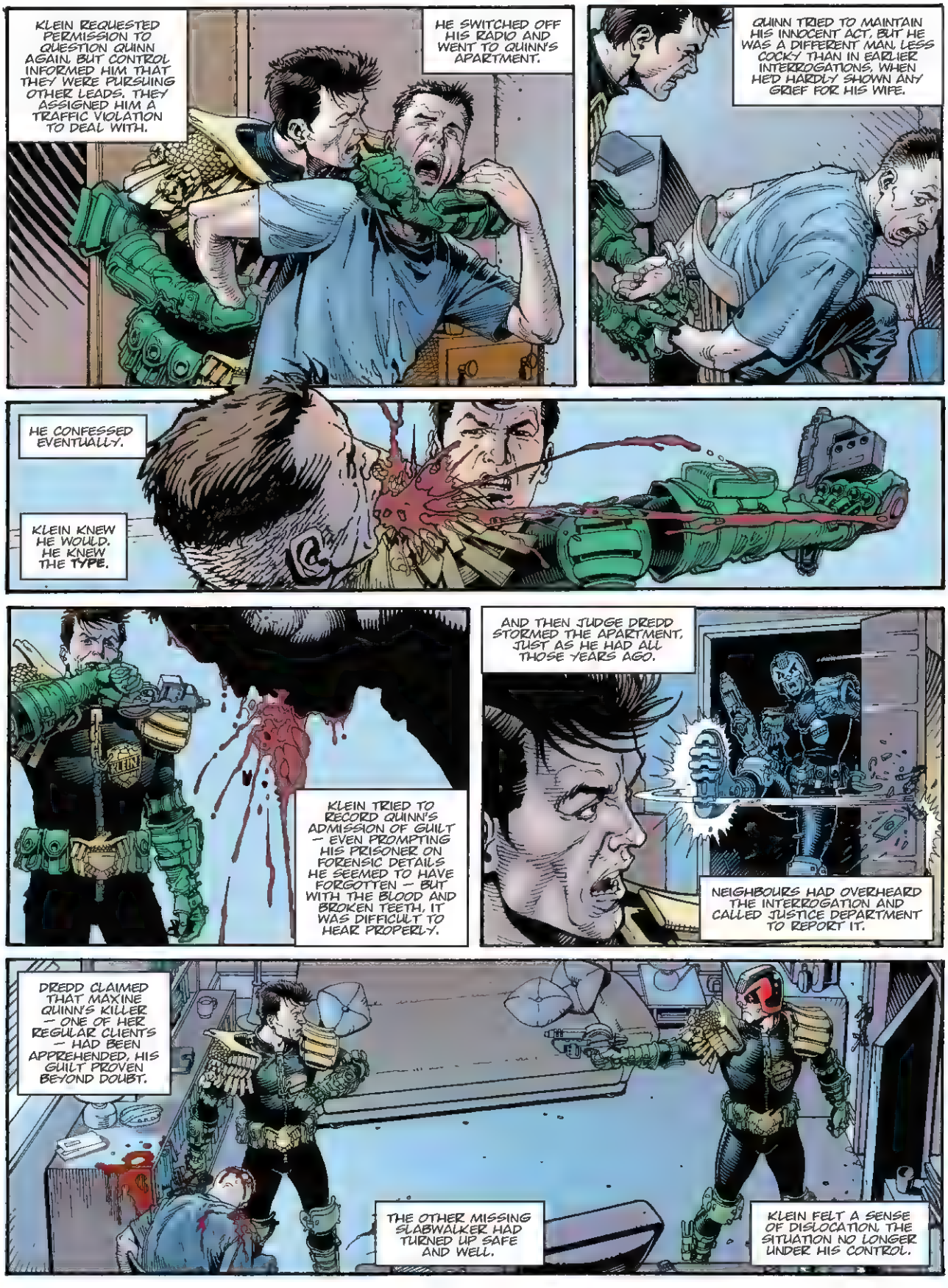
HE HAD SEEN THE TYPE BEFORE, FROM BETWEEN HIS OWN FINGERS AS A CHILD, TRYING TO SHIELD HIMSELF FROM THE BLOWS THAT RAINED DOWN.

HE USED EVERY SPARE HOUR TO STALK QUINN, LETTING THE PERP KNOW HE WAS THERE, MAKING HIM FEEL WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO LIVE IN FEAR, TO BE HUNTED.

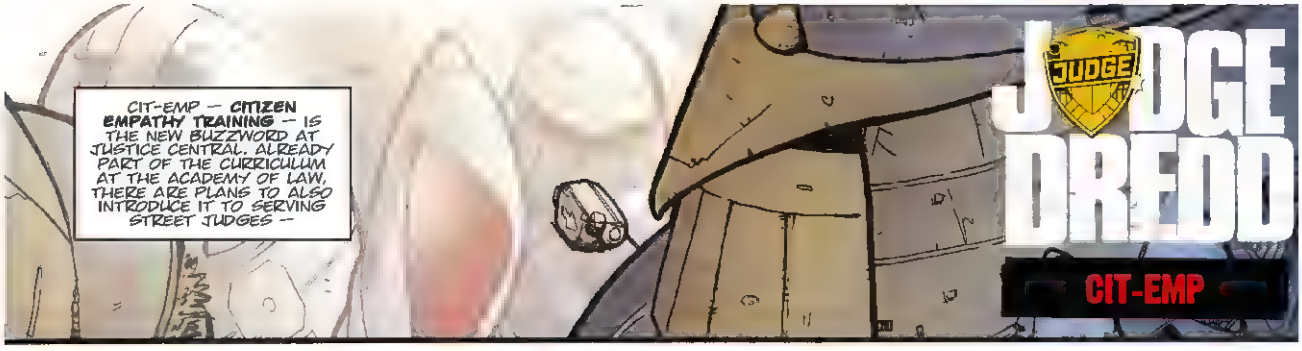
BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH.

THE CITY WAS TOO BIG. OTHER DUTIES, OTHER CRIMES, KEPT CALLING HIM AWAY.

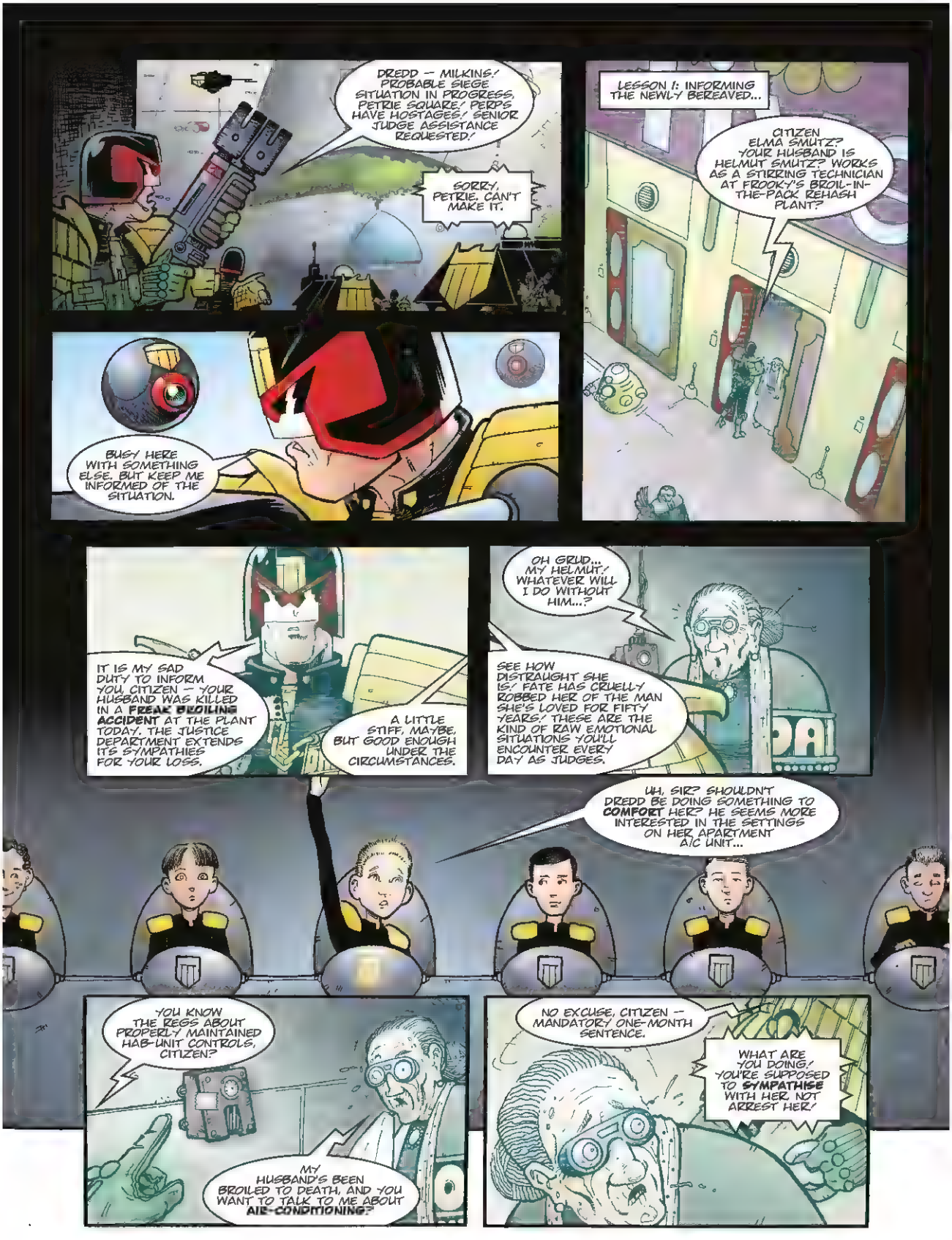
SOON, ANOTHER SLABWALKER HAD DISAPPEARED. **LOLITA DAWSON.** SHE WORKED THE SAME TERRITORY AS MAXINE QUINN, WAS KNOWN TO BE FRIENDLY WITH THE DEAD WOMAN.

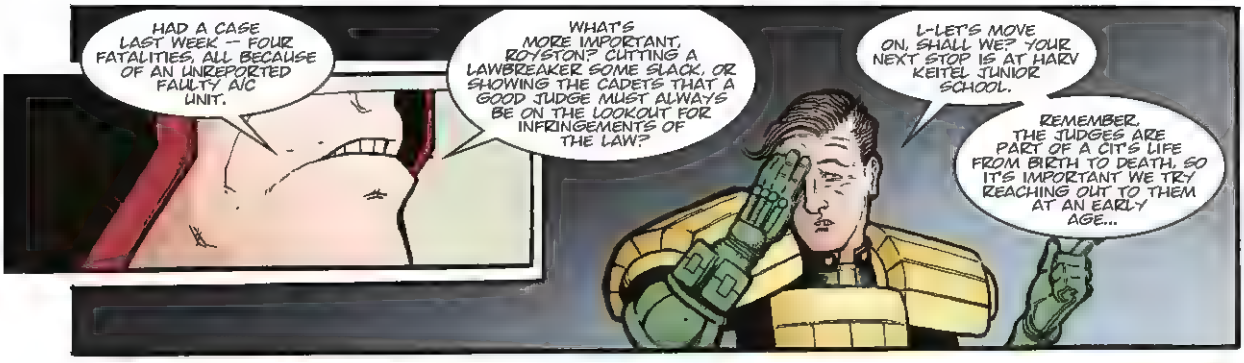

KLEIN REQUESTED PERMISSION TO QUESTION QUINN AGAIN, BUT CONTROL INFORMED HIM THAT THEY WERE PURSUING OTHER LEADS. THEY ASSIGNED HIM A TRAFFIC VIOLATION TO DEAL WITH.
HE SWITCHED OFF HIS RADIO AND WENT TO QUINN'S APARTMENT.
QUINN TRIED TO MAINTAIN HIS INNOCENT ACT, BUT HE WAS A DIFFERENT MAN. LESS COCKY THAN IN EARLIER INTERROGATIONS, WHEN HE'D HARDLY SHOWN ANY GRIEF FOR HIS WIFE.
HE CONFESSED EVENTUALLY.
KLEIN KNEW HE WOULD. HE KNEW THE TYPE.
KLEIN TRIED TO RECORD QUINN'S ADMISSION OF GUILT — EVEN PROMPTING HIS PRISONER ON FORENSIC DETAILS HE SEEMED TO HAVE FORGOTTEN — BUT WITH THE BLOOD AND BROKEN TEETH, IT WAS DIFFICULT TO HEAR PROPERLY.
AND THEN JUDGE DREDD STORMED THE APARTMENT, JUST AS HE HAD ALL THOSE YEARS AGO.
NEIGHBOURS HAD OVERHEARD THE INTERROGATION AND CALLED JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TO REPORT IT.
DREDD CLAIMED THAT MAXINE QUINN'S KILLER — ONE OF HER REGULAR CLIENTS — HAD BEEN APPREHENDED, HIS GUILT PROVEN BEYOND DOUBT.
THE OTHER MISSING SLABWALKER HAD TURNED UP SAFE AND WELL.
KLEIN FELT A SENSE OF DISLOCATION, THE SITUATION NO LONGER UNDER HIS CONTROL.

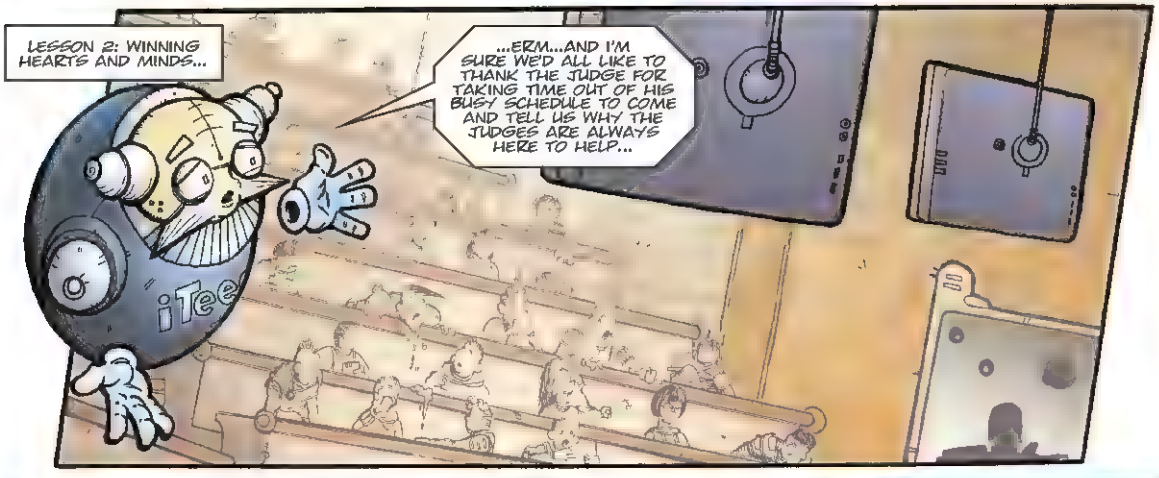
IT'S OVER, KLEIN.
PUT THE GUN DOWN. NOW.
Y-YOU SHOT MY FATHER. HE WAS A PERP. HE KILLED MY MOTHER. USED TO BEAT US... HE...
I REQUESTED YOU AS MY INSTRUCTOR ON MY FINAL ASSESSMENT. I WANTED YOU TO SEE WHAT KIND OF JUDGE I'D MAKE...
DREDD
YOU'RE NO JUDGE.
DREDD'S WORDS WERE LIKE A KNIFE TWISTING IN HIS BELLY. HE HAD TO LOOK AWAY. CAUGHT SIGHT OF HIS REFLECTION...
HE'D NEVER REALISED HOW MUCH HE LOOKED LIKE HIS FATHER.
NO.!
THE END

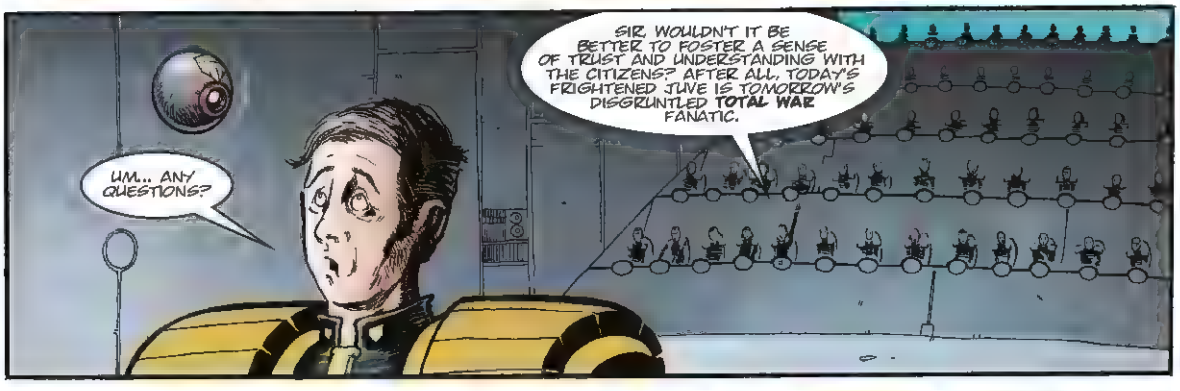

CIT-EMP — CITIZEN EMPATHY TRAINING — IS THE NEW BUZZWORD AT JUSTICE CENTRAL. ALREADY PART OF THE CURRICULUM AT THE ACADEMY OF LAW, THERE ARE PLANS TO ALSO INTRODUCE IT TO SERVING STREET JUDGES —
JUDGE DREDD
CIT-EMP

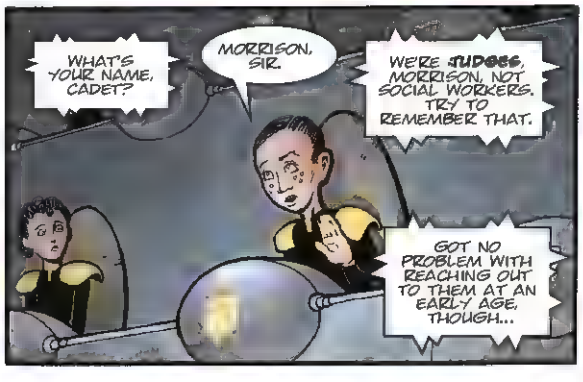
— STARTING WITH GUESS-WHO.
IT'S ALL VERY WELL TEACHING CADETS THE BASICS OF JUDGE WORK, DREDD — MARKSMANSHIP, UNARMED COMBAT, HIGH-SPEED PURSUIT, BODY-CAVITY SEARCHES, THAT SORT OF THING — BUT WHAT ABOUT SOME PEOPLE SKILLS TOO?
WE SHARE THIS CITY WITH FOUR HUNDRED MILLION OTHER HUMAN BEINGS, BUT HOW OFTEN DO WE STOP TO CONSIDER WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE THEIR HEADS? TO UNDERSTAND THEIR HOPES AND DREAMS, THEIR FEARS AND ANXIETIES?
YOU EVER WORKED STREET, ROYSTON?
FIRST FOUR MONTHS AFTER I GRADUATED. TRANSFERRED TO ADMIN AFTER I TOOK THREE SLUGS IN THE CHEST FROM AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD JUVE.
THEN IT SOUNDS TO ME YOU'VE ALREADY GOT EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THE CITS ARE ALL ABOUT.
SHANNON KENNIE
LEN O'GRADY
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
I KNEW YOU WOULD BE DIFFICULT ABOUT THIS, DREDD, BUT THAT'S WHY YOU WERE CHOSEN.
WE'RE HOPING THAT, WITH YOUR PARTICIPATION TODAY, THE REST OF STREET-DIV WILL SEE THAT CIT-EMP IS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.
YOU'RE SCHEDULED FOR LIGHT PATROL DUTIES ONLY, WITH THE EMPHASIS ON CITIZEN INTERACTION ENCOUNTERS. IT'LL BE AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY FOR THE CADETS TO OBSERVE HOW A SENIOR JUDGE HANDLES THE NEW CIT-EMP GUIDELINES...


DREDD — MILKINS! PROBABLE SIEGE SITUATION IN PROGRESS, PETRIE SQUARE! PERPS HAVE HOSTAGES! SENIOR JUDGE ASSISTANCE REQUESTED!
SORRY, PETRIE. CAN'T MAKE IT.
BUSY HERE WITH SOMETHING ELSE. BUT KEEP ME INFORMED OF THE SITUATION.
LESSON I: INFORMING THE NEWLY BEREAVED...
CITIZEN ELMA SMUTZ? YOUR HUSBAND IS HELMUT SMUTZ? WORKS AS A STIRRING TECHNICIAN AT FROOKY'S BROIL-IN-THE-PACK REHASH PLANT?
IT IS MY SAD DUTY TO INFORM YOU, CITIZEN — YOUR HUSBAND WAS KILLED IN A FREAK BROILING ACCIDENT AT THE PLANT TODAY. THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT EXTENDS ITS SYMPATHIES FOR YOUR LOSS.
A LITTLE STIFF, MAYBE, BUT GOOD ENOUGH UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES.
OH GRUD... MY HELMUT! WHATEVER WILL I DO WITHOUT HIM...?
SEE HOW DISTRAUGHT SHE IS! FATE HAS CRUELLY ROBBED HER OF THE MAN SHE'S LOVED FOR FIFTY YEARS! THESE ARE THE KIND OF RAW EMOTIONAL SITUATIONS YOU'LL ENCOUNTER EVERY DAY AS JUDGES.
UH, SIR? SHOULDN'T DREDD BE DOING SOMETHING TO COMFORT HER? HE SEEMS MORE INTERESTED IN THE SETTINGS ON HER APARTMENT A/C UNIT...
YOU KNOW THE REGS ABOUT PROPERLY MAINTAINED HAB-UNIT CONTROLS, CITIZEN?
MY HUSBAND'S BEEN BROILED TO DEATH, AND YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME ABOUT AIR-CONDITIONING?
NO EXCUSE, CITIZEN — MANDATORY ONE-MONTH SENTENCE.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SYMPATHISE WITH HER, NOT ARREST HER!

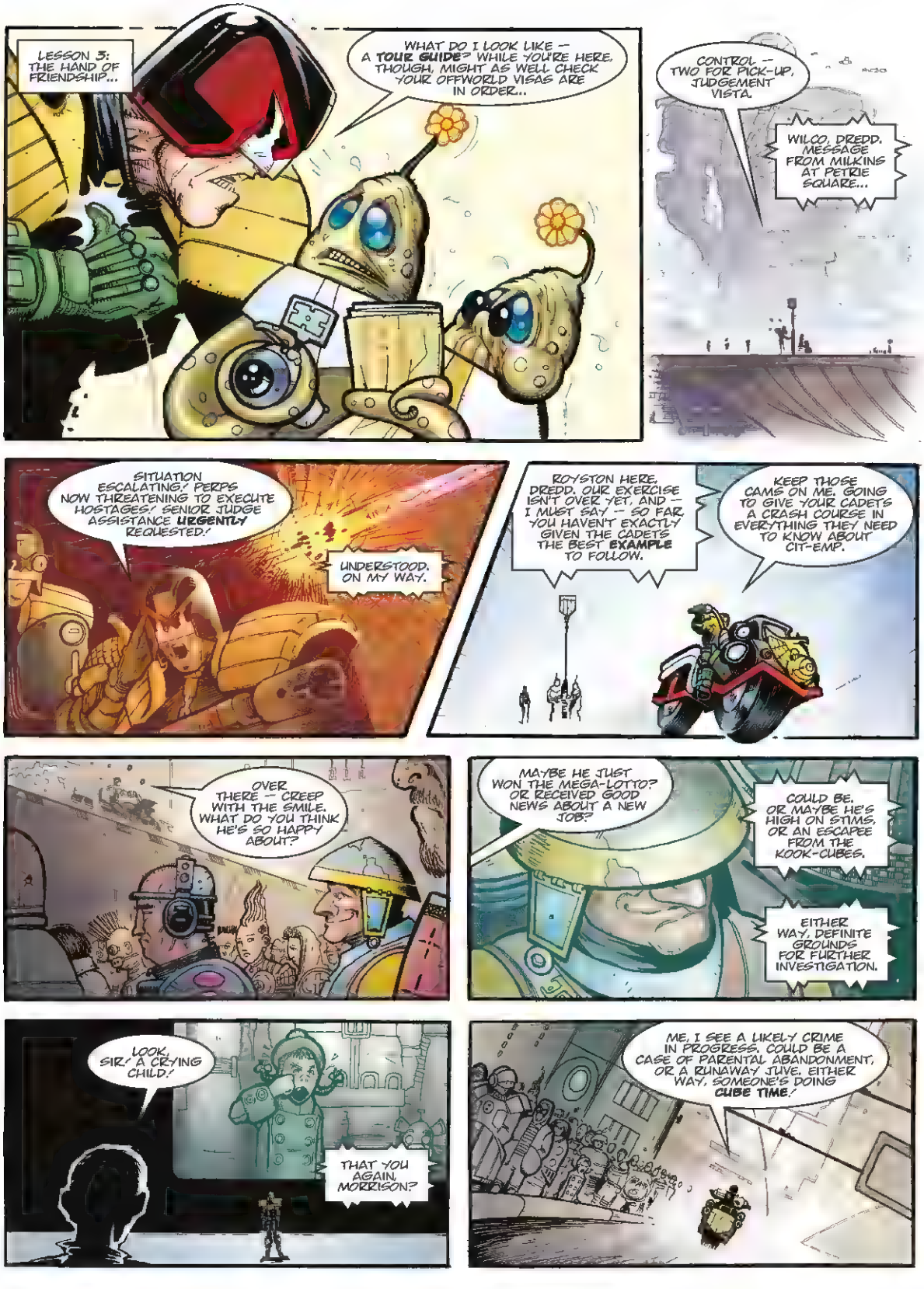

HAD A CASE LAST WEEK — FOUR FATALITIES, ALL BECAUSE OF AN UNREPORTED FAULTY A/C UNIT.
WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT, ROYSTON? CUTTING A LAWBREAKER SOME SLACK, OR SHOWING THE CADETS THAT A GOOD JUDGE MUST ALWAYS BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR INFRINGEMENTS OF THE LAW?
L-LET'S MOVE ON, SHALL WE? YOUR NEXT STOP IS AT HARV KEITEL JUNIOR SCHOOL.
REMEMBER, THE JUDGES ARE PART OF A CIT'S LIFE FROM BIRTH TO DEATH, SO IT'S IMPORTANT WE TRY REACHING OUT TO THEM AT AN EARLY AGE...

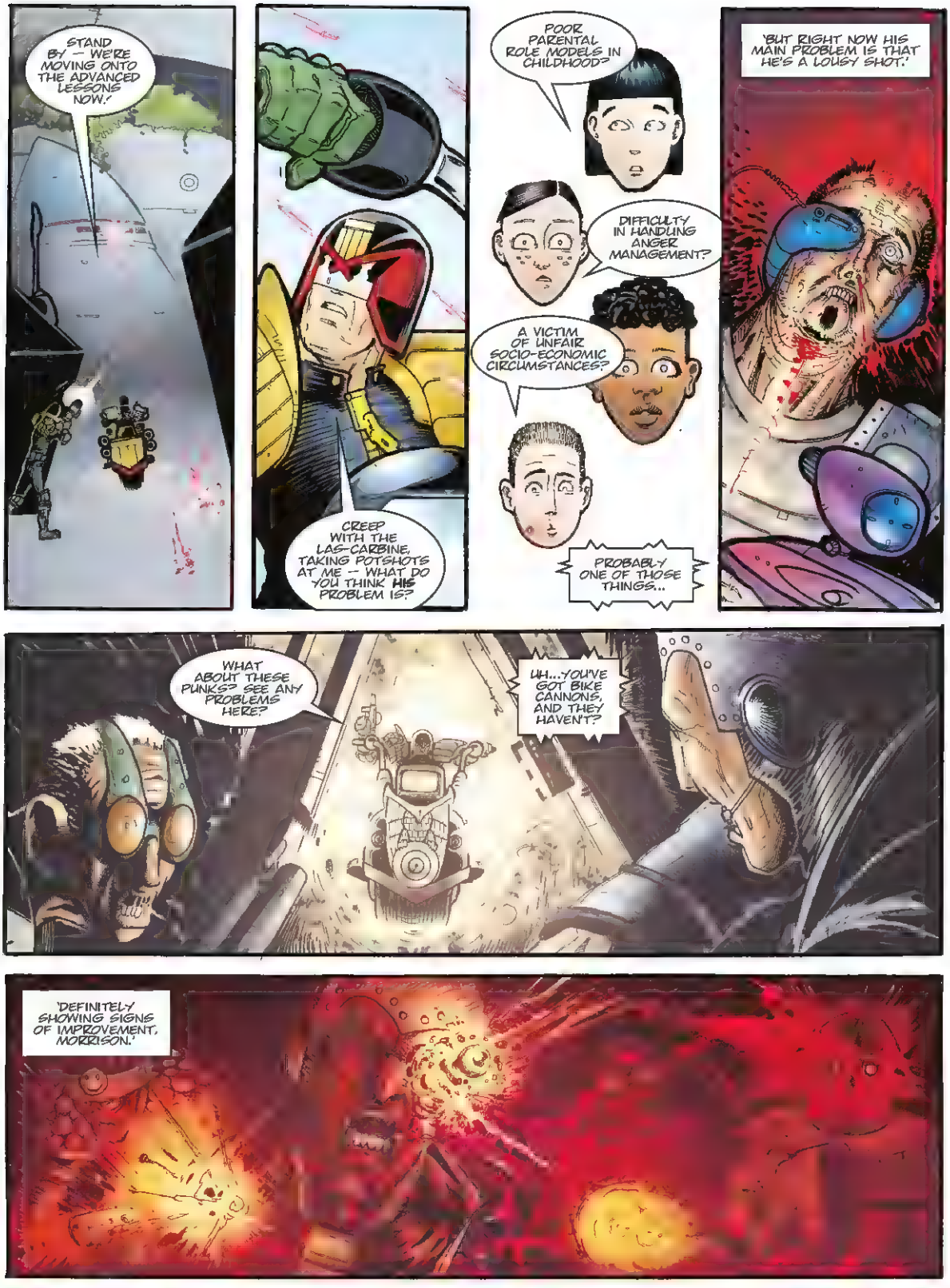

LESSON 2: WINNING HEARTS AND MINDS...
...ERM...AND I'M SURE WE'D ALL LIKE TO THANK THE JUDGE FOR TAKING TIME OUT OF HIS BUSY SCHEDULE TO COME AND TELL US WHY THE JUDGES ARE ALWAYS HERE TO HELP...
iTee


SIR, WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER TO FOSTER A SENSE OF TRUST AND UNDERSTANDING WITH THE CITIZENS? AFTER ALL, TODAY'S FRIGHTENED JUVE IS TOMORROW'S DISGRUNTLED **TOTAL WAR** FANATIC.
UM... ANY QUESTIONS?


WHAT'S YOUR NAME, CADET?
MORRISON, SIR.
WE'RE **JUDGES**, MORRISON, NOT SOCIAL WORKERS. TRY TO REMEMBER THAT.
GOT NO PROBLEM WITH REACHING OUT TO THEM AT AN EARLY AGE, THOUGH...

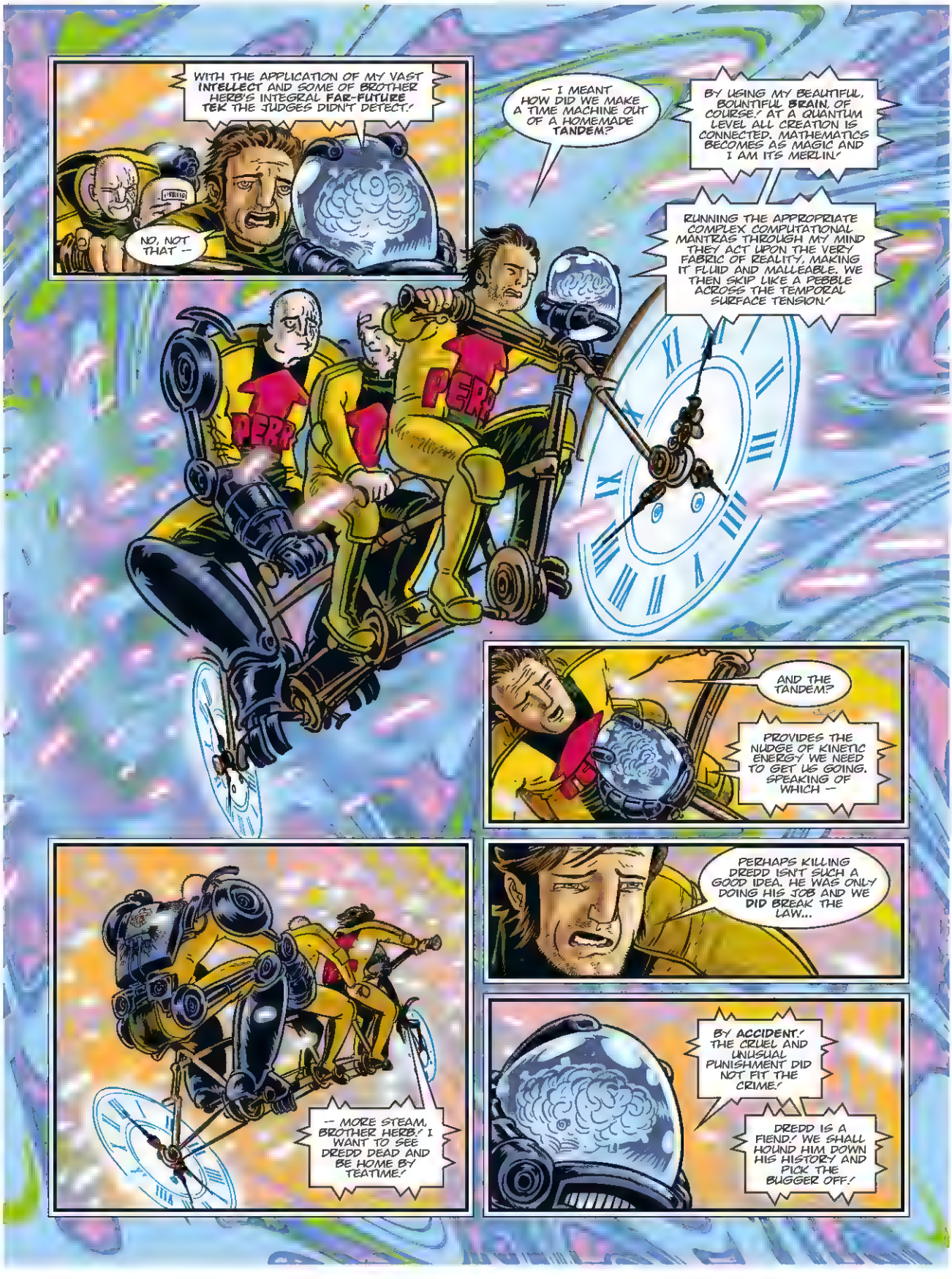
...CATCH THEM YOUNG, GET THEM SCARED AND **KEEP** THEM SCARED. ALWAYS THE BEST WAY.
NOTHING WRONG WITH A DISGRUNTLED CIT, AS LONG AS HE'S A **SCARED** DISGRUNTLED CIT.


LESSON 3: THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP...
WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE — A **TOUR GUIDE**? WHILE YOU'RE HERE, THOUGH, MIGHT AS WELL CHECK YOUR OFFWORLD VISAS ARE IN ORDER...
CONTROL — TWO FOR PICK-UP, JUDGEMENT VISTA.
WILCO, DREDD. MESSAGE FROM MILKINS AT PETRIE SQUARE...
SITUATION ESCALATING. PERPS NOW THREATENING TO EXECUTE HOSTAGES. SENIOR JUDGE ASSISTANCE **URGENTLY** REQUESTED.
UNDERSTOOD. ON MY WAY.
ROYSTON HERE, DREDD. OUR EXERCISE ISN'T OVER YET, AND — I MUST SAY — SO FAR, YOU HAVEN'T EXACTLY GIVEN THE CADETS THE BEST **EXAMPLE** TO FOLLOW.
KEEP THOSE CAMS ON ME. GOING TO GIVE YOUR CADETS A CRASH COURSE IN EVERYTHING THEY NEED TO KNOW ABOUT CIT-EMP.
OVER THERE — CREEP WITH THE SMILE. WHAT DO YOU THINK HE'S SO HAPPY ABOUT?
MAYBE HE JUST WON THE MEGA-LOTTO? OR RECEIVED GOOD NEWS ABOUT A NEW JOB?
COULD BE. OR MAYBE HE'S HIGH ON STIMS, OR AN ESCAPEE FROM THE KOOK-CUBES.
EITHER WAY, DEFINITE GROUNDS FOR FURTHER INVESTIGATION.
LOOK, SIR! A CRYING CHILD!
THAT YOU AGAIN, MORRISON?
ME, I SEE A LIKELY CRIME IN PROGRESS. COULD BE A CASE OF PARENTAL ABANDONMENT, OR A RUNAWAY JUVE. EITHER WAY, SOMEONE'S DOING **CUBE TIME**!


STAND BY — WE'RE MOVING ONTO THE ADVANCED LESSONS NOW.'
CREEP WITH THE LAS-CARBINE, TAKING POTSHOTS AT ME — WHAT DO YOU THINK HIS PROBLEM IS?
POOR PARENTAL ROLE MODELS IN CHILDHOOD?
DIFFICULTY IN HANDLING ANGER MANAGEMENT?
A VICTIM OF UNFAIR SOCIO-ECONOMIC CIRCUMSTANCES?
PROBABLY ONE OF THOSE THINGS...
'BUT RIGHT NOW HIS MAIN PROBLEM IS THAT HE'S A LOUSY SHOT.'
WHAT ABOUT THESE PUNKS? SEE ANY PROBLEMS HERE?
UH...YOU'VE GOT BIKE CANNONS, AND THEY HAVEN'T?
'DEFINITELY SHOWING SIGNS OF IMPROVEMENT, MORRISON.'

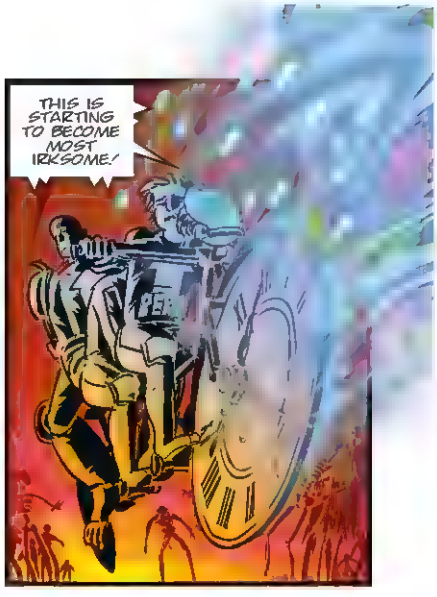
YOU FIND A CIT WHO'S UNHAPPY ABOUT SOMETHING? WHO'S LOOKING FOR A LITTLE UNDERSTANDING AND COMPASSION?
TELL 'EM TO TAKE A TICKET AND WAIT IN LINE WITH THE 400 MILLION OTHER UNHAPPY CREEPS IN THIS CITY.
YOU WANT COMPASSION? THEN SHOW SOME YOURSELF. LOOKING FOR SOME UNDERSTANDING? THEN UNDERSTAND THAT EVERYONE ELSE HAS THE SAME RIGHTS AS YOU.
EMPATHY? FOR CREEPS, PUNKS, DEADBEATS AND LOWLIFES?
SORRY. NOT IN THIS LIFETIME.
THE DECENT ORDINARY CITS OUT THERE -- THEY'RE THE ONES I'M HERE FOR
THEORY'S ONE THING, PRACTICE IS ANOTHER. LEARN THE DIFFERENCE, AND I'LL SEE YOU OUT HERE ON THE STREETS ONE DAY.
CLASS DISMISSED!
THE END

SCRIPT
IAN EDGINTON
&
D'ISRAELI
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
I GOT YOUR CALL, LOLA. WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
ISO BLOCK 22
ISO BLOCK 22
JUDGE DREDD
TIME'S SQUARED
I'VE BEEN MONITORING AN OLD CASE OF YOURS, HERBERT GEORGE SEWELL — THE TIME TOURIST FROM NINETEENTH CENTURY BRIT-CIT.
CONVICTED FOR POSSESSION OF ILLEGAL SUGAR, CAFFEINE AND NICOTINE.
*THARGNOTE: SEE PROGS 1340 AND 1475.
HIS FUTURE SELVES BACKTRACKED, TRIED SPRINGING HIM DURING AN APPRAISAL HEARING. I USED THEIR TIME DEVICE TO BRING IN SEWELL BEFORE HE BUILT HIS MACHINE, EFFECTIVELY CAPPING OFF THE TIMELINE.
WELL, IT DIDN'T WORK.
GRUD! A HOLO!
ALL FOUR ARE AWOL. THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THEY'LL BE GUNNING FOR YOU, TAKING INTO ACCOUNT THEIR TALENT FOR ALL THINGS TEMPORAL, IT'S NOT A MATTER OF WHERE THEY'LL STRIKE —
— BUT WHEN.
HAH! HAH! HAH! I'D LOVE TO SEE THEIR STUPID FACES WHEN THEY FIND WE'RE VANISHED FROM UNDER THEIR NOSES!
I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND QUITE HOW WE DID IT...


WITH THE APPLICATION OF MY VAST INTELLECT AND SOME OF BROTHER HERB'S INTEGRAL FAR-FUTURE TEK THE JUDGES DIDN'T DETECT.'
NO, NOT THAT --
-- I MEANT HOW DID WE MAKE A TIME MACHINE OUT OF A HOMEMADE TANDEM?
BY USING MY BEAUTIFUL, BOUNTIFUL BRAIN, OF COURSE.' AT A QUANTUM LEVEL ALL CREATION IS CONNECTED. MATHEMATICS BECOMES AS MAGIC AND I AM ITS MERLIN.'
RUNNING THE APPROPRIATE COMPLEX COMPUTATIONAL MANTRAS THROUGH MY MIND THEY ACT UPON THE VERY FABRIC OF REALITY, MAKING IT FLUID AND MALLEABLE. WE THEN SKIP LIKE A PEBBLE ACROSS THE TEMPORAL SURFACE TENSION.'
PERP
PERP
AND THE TANDEM?
PROVIDES THE NUDGE OF KINETIC ENERGY WE NEED TO GET US GOING. SPEAKING OF WHICH --
PERHAPS KILLING DREDD ISN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA. HE WAS ONLY DOING HIS JOB AND WE DID BREAK THE LAW...
-- MORE STEAM, BROTHER HERB.' I WANT TO SEE DREDD DEAD AND BE HOME BY TEATIME.'
BY ACCIDENT.' THE CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT DID NOT FIT THE CRIME.'
DREDD IS A FIEND.' WE SHALL HOUND HIM DOWN HIS HISTORY AND PICK THE BUGGER OFF.'

IN FACT, THIS'LL DO QUITE NICELY! APPLY THE BRAKES, GENTLEMEN!
GOOD GOD! ARE YOU SURE THIS IS DREDD'S PAST?
IT LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD!
GRUD HELP US!
LOOK, THERE --
-- IT'S DREDD!
MOVE IT, CITIZENS! GET TO A SHELTER, NOW!
IF WE KILL HIM NOW, IT'LL DOOM ALL THOSE HE'S DESTINED TO SAVE!
I DON'T CARE! HE'S A DAMN MENACE!

OH DEAR. I SUGGEST WE SAVE THIS DISCUSSION FOR ANOTHER TIME?
PAH. PEDDLE ON THEN, PEDDLE ON.


THIS IS STARTING TO BECOME MOST IRKSOME.

HERE?
NO.

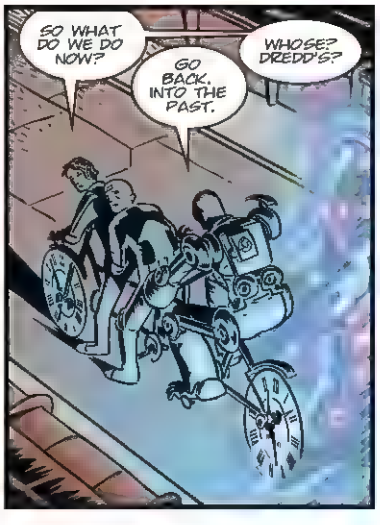
HERE?
NO.

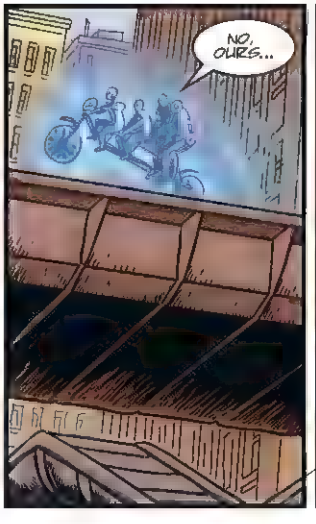
HERE?
NO.

THAT'S IT! THAT'S BLOODY IT! PULL OVER!
THIS IS RIDICULOUS! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE BENT ON MURDERING THE MAN, NOT TAKING A DAY TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE!
IT'S NOT SO SIMPLE! DREDD'S INFLUENTIAL IN EVERY ERA. HIS PRESENCE IS VITAL. WE'VE SEEN THAT WITHOUT HIM, UNTOLD THOUSANDS COULD DIE!
BAD BAD BAD
PERP
PERP

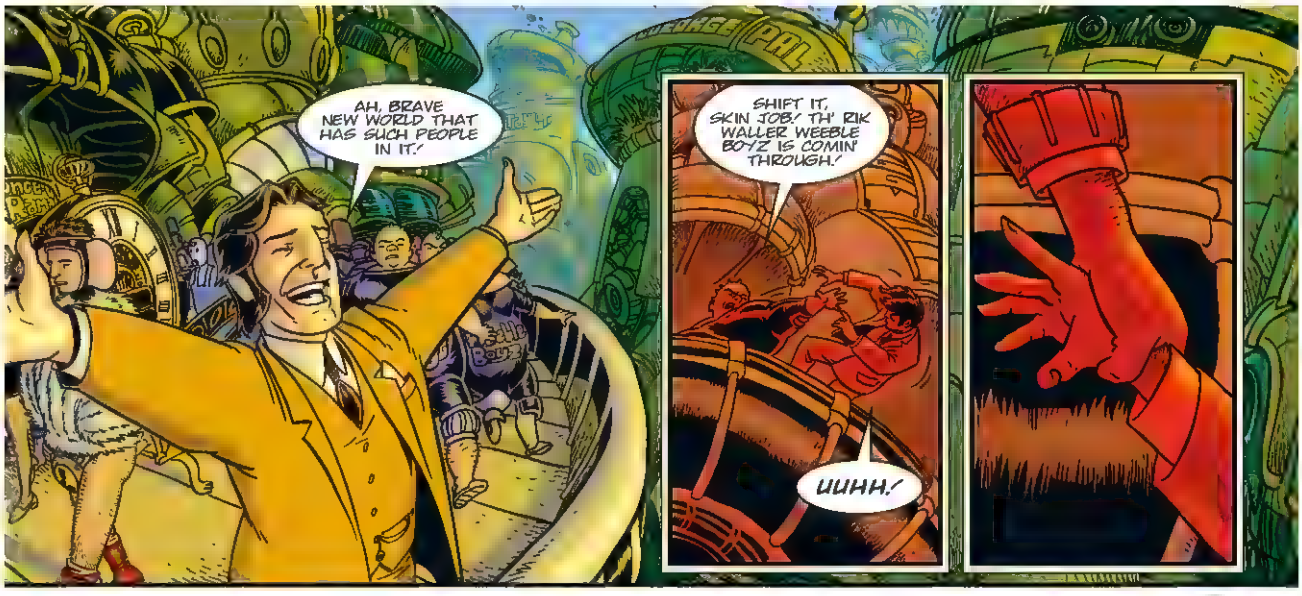
BUT IT'S NOT FAIR! DO YOU THINK I LIKE BEING A BRAIN IN A JAR? HMM? MY NOSE ITCHES, MY TEETH ACHE AND I'VE A CRAVING FOR PLUM PUDDING I KNOW WILL NEVER BE SATIATED. IT'S TORTURE!
COMPARED TO LETTING INNOCENT PEOPLE DIE, YOU MEAN?

YES! NO...
OH, I DON'T KNOW! IT'S ALL SUCH A MESS. I... I JUST WANT TO GO HOME!
IT'S OUR FAULT, NOT DREDD'S. WE WERE SO INTENT ON FINDING A BETTER FUTURE, WE GAVE UP LIVING IN THE PRESENT.
PERP


SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
GO BACK, INTO THE PAST.
WHOSE? DREDD'S?

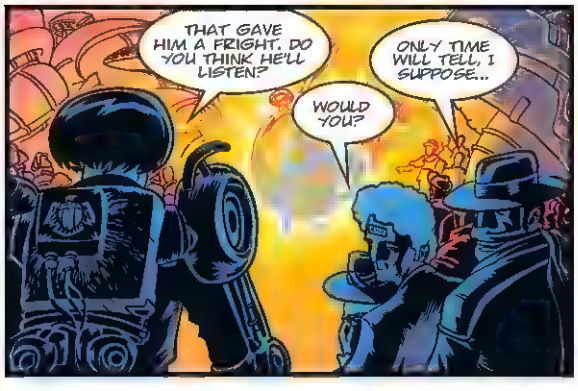

NO, OURS...

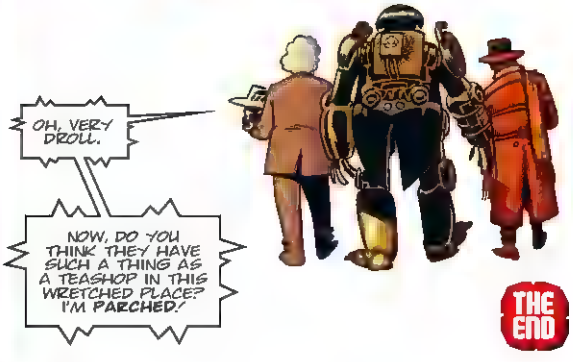
DID YOU SEE THAT?
SEE WHAT?
NOTHING.

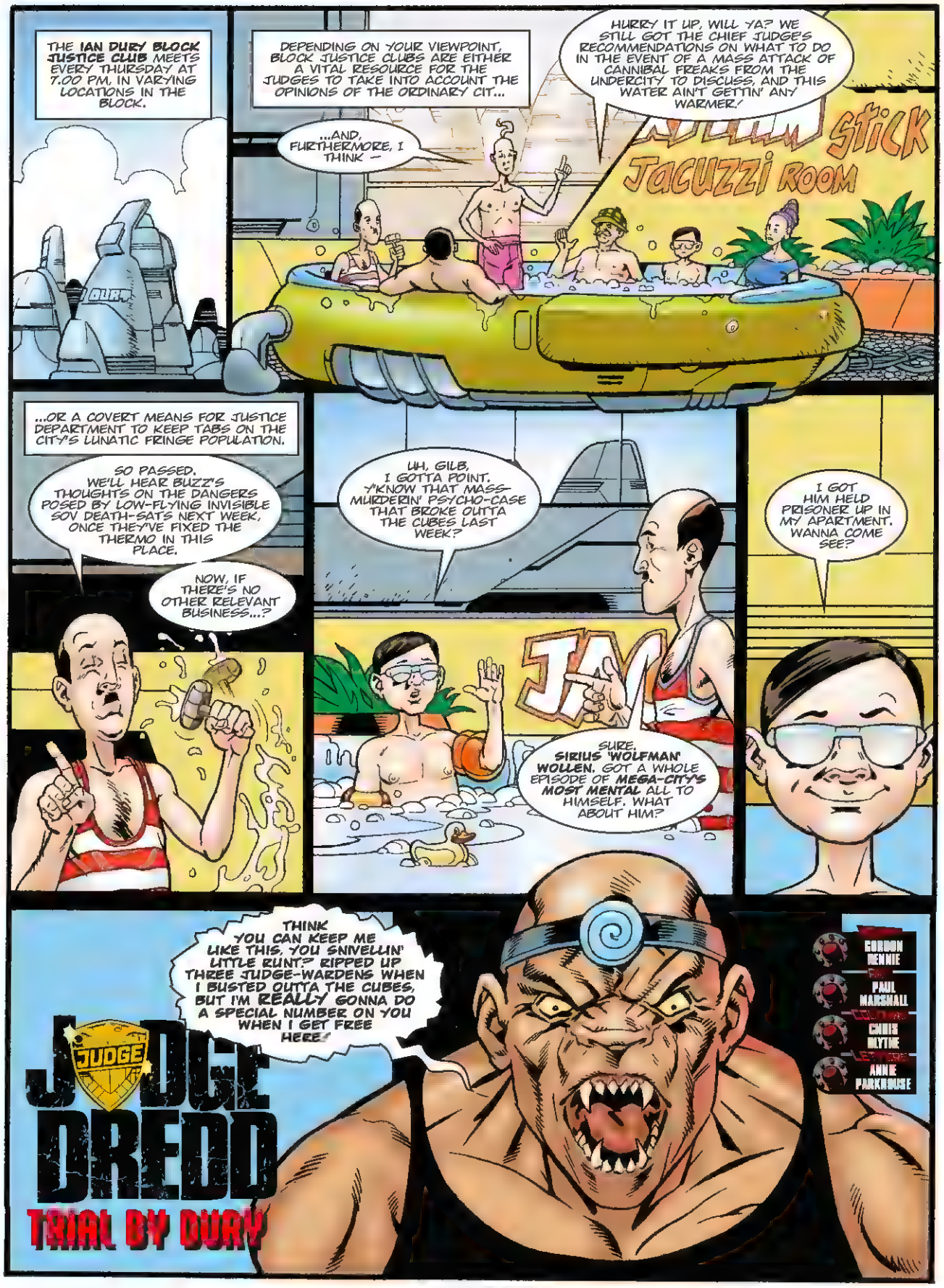

AH, BRAVE NEW WORLD THAT HAS SUCH PEOPLE IN IT.'
SHIFT IT, SKIN JOB.' TH' RIK WALLER WEEBLE BOYZ IS COMIN' THROUGH.'
UUHH.'

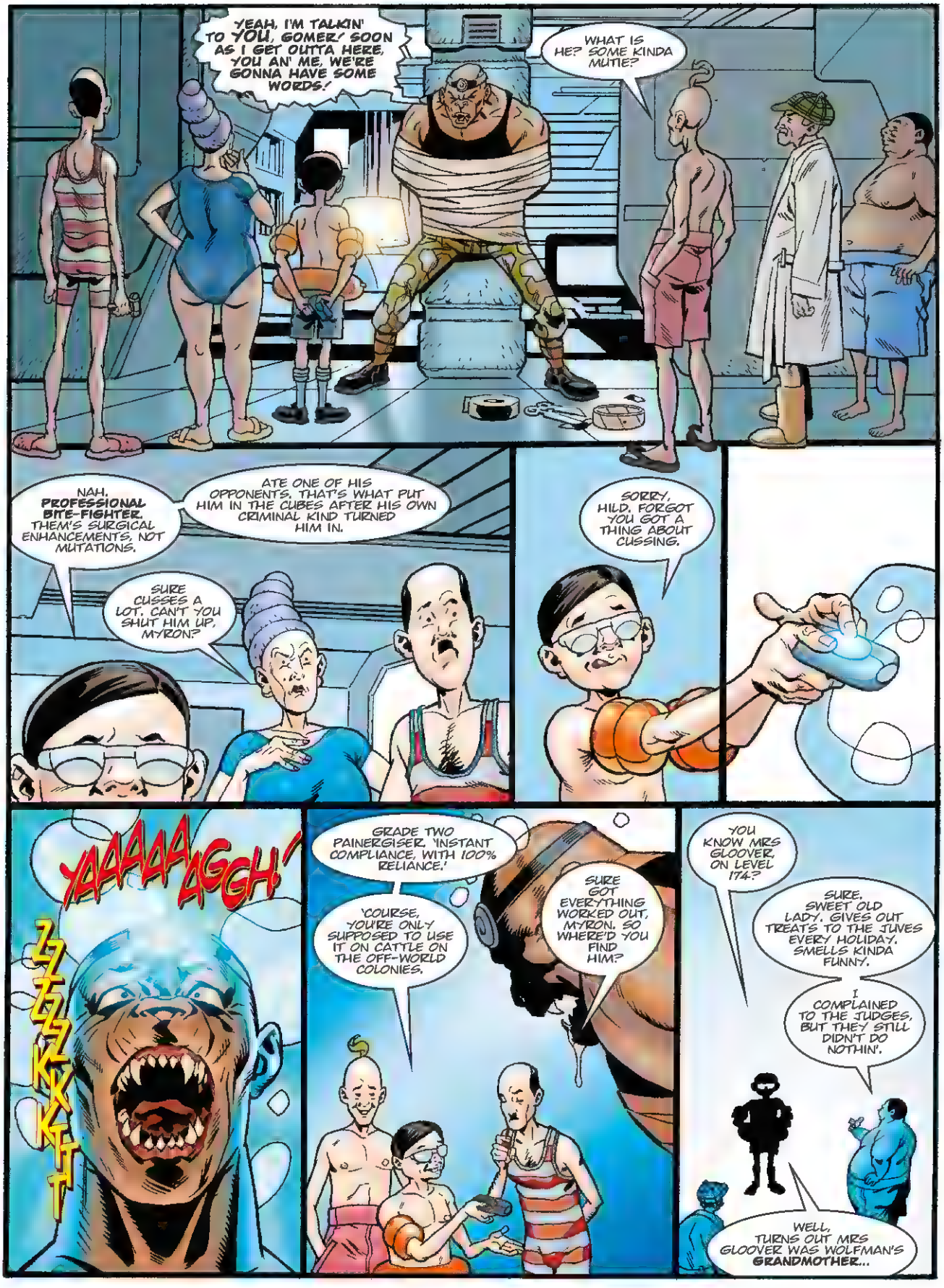
THANK YOU, SIR, I THOUGHT I WAS DONE FOR, I...
SAVED YOUR LIFE.'
GOOD LORD.' YOU --
THIS ISN'T YOUR TIME OR PLACE TO DIE.
SO GO HOME AND LIVE...
...AND EAT PLUM PUDDING.'

YES, YES, OF COURSE.' GOOD DAY TO YOU.'


THAT GAVE HIM A FRIGHT. DO YOU THINK HE'LL LISTEN?
ONLY TIME WILL TELL, I SUPPOSE..
WOULD YOU?


OH, VERY DROLL.
NOW, DO YOU THINK THEY HAVE SUCH A THING AS A TEASHOP IN THIS WRETCHED PLACE? I'M PARCHED.'
THE END

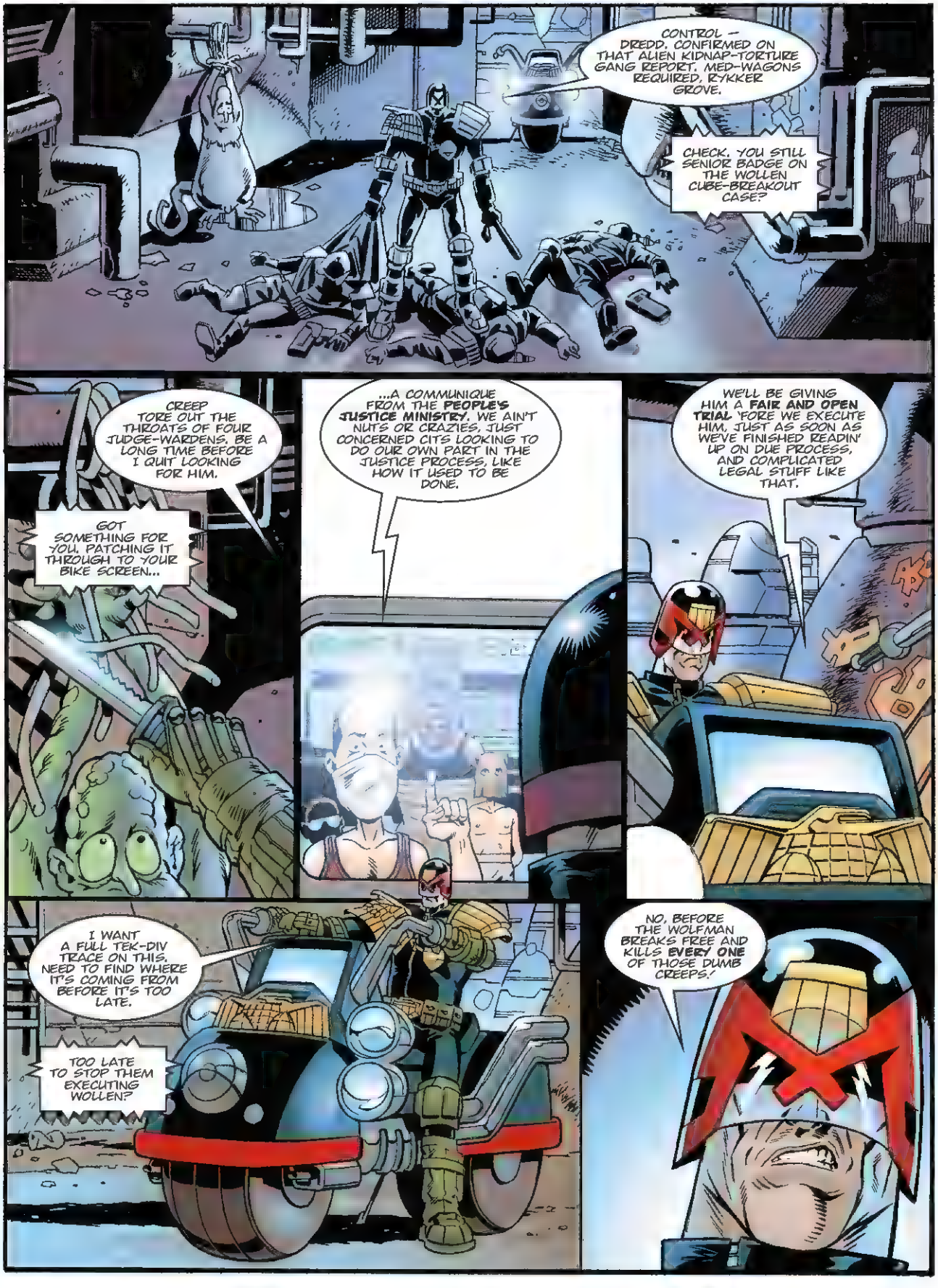

THE IAN DURY BLOCK JUSTICE CLUB MEETS EVERY THURSDAY AT 7.00 PM, IN VARYING LOCATIONS IN THE BLOCK.
DURY
DEPENDING ON YOUR VIEWPOINT, BLOCK JUSTICE CLUBS ARE EITHER A VITAL RESOURCE FOR THE JUDGES TO TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THE OPINIONS OF THE ORDINARY CIT...
...AND, FURTHERMORE, I THINK —
HURRY IT UP, WILL YA? WE STILL GOT THE CHIEF JUDGE'S RECOMMENDATIONS ON WHAT TO DO IN THE EVENT OF A MASS ATTACK OF CANNIBAL FREAKS FROM THE UNDERCITY TO DISCUSS, AND THIS WATER AIN'T GETTIN' ANY WARMER.
STICK
JACUZZI ROOM
...OR A COVERT MEANS FOR JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TO KEEP TABS ON THE CITY'S LUNATIC FRINGE POPULATION.
SO PASSED. WE'LL HEAR BUZZ'S THOUGHTS ON THE DANGERS POSED BY LOW-FLYING INVISIBLE SOV DEATH-SATS NEXT WEEK, ONCE THEY'VE FIXED THE THERMO IN THIS PLACE.
NOW, IF THERE'S NO OTHER RELEVANT BUSINESS...?
UH, GILB, I GOTTA POINT. Y'KNOW THAT MASS-MURDERIN' PSYCHO-CASE THAT BROKE OUTTA THE CUBES LAST WEEK?
JAY
SURE. SIRIUS 'WOLFMAN' WOLLEN. GOT A WHOLE EPISODE OF MEGA-CITY'S MOST MENTAL ALL TO HIMSELF. WHAT ABOUT HIM?
I GOT HIM HELD PRISONER UP IN MY APARTMENT. WANNA COME SEE?
THINK YOU CAN KEEP ME LIKE THIS, YOU SNIVELLIN' LITTLE RUNT? RIPPED UP THREE JUDGE-WARDENS WHEN I BUSTED OUTTA THE CUBES, BUT I'M REALLY GONNA DO A SPECIAL NUMBER ON YOU WHEN I GET FREE HERE!
JUDGE DREDD
TRIAL BY DURY
GORDON RENNIE
PAUL MARSHALL
CHRIS BLYTHE
ANNE PARKHOUSE

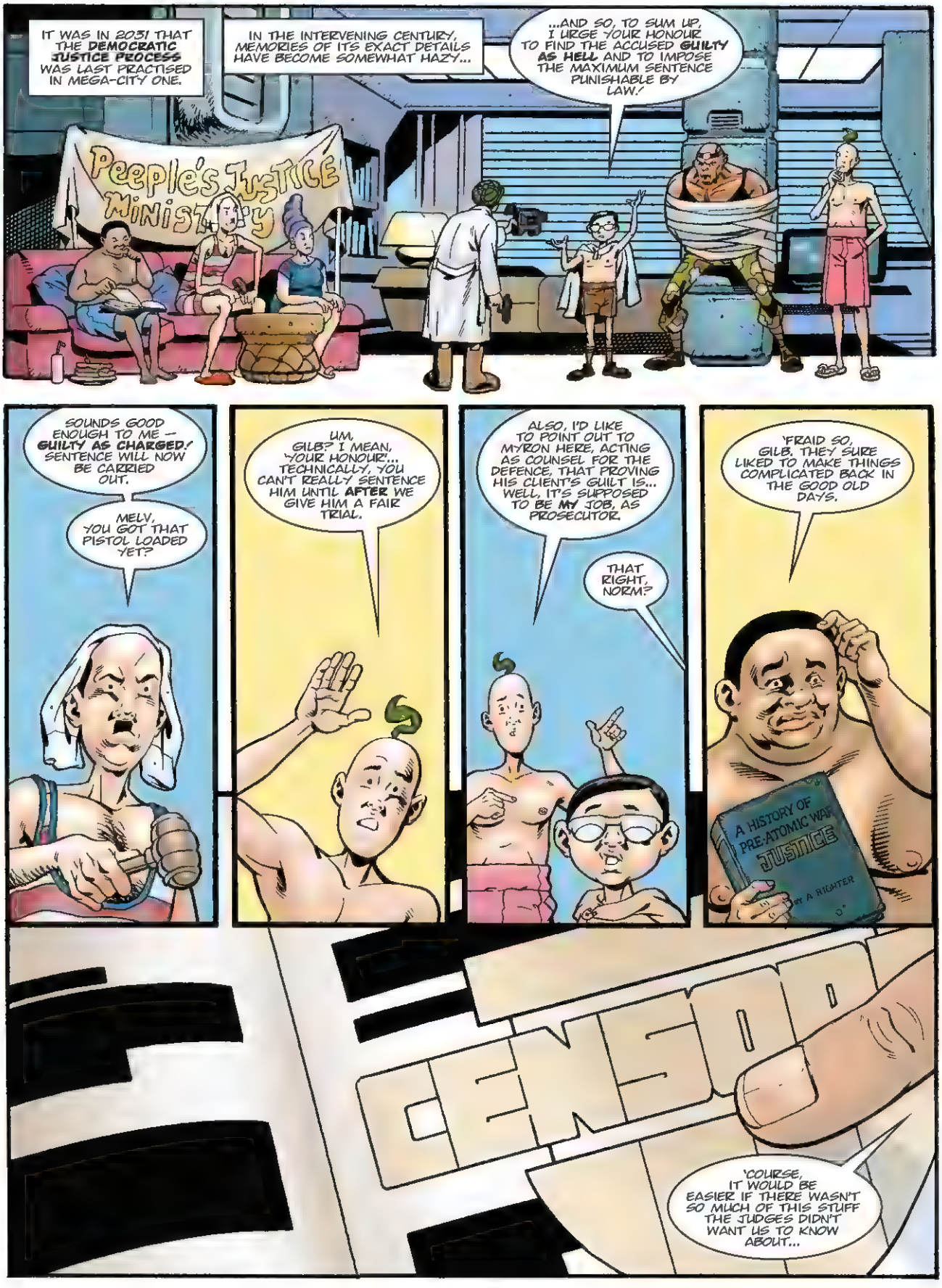

YEAH, I'M TALKIN' TO YOU, GOMER! SOON AS I GET OUTTA HERE, YOU AN' ME, WE'RE GONNA HAVE SOME WORDS!
WHAT IS HE? SOME KINDA MUTIE?
NAH. PROFESSIONAL BITE-FIGHTER. THEM'S SURGICAL ENHANCEMENTS, NOT MUTATIONS.
ATE ONE OF HIS OPPONENTS. THAT'S WHAT PUT HIM IN THE CUBES AFTER HIS OWN CRIMINAL KIND TURNED HIM IN.
SURE CUSSES A LOT. CAN'T YOU SHUT HIM UP, MYRON?
SORRY, HILD. FORGOT YOU GOT A THING ABOUT CUSSING.
YAAAAAAGGH!
ZZZZZKKKKTT
GRADE TWO PAINERGISER. 'INSTANT COMPLIANCE, WITH 100% RELIANCE.'
'COURSE, YOU'RE ONLY SUPPOSED TO USE IT ON CATTLE ON THE OFF-WORLD COLONIES.
SURE GOT EVERYTHING WORKED OUT, MYRON. SO WHERE'D YOU FIND HIM?
YOU KNOW MRS GLOOVER, ON LEVEL 174?
SURE. SWEET OLD LADY. GIVES OUT TREATS TO THE JUVES EVERY HOLIDAY. SMELLS KINDA FUNNY.
I COMPLAINED TO THE JUDGES, BUT THEY STILL DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'.
WELL, TURNS OUT MRS GLOOVER WAS WOLFMAN'S GRANDMOTHER...

'AFTER HE BROKE OUT THE CUBES, I FIGURE HIS OPTIONS WERE LIMITED, WHAT WITH THAT WHOLE EATING-HIS-OPPONENT THING PRETTY MUCH RULING OUT HELP FROM ANYONE ON THE BITE-FIGHT CIRCUIT.
'SO HE MUSTA COME LOOKING FOR JUST ABOUT THE ONLY FAMILY HE HAD LEFT...
HELLO, GRANDMA.
'IT'S HERE I'M GUESSING HIS BLOOD-THICKER-THAN-WATER IDEA DIDN'T WORK OUT AS WELL AS HE HOPED.'
GRANDMA? WHO ARE YOU CALLING?
EVEN WITHOUT HER, HE PROBABLY FIGURED HE COULD HOLE UP HERE FOR A WHILE UNTIL THE HEAT WAS OFF.
I DO VOLUNTEER WORK FOR BLOCK WELFARE, DELIVERING FREE MEALS TO DEADBEATS, GIVES ME SOME GOOD OPPORTUNITIES TO KEEP UP ON MY NEIGHBOUR SNOOPING HOBBY...
SO HOW'D YOU CATCH HIM?
' 'COURSE DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO FIGURE OUT SOMETHING WAS WRONG...
MEAL FOR GLOOVER.
SHE AIN'T HERE, BUT I'LL MAKE SURE SHE GETS IT WHEN SHE COMES HOME.

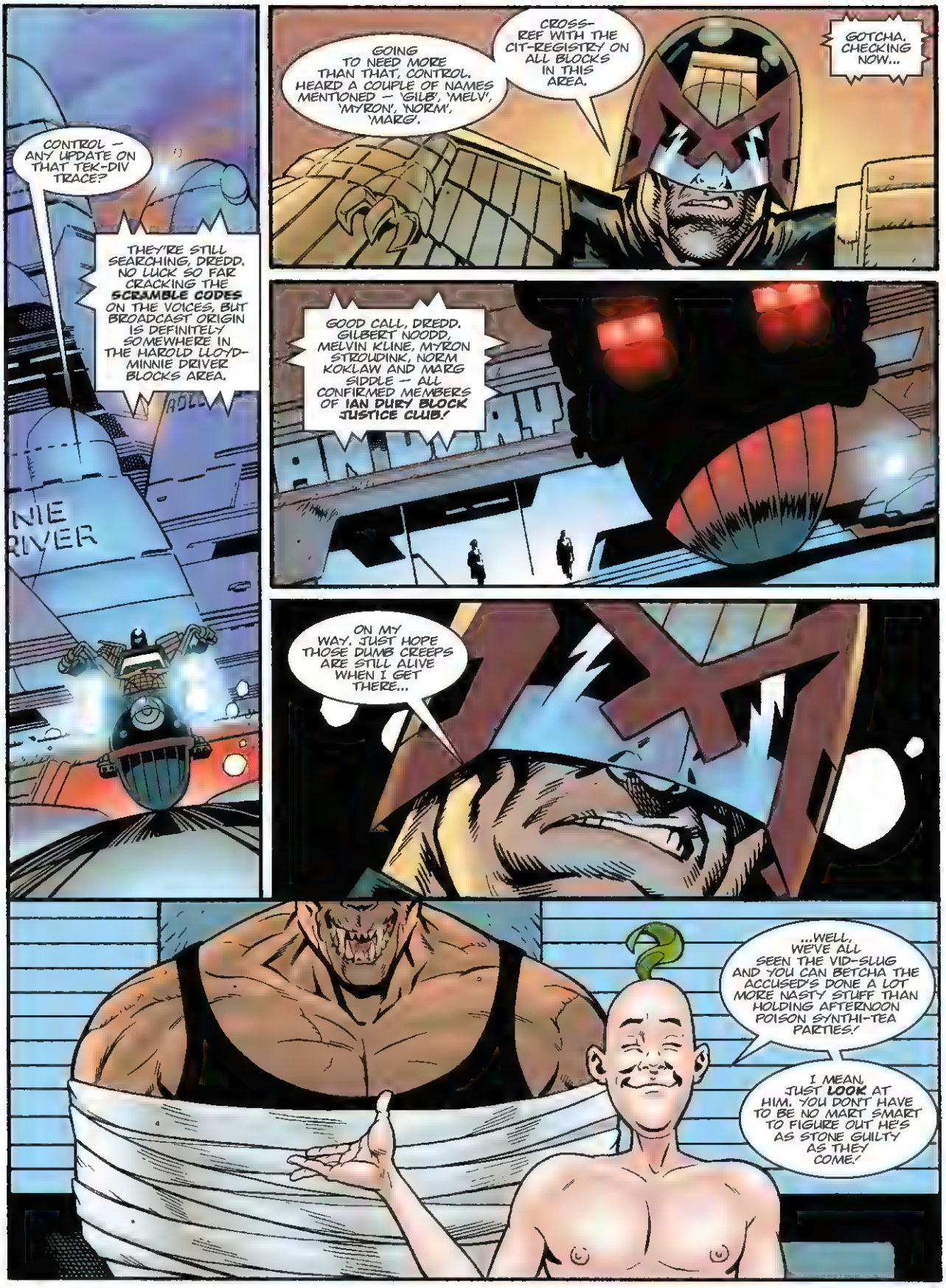
'FOURTH TIME IT HAPPENED, I FINALLY REMEMBERED WHERE I RECOGNISED THAT VOICE FROM — THAT EPISODE OF MEGA-CITY'S MOST MENTAL GILB WAS TALKING ABOUT...'
OUT AGAIN. GOTCHA.
...AFTER THAT, IT WASN'T NO BIG PROBLEM TO DRUG THE FOOD I WAS BRINGIN' HIM, WAIT TILL HE PASSED OUT THEN HAUL HIM DOWN HERE AND GET HIM SECURED LIKE YOU SEE HIM NOW.
GREAT WORK, MYRON. ANY IDEA WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO WITH HIM?
DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW. THOUGHT I'D CALL THE JUDGES AND TELL 'EM WHAT I GOT, BUT THEN I KINDA FIGURE THEY'D SAY I SHOULDA TOLD THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE, SOON AS I REALISED WHO HE WAS.
PROBABLY ALREADY BROKEN ABOUT A DOZEN LAWS JUST BY DOIN' WHAT I ALREADY DONE.
THAT'S RIGHT.' I KNOW THIS GUY OVER IN TOM CLANCY JUSTICE CLUB, RAN OVER A COUPLA JUVES THAT WAS GIVING HIM SASS, AND YET IT WAS HIM THAT GOT LOCKED UP FOR IT.'
DAMN JUDGES DON'T KNOW HOW TO TREAT LAWBREAKING SCUM NO MORE. YOU HAND HIM IN, HE'LL PROBABLY BE BACK ON THE STREETS IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS, ANYHOW.'
EVEN IF THEY DON'T LET HIM OUT TO KILL AGAIN, WAY I HEAR IT, THEM NEW MAX-SECURITY ISO-BLOCKS ARE LIKE LUX-HABS THESE DAYS.
THAT MANIAC'S PROBABLY LIVIN' EASIER IN THERE THAN ANY OF US OUT HERE.'
SO WHAT WE SAYING HERE? WE TAKE CARE OF HIM OURSELVES? AIN'T THAT VIGILANTISM?
NOT IF WE DO IT LEGAL, IT AIN'T.
LEGAL? WHAT YOU MEAN, GILB?
I READ A LOT OF HISTORY, SEE, AND BEFORE THE JUDGES THERE WAS THIS THING CALLED TRIAL BY JURY.
THEY HAD A JUDGE — ONLY NOT LIKE THE ONES WE GOT — AN' A PROSECUTOR AN' A DEFENDER, AN' A BUNCHA ORDINARY JOES TO LISTEN TO THE ARGUMENTS, CONSIDER THE EVIDENCE AN' THEN DECIDE THAT THE LAWBREAKIN' SCUM WAS GUILTY AS HELL AN' DESERVED EVERYTHING THAT WAS COMIN' TO HIM.
YOU SURE THAT'S HOW THEY USED TO DO IT, GILB?
COUPLA DETAILS MIGHT BE OPEN TO HISTORICAL DEBATE, BUT I'M PRETTY SURE I GOT THE GIST OF IT.
COURSE, WE'LL HAVE TO SHOW THIS AIN'T NO SECRET KANGAROO COURT. OPEN ACCOUNTABLE JUSTICE, THAT'S WHAT TRIAL BY JURY WAS ALL ABOUT.
SHERM — YOU STILL INTO THAT PIRATE VID-CAST STUFF?
SURE AM. 'NAKED MUNCH', LONGEST RUNNING COOKERY SHOW ON THE SECTOR 121 V-NET.
JUST SAY THE WORD, AND I'LL GET US SOME INSTANT AIRTIME.
GEE, I STILL DUNNO...
HEY, DON'T WORRY. ONCE THE JUDGES SEE WE'RE DOING THIS LEGAL AND PROPER, THEY'LL UNDERSTAND.
AFTER ALL, THEY'RE REASONABLE PEOPLE.'

ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY...
DREDD
...A REASONABLE MAN, GOING ABOUT HIS REASONABLE BUSINESS.


CONTROL – DREDD. CONFIRMED ON THAT ALIEN KIDNAP-TORTURE GANG REPORT. MED-WAGONS REQUIRED, RYKKER GROVE.
CHECK. YOU STILL SENIOR BADGE ON THE WOLLEN CUBE-BREAKOUT CASE?
CREEP TORE OUT THE THROATS OF FOUR JUDGE-WARDENS. BE A LONG TIME BEFORE I QUIT LOOKING FOR HIM.
GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU. PATCHING IT THROUGH TO YOUR BIKE SCREEN...
...A COMMUNIQUE FROM THE **PEOPLE'S JUSTICE MINISTRY**. WE AIN'T NUTS OR CRAZIES, JUST CONCERNED CITS LOOKING TO DO OUR OWN PART IN THE JUSTICE PROCESS, LIKE HOW IT USED TO BE DONE.
WE'LL BE GIVING HIM A **FAIR AND OPEN TRIAL** 'FORE WE EXECUTE HIM, JUST AS SOON AS WE'VE FINISHED READIN' UP ON DUE PROCESS, AND COMPLICATED LEGAL STUFF LIKE THAT.
I WANT A FULL TEK-DIV TRACE ON THIS. NEED TO FIND WHERE IT'S COMING FROM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.
TOO LATE TO STOP THEM EXECUTING WOLLEN?
NO, BEFORE THE WOLFMAN BREAKS FREE AND KILLS **EVERY ONE** OF THOSE DUMB CREEPS.'


IT WAS IN 2031 THAT THE DEMOCRATIC JUSTICE PROCESS WAS LAST PRACTISED IN MEGA-CITY ONE.
IN THE INTERVENING CENTURY, MEMORIES OF ITS EXACT DETAILS HAVE BECOME SOMEWHAT HAZY...
...AND SO, TO SUM UP, I URGE YOUR HONOUR TO FIND THE ACCUSED GUILTY AS HELL AND TO IMPOSE THE MAXIMUM SENTENCE PUNISHABLE BY LAW!
Peeple's Justice Ministry
SOUNDS GOOD ENOUGH TO ME — GUILTY AS CHARGED! SENTENCE WILL NOW BE CARRIED OUT.
MELV, YOU GOT THAT PISTOL LOADED YET?
UM, GILB? I MEAN, 'YOUR HONOUR'... TECHNICALLY, YOU CAN'T REALLY SENTENCE HIM UNTIL AFTER WE GIVE HIM A FAIR TRIAL.
ALSO, I'D LIKE TO POINT OUT TO MYRON HERE, ACTING AS COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE, THAT PROVING HIS CLIENT'S GUILT IS... WELL, IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE MY JOB, AS PROSECUTOR.
THAT RIGHT, NORM?
'FRAID SO, GILB. THEY SURE LIKED TO MAKE THINGS COMPLICATED BACK IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.
A HISTORY OF PRE-ATOMIC WAR JUSTICE
by A RIGHTER
CENSOR
'COURSE, IT WOULD BE EASIER IF THERE WASN'T SO MUCH OF THIS STUFF THE JUDGES DIDN'T WANT US TO KNOW ABOUT...

WELL, LET'S GET ON WITH IT. HAS THE GUILTY SCUMBAG ENTERED A PLEA YET?
YEAH, WHATEVER.
YOU MEAN 'THE ACCUSED', YOUR HONOUR?
KILLED A MAN IN A BITE FIGHT IN JAKARTA CITY ONCE BY MAKIN' HIM EAT HIS OWN LIVER.
SOON AS I GET OUTTA THESE CHAINS, I'M GONNA MAKE YA ALL DO THE SAME THING. JUST SO YOU KNOW THAT.
AHH, THAT'LL BE 'NOT GUILTY', YOUR HONOUR.
HAS THE PROSECUTION ANY EVIDENCE THEY WANT TO PRESENT?
SURE HAVE, GILB...
EXHIBIT A — A VID-SLUG RECORDING OF MEGA-CITY'S MOST MENTAL.
THAT THE ONE ALL ABOUT THE ACCUSED?
'FRAID NOT, MARG. ONE OF THE KIDS COPIED OVER THAT ONE. THIS ONE HERE'S THE BRIT-CIT BLACK WIDOW SPECIAL, BUT I FIGURED HER CRIMES WERE JUST ABOUT AS BAD AS THE ACCUSED'S.
SOUNDS REASONABLE ENOUGH TO ME. THE DEFENCE GOT ANY OBJECTIONS?
NONE HERE, GILB — I AIN'T SEEN THAT ONE YET.
IS THIS GOING TO TAKE LONG? ONLY I GOT A CLASS ON FILLING IN COMPLAINT FORMS LATER ON.
GOOD POINT, MARG. MELV — JUST FAST-FORWARD THROUGH TO THE GOOD PARTS...


CONTROL — ANY UPDATE ON THAT TEK-DIV TRACE?
THEY'RE STILL SEARCHING, DREDD. NO LUCK SO FAR CRACKING THE SCRAMBLE CODES ON THE VOICES, BUT BROADCAST ORIGIN IS DEFINITELY SOMEWHERE IN THE HAROLD LLOYD-MINNIE DRIVER BLOCKS AREA.
GOING TO NEED MORE THAN THAT, CONTROL. HEARD A COUPLE OF NAMES MENTIONED — 'GILB', 'MELV', 'MYRON', 'NORM', 'MARG'.
CROSS-REF WITH THE CIT-REGISTRY ON ALL BLOCKS IN THIS AREA.
GOTCHA. CHECKING NOW...
GOOD CALL, DREDD. GILBERT NOODD, MELVIN KLINE, MYRON STROUDINK, NORM KOKLAW AND MARG SIDDLE — ALL CONFIRMED MEMBERS OF IAN DURY BLOCK JUSTICE CLUB!
ON MY WAY. JUST HOPE THOSE DUMB CREEPS ARE STILL ALIVE WHEN I GET THERE...
...WELL, WE'VE ALL SEEN THE VID-SLUG AND YOU CAN BETCHA THE ACCUSED'S DONE A LOT MORE NASTY STUFF THAN HOLDING AFTERNOON POISON SYNTHI-TEA PARTIES!
I MEAN, JUST LOOK AT HIM. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE NO MART SMART TO FIGURE OUT HE'S AS STONE GUILTY AS THEY COME!

SIRIUS 'WOLFMAN' WOLLEN, FOUR-TIMES CHAMPION OF THE MEG-WEST UNDERGROUND BITE-FIGHT CIRCUIT. THAT FACE OF HIS ISN'T THE ONLY SURGERY HE'S HAD DONE —
— VARIOUS MUSCLES AND BONES HAVE BEEN REPLACED WITH PLASTI-FLEX SUBSTITUTE, ALLOWING HIM TO CONTRACT THEM AT WILL.
USEFUL FOR SLIPPING OUT OF THOSE BONE-BREAKING BITE-FIGHT LOCKS AND HOLDS...
...OR ANYTHING ELSE.
AND SUPER-AUGMENTATION OF ALL MUSCLES IN GENERAL, USEFUL FOR...
...WELL, PRETTY MUCH ANYTHING, REALLY.
...AND FURTHERMORE, YOUR HONOUR, LET'S NOT FORGET ABOUT HIS POOR GRANDMOTHER, EVEN IF SHE WAS A MAD OLD FRUITCAKE...
SQUELCH!
COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE — RESTRAIN THE ACCUSED!
SURE THING, GILB! JUST GIVE ME A MO TO POWER UP THE OL' PAINERGIS —

MYRON—!
SSRLURIRPPP
SLURP
OKAY NOW. EVERYONE REMEMBER WHAT I SAID ABOUT THEM LIVERS?
VID-FEED'S JUST GONE BLANK, DREDD. AUDIO'S STILL PICKING UP PLENTY OF SCREAMING, THOUGH.
I HEAR IT! COMING FROM SOMEWHERE CLOSE!
CASE ADJOURNED, MEATHEADS!
GRUD—!
IN THE RED CORNER — THE EXTREMELY RED CORNER — MASS MURDERER AND FOUR-TIMES BITE-FIGHT CHAMPION WOLFMAN WOLLEN...
...VOTED 'MOST LIKELY TO CHEW OFF AN OPPONENT'S FACE' BY THE BITE-FIGHT FANS OF MEG-WEST.
RRAAAAAAGH

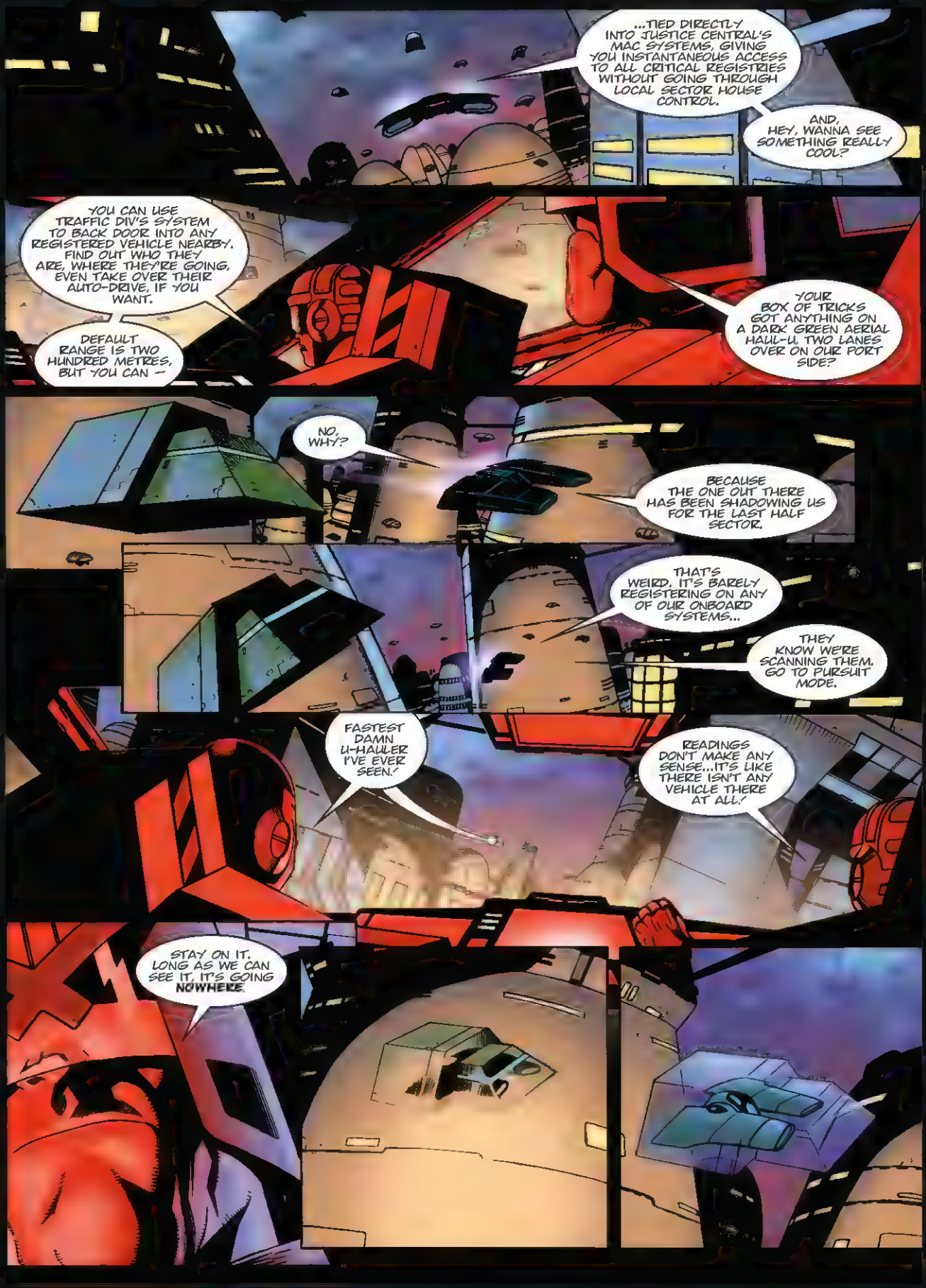
AND IN THE BLUE CORNER...
HEEL.
...WELL, NO CONTEST, REALLY.
MED-WAGONS REQUIRED, IAN DURY. BETTER TELL THE SURGEONS TO GET SOME NEW SYNTHI-LIVERS READY ON ICE.
ALWAYS SOMEONE WHO NEVER GETS THE POINT — IN THIS CITY, BEST TO LEAVE JUSTICE TO THE PROFESSIONALS!
THE END

WE'RE STARTING WITHOUT THE CHIEF JUDGE?
RUNNING LATE — HOLO-CONFERENCE WITH THE BRITS ABOUT THE SECURITY SITUATION IN BARANQUILLA.
DON'T SEE YOUR BOSS HERE EITHER.
MR KRUSH IS UNAVOIDABLY DELAYED BY AN IMPORTANT SOCIAL ENGAGEMENT, I UNDERSTAND.
I'LL BET. HE STILL DATING BERLINA RITZER, OR AM I BEHIND THE TIMES AND SHE'S BACK IN REHAB AGAIN?
OKAY, LET'S GET STARTED...
MCTIGHE TO DREDD. READY TO GO WHENEVER YOU ARE.
UNDERSTOOD, CENTRAL. HITTING BOOSTERS IN FIVE.
LET'S OPEN IT UP AND SEE WHAT THIS THING CAN DO!
JUDGE DREDD
TEST FLIGHT
GORDON BENNIE
COLIN MACNEIL
CHRIS BLYTHE
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

SWEET JOVIS — LOOK AT IT GO! THERE GOES THE OLD MARK-THREE'S SPEED RECORD!
WE CLOCKED IT DOING HIGHER THAN 4.7 ON THE CURSED EARTH TEST RUNS.'
CURSED EARTH'S ONE THING, HOW IT HANDLES IN AN URBAN ENVIRONMENT IS WHAT MATTERS...
WE PROMISED YOU SOMETHING SPECIAL, AND KRUSH INDUSTRIES ALWAYS DELIVERS ON ITS PROMISES.
I'M CURIOUS, THOUGH — WHY DREDD?
THE CURRENT-GEN MANTA IS STILL POPULAR WITH STREET-DIV. DREDD'S WORD CARRIES A LOT OF WEIGHT WITH THE SLAB JOCKS...
'...IF YOU CAN SELL DREDD ON IT, YOU CAN SELL IT TO THE REST OF THE DEPARTMENT.'
SEEMS FAST ENOUGH. GOT A NAME FOR IT?
WE LEAVE THAT TO THE CUSTOMER. OFFICIALLY, IT'S JUST THE MANTA 4-V PROTOTYPE, UNTIL YOU DECIDE TO CALL IT SOMETHING DIFFERENT.
BUT YOU'VE STILL GOT A NAME FOR IT.
OH YES...
'...WE CALL IT THE BLACKHAWK.'
STAY ON IT. LONG AS WE CAN SEE IT, IT'S GOING NOWHERE. CIVILIAN TEKS HAVEN'T BUILT ANYTHING YET THAT CAN OUTRUN THESE RIDES —
GRUD! WHERE'D IT GO?

I-DRIVE ENGAGED. DROPPING TWO HUNDRED METRES A SECOND. NEXT STOP, CITY BOTTOM.
CHECK IT.
SHINEYS GOT THEMSELVES A NEW TOY.
BIG YAWN.
THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING BACK THERE — POSSIBLE ACTIVITY, SIDE OF BOB MARLEY BLOCK.
LEAVE IT TO THE LOCAL UNITS, DREDD — CONTINUE WITH THE TEST RUN.
CITY BOTTOM IN FIVE. ARMED RIOT IN PROGRESS. BLACKHAWK **AUTO-SUPPRESSON SYSTEMS** COMING ONLINE.
AUTO-SUPPRESSION? AMBITIOUS. WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON SOMETHING SIMILAR, BUT WE'VE HAD PROBLEMS TEACHING IT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PERPS AND INNOCENTS.
YOU THINK YOU'VE DONE ANY BETTER?
WE'LL FIND OUT IN A FEW SECONDS.

HIT 'EM HARD — MAXIMUM LETHAL FORCE!
ALL PERPS DEAD OR INCAPACITATED. 0.0 PER CENT CIVILIAN CASUALTIES, SIR.
IMPRESSIVE, HUH? TARGET SCANNING, THREAT IDENTIFICATION AND EVALUATION, AND PINPOINT ACCURACY WEAPONS FIRE — ALL DELIVERED IN MICROSECONDS, WITH NO COLLATERAL DAMAGE.
RIGHT.
SURE TAUGHT THOSE TEST DROIDS A LESSON. REAL PERPS MIGHT BE A DIFFERENT MATTER.
DONE HERE, CENTRAL. MOVING ON TO NEXT TEST PHASE.


...TIED DIRECTLY INTO JUSTICE CENTRAL'S MAC SYSTEMS, GIVING YOU INSTANTANEOUS ACCESS TO ALL CRITICAL REGISTRIES WITHOUT GOING THROUGH LOCAL SECTOR HOUSE CONTROL.
AND, HEY, WANNA SEE SOMETHING REALLY COOL?
YOU CAN USE TRAFFIC DIV'S SYSTEM TO BACK DOOR INTO ANY REGISTERED VEHICLE NEARBY. FIND OUT WHO THEY ARE, WHERE THEY'RE GOING, EVEN TAKE OVER THEIR AUTO-DRIVE, IF YOU WANT.
DEFAULT RANGE IS TWO HUNDRED METRES, BUT YOU CAN —
YOUR BOX OF TRICKS GOT ANYTHING ON A DARK GREEN AERIAL HAUL-U, TWO LANES OVER ON OUR PORT SIDE?
NO, WHY?
BECAUSE THE ONE OUT THERE HAS BEEN SHADOWING US FOR THE LAST HALF SECTOR.
THAT'S WEIRD. IT'S BARELY REGISTERING ON ANY OF OUR ONBOARD SYSTEMS...
THEY KNOW WE'RE SCANNING THEM. GO TO PURSUIT MODE.
FASTEST DAMN U-HAULER I'VE EVER SEEN.
READINGS DON'T MAKE ANY SENSE...IT'S LIKE THERE ISN'T ANY VEHICLE THERE AT ALL.
STAY ON IT. LONG AS WE CAN SEE IT, IT'S GOING NOWHERE.

GRUD-!
IT'S GONE! NO TRACE OF IT ON OUR SCANNERS!
SEEMS WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES OUT WITH A NEW TOY TONIGHT...
FAUSTUS KRUSH.
DOCTOR SERRA HERE, MR KRUSH.
THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS?
ABSOLUTELY, SIR. THERE WAS AN ANOMALOUS EVENT TOWARDS THE END, BUT NOTHING THAT HAMPERED THE VEHICLE'S OVERALL PERFORMANCE.
THE CHIEF JUDGE WANTS FIVE HUNDRED PROTOTYPES AS SOON AS WE CAN DELIVER THEM. GOING TO FULL CITYWIDE DEPLOYMENT WITHIN TWO YEARS, IF THE VEHICLE PERFORMS AS EXPECTED.
THAT'S WONDERFUL NEWS, DOCTOR...
...I NEVER DOUBTED THAT TONIGHT'S TEST FLIGHT WOULDN'T GO EXACTLY AS PLANNED.
THE END

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Letters: Peter Doherty
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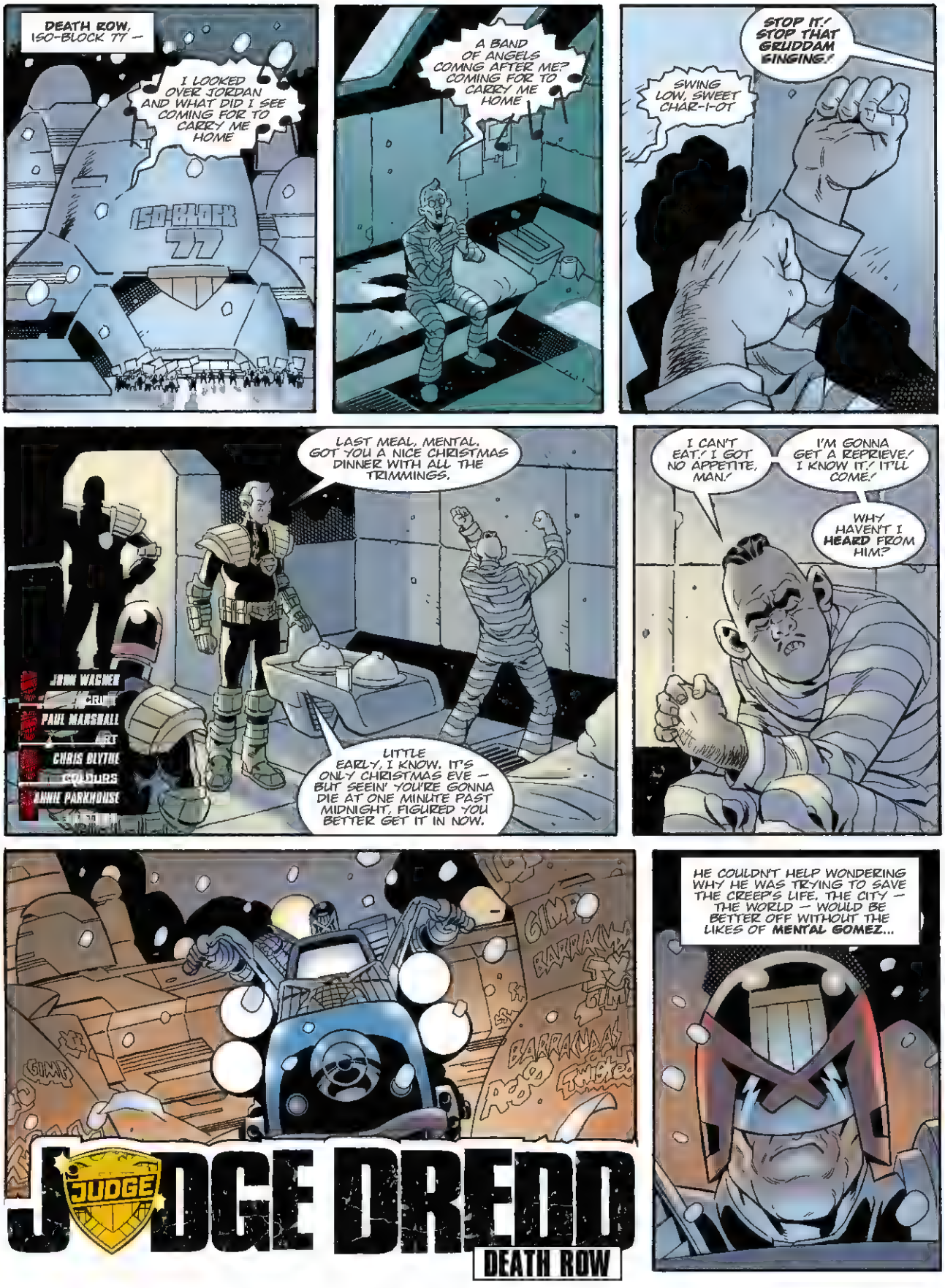
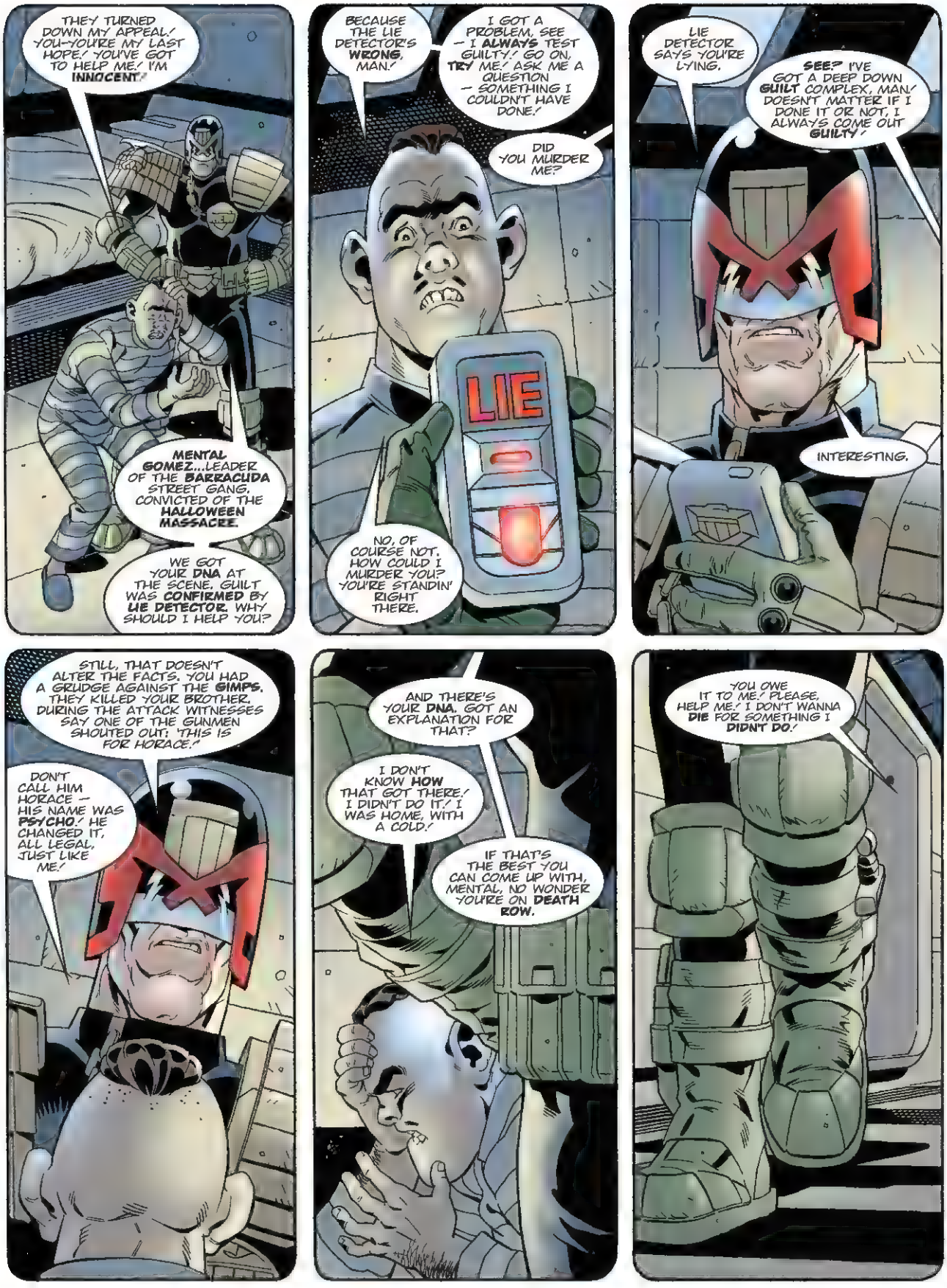
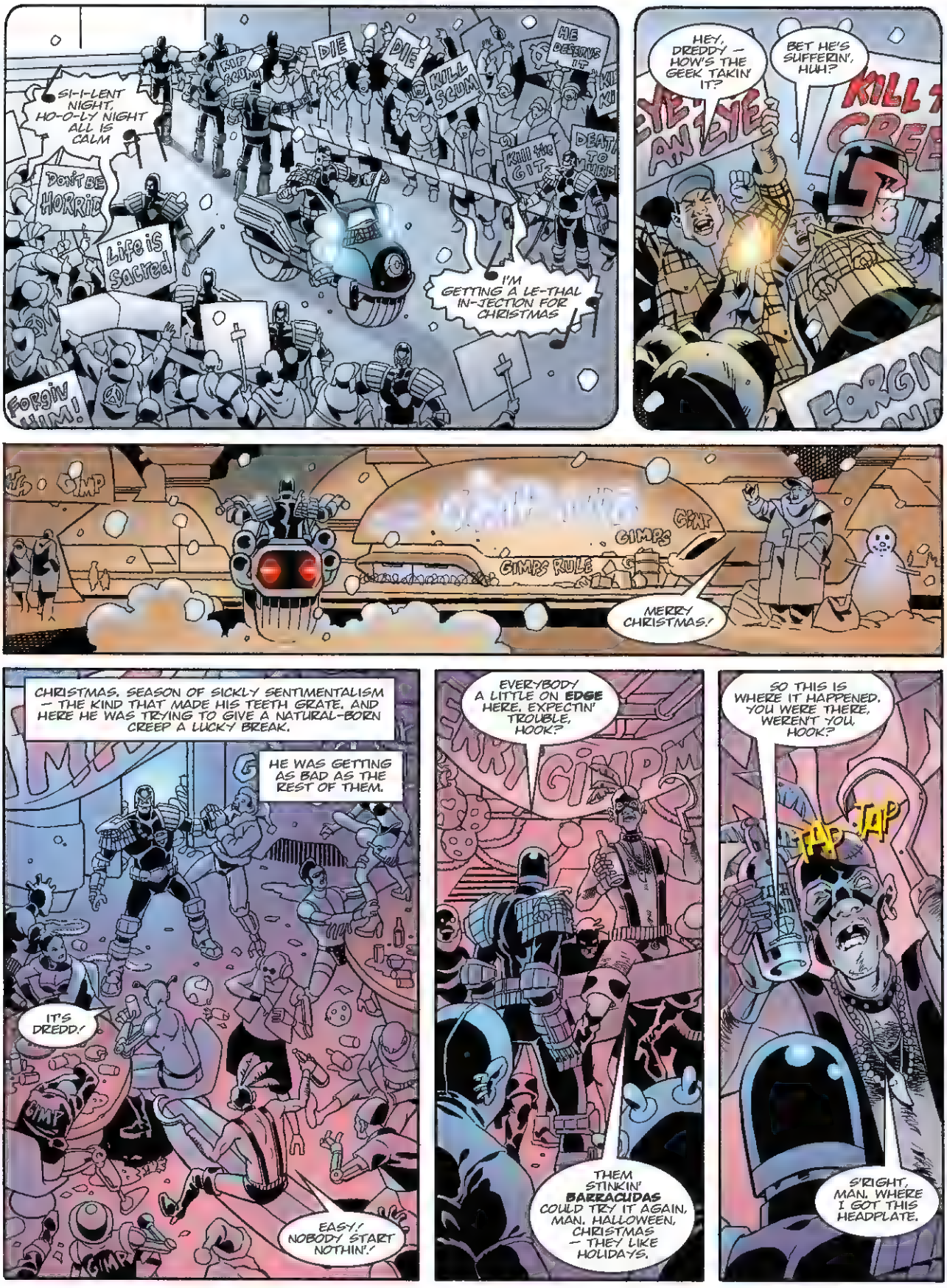
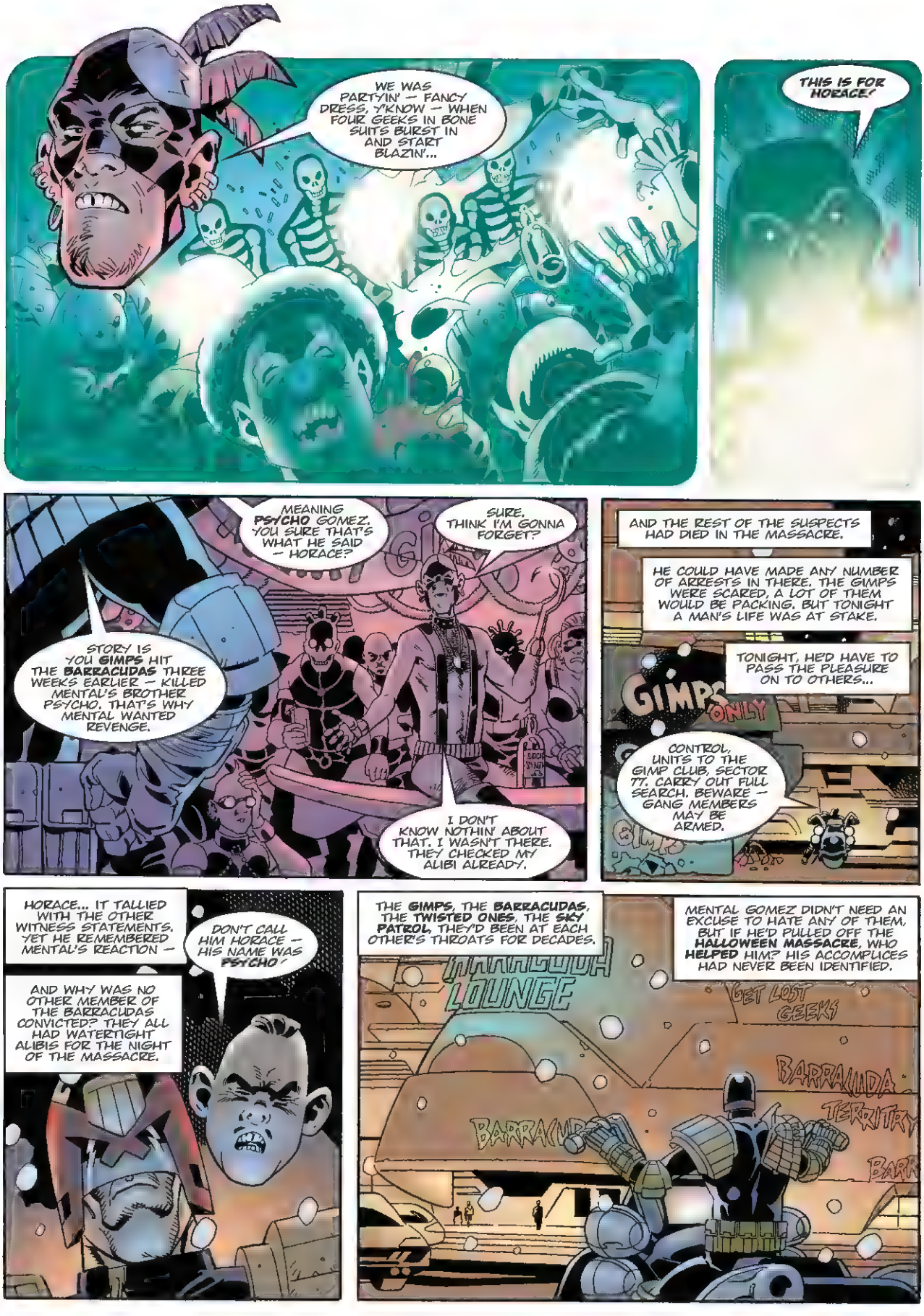
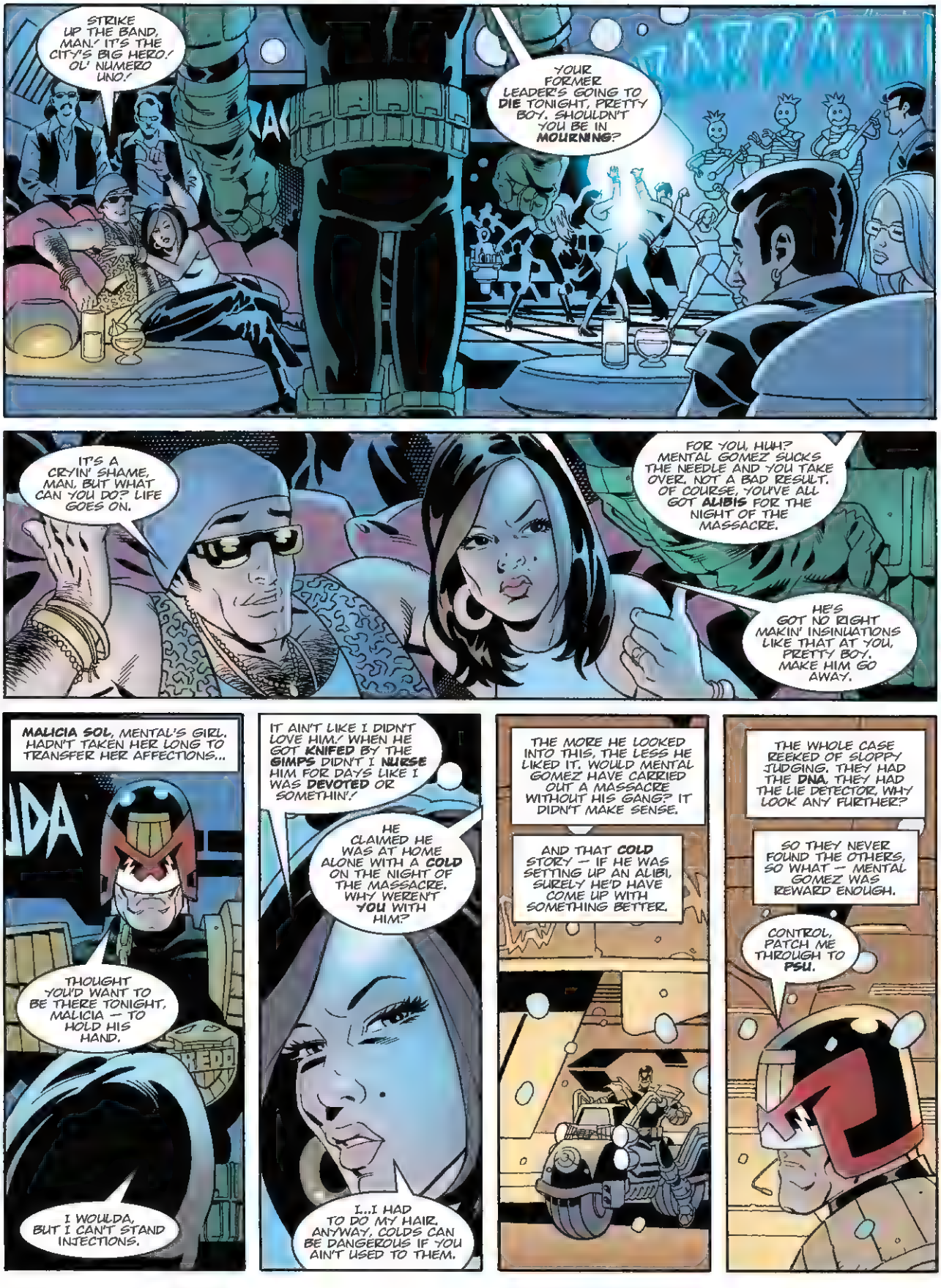
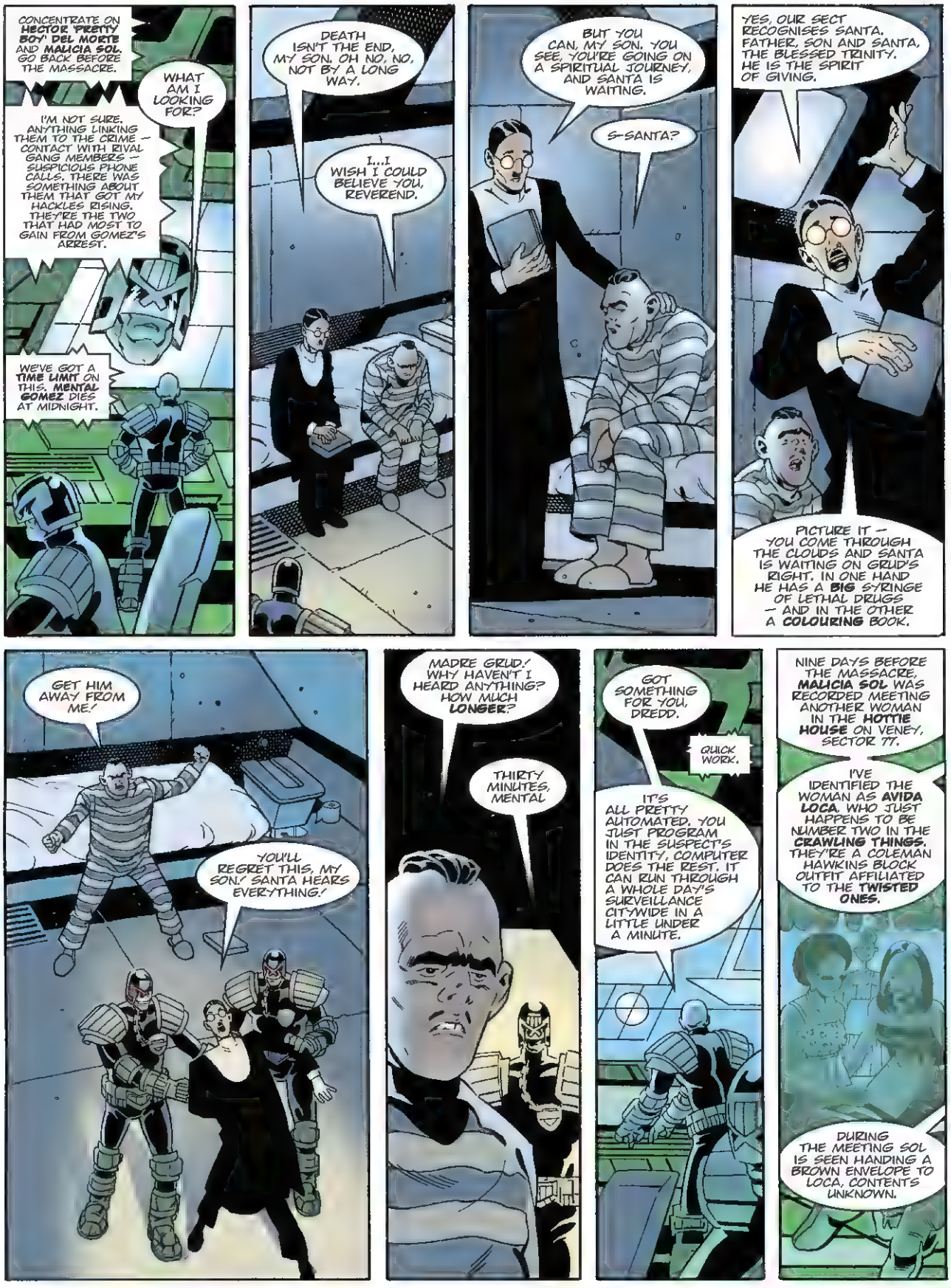

DEATH ROW, ISO-BLOCK 77 —
I LOOKED OVER JORDAN AND WHAT DID I SEE COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME
ISO-BLOCK 77
A BAND OF ANGELS COMING AFTER ME? COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME
STOP IT! STOP THAT GRUDDAM SINGING!
SWING LOW, SWEET CHAR-I-OT
LAST MEAL, MENTAL. GOT YOU A NICE CHRISTMAS DINNER WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS.
JOHN WAGNER
CREATOR
PAUL MARSHALL
ART
CHRIS BLYTHE
COLOURS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS
LITTLE EARLY, I KNOW. IT'S ONLY CHRISTMAS EVE — BUT SEEIN' YOU'RE GONNA DIE AT ONE MINUTE PAST MIDNIGHT, FIGURED YOU BETTER GET IT IN NOW.
I CAN'T EAT. I GOT NO APPETITE, MAN.
I'M GONNA GET A REPRIEVE. I KNOW IT. IT'LL COME.
WHY HAVEN'T I HEARD FROM HIM?
GIMP
BARRACUDAS
HE COULDN'T HELP WONDERING WHY HE WAS TRYING TO SAVE THE CREEP'S LIFE. THE CITY — THE WORLD — WOULD BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT THE LIKES OF MENTAL GOMEZ...
JUDGE DREDD
DEATH ROW

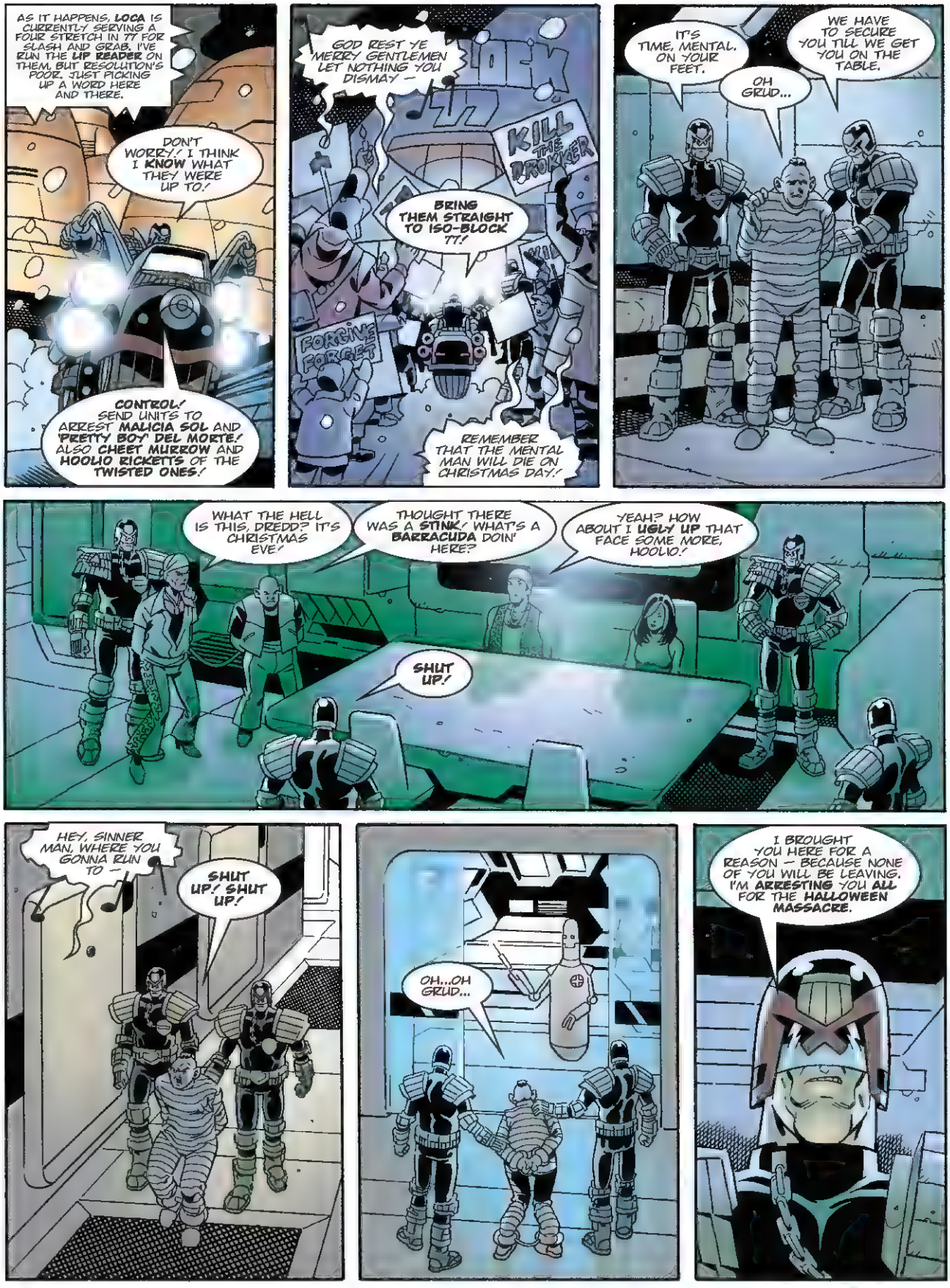

THEY TURNED DOWN MY APPEAL! YOU—YOU'RE MY LAST HOPE! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! I'M **INNOCENT**!
MENTAL GOMEZ...LEADER OF THE **BARRACUDA** STREET GANG, CONVICTED OF THE **HALLOWEEN MASSACRE**.
WE GOT YOUR **DNA** AT THE SCENE. GUILT WAS **CONFIRMED** BY **LIE DETECTOR**. WHY SHOULD I HELP YOU?
BECAUSE THE LIE DETECTOR'S **WRONG**, MAN!
I GOT A PROBLEM, SEE — I **ALWAYS** TEST GUILTY! GO ON, **TRY** ME! ASK ME A QUESTION — SOMETHING I COULDN'T HAVE DONE!
DID YOU MURDER ME?
LIE
NO, OF COURSE NOT. HOW COULD I MURDER YOU? YOU'RE STANDIN' RIGHT THERE.
LIE DETECTOR SAYS YOU'RE LYING.
SEE? I'VE GOT A DEEP DOWN **GUILT** COMPLEX, MAN! DOESN'T MATTER IF I DONE IT OR NOT, I ALWAYS COME OUT **GUILTY**!
INTERESTING.
STILL, THAT DOESN'T ALTER THE FACTS. YOU HAD A GRUDGE AGAINST THE **GIMPS**. THEY KILLED YOUR BROTHER. DURING THE ATTACK WITNESSES SAY ONE OF THE GUNMEN SHOUTED OUT: "THIS IS FOR HORACE."
DON'T CALL HIM HORACE — HIS NAME WAS **PSYCHO**! HE CHANGED IT, ALL LEGAL, JUST LIKE ME!
AND THERE'S YOUR **DNA**. GOT AN EXPLANATION FOR THAT?
I DON'T KNOW **HOW** THAT GOT THERE! I DIDN'T DO IT! I WAS HOME, WITH A COLD!
IF THAT'S THE BEST YOU CAN COME UP WITH, MENTAL, NO WONDER YOU'RE ON **DEATH ROW**.
YOU OWE IT TO ME! PLEASE, HELP ME! I DON'T WANNA **DIE** FOR SOMETHING I **DIDN'T DO**!


SI-I-LENT NIGHT, HO-O-LY NIGHT ALL IS CALM
DON'T BE HORRID
LIFE IS SACRED!
FORGIV HIM!
KILL SCUM
DIE
DIE
KILL SCUM
HE DESERVES IT
KILL THE GIT
DEATH TO
I'M GETTING A LE-THAL IN-JECTION FOR CHRISTMAS
HEY, DREDDY — HOW'S THE GEEK TAKIN' IT?
BET HE'S SUFFERIN', HUH?
KILL
FORGI
GIMP
GIMPS
GIMPS RULE
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
CHRISTMAS. SEASON OF SICKLY SENTIMENTALISM — THE KIND THAT MADE HIS TEETH GRATE. AND HERE HE WAS TRYING TO GIVE A NATURAL-BORN CREEP A LUCKY BREAK.
HE WAS GETTING AS BAD AS THE REST OF THEM.
IT'S DREDD!
EASY! NOBODY START NOTHIN'!
EVERYBODY A LITTLE ON EDGE HERE. EXPECTIN' TROUBLE, HOOK?
THEM STINKIN' BARRACUDAS COULD TRY IT AGAIN, MAN. HALLOWEEN, CHRISTMAS — THEY LIKE HOLIDAYS.
SO THIS IS WHERE IT HAPPENED. YOU WERE THERE, WEREN'T YOU, HOOK?
TAP TAP
S'RIGHT, MAN. WHERE I GOT THIS HEADPLATE.

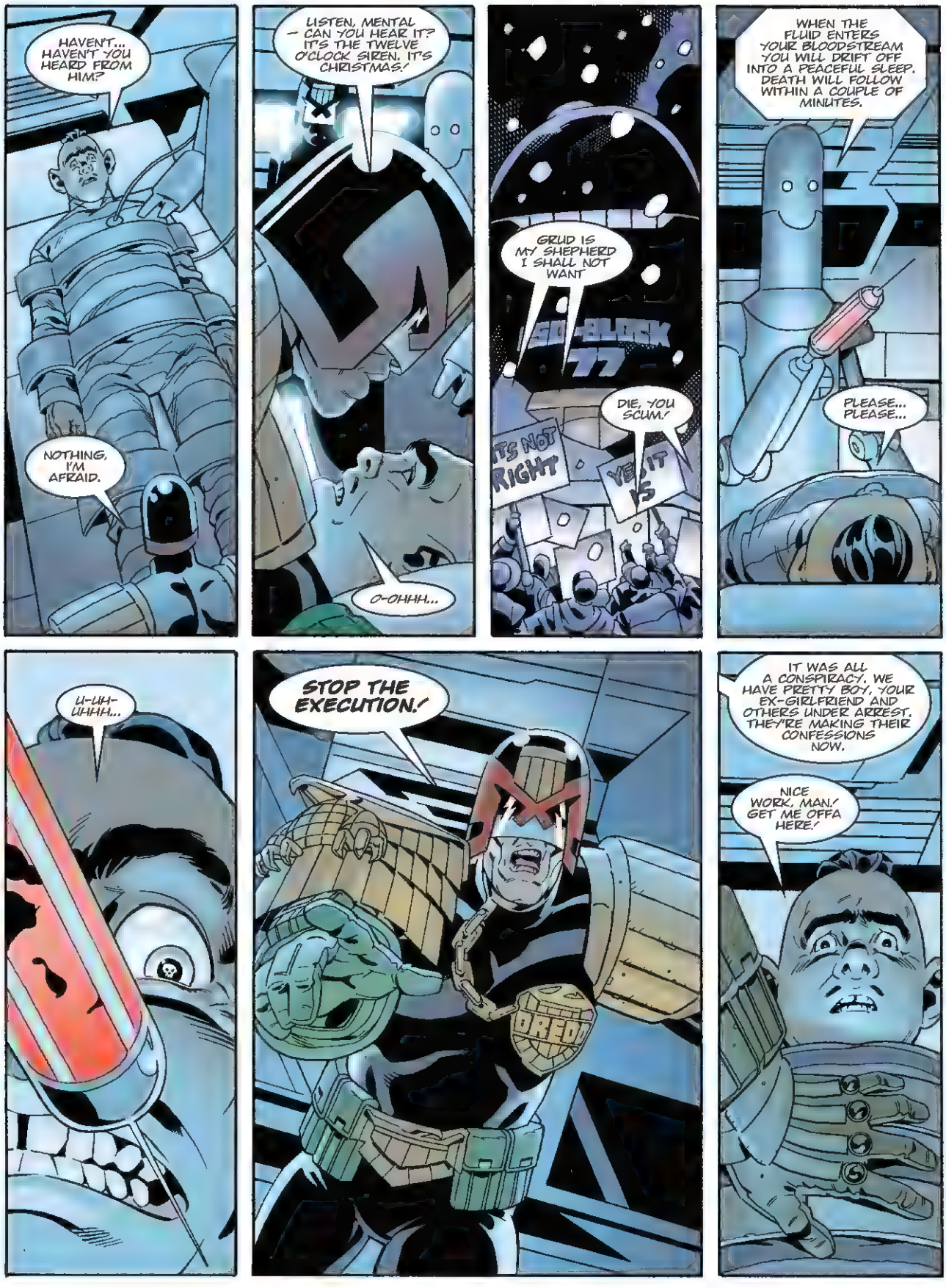

WE WAS PARTYIN' — FANCY DRESS, Y'KNOW — WHEN FOUR GEEKS IN BONE SUITS BURST IN AND START BLAZIN'...
THIS IS FOR HORACE!
MEANING **PSYCHO** GOMEZ. YOU SURE THAT'S WHAT HE SAID — HORACE?
SURE. THINK I'M GONNA FORGET?
STORY IS YOU **GIMPS** HIT THE **BARRACUDAS** THREE WEEKS EARLIER — KILLED MENTAL'S BROTHER PSYCHO. THAT'S WHY MENTAL WANTED REVENGE.
I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT THAT. I WASN'T THERE. THEY CHECKED MY ALIBI ALREADY.
AND THE REST OF THE SUSPECTS HAD DIED IN THE MASSACRE.
HE COULD HAVE MADE ANY NUMBER OF ARRESTS IN THERE. THE GIMPS WERE SCARED, A LOT OF THEM WOULD BE PACKING. BUT TONIGHT A MAN'S LIFE WAS AT STAKE.
TONIGHT, HE'D HAVE TO PASS THE PLEASURE ON TO OTHERS...
GIMPS ONLY
CONTROL, UNITS TO THE GIMP CLUB, SECTOR 77. CARRY OUT FULL SEARCH. BEWARE — GANG MEMBERS MAY BE ARMED.
HORACE... IT TALLIED WITH THE OTHER WITNESS STATEMENTS, YET HE REMEMBERED MENTAL'S REACTION —
DON'T CALL HIM HORACE — HIS NAME WAS **PSYCHO**!
AND WHY WAS NO OTHER MEMBER OF THE BARRACUDAS CONVICTED? THEY ALL HAD WATERTIGHT ALIBIS FOR THE NIGHT OF THE MASSACRE.
THE **GIMPS**, THE **BARRACUDAS**, THE **TWISTED ONES**, THE **SKY PATROL**, THEY'D BEEN AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS FOR DECADES.
MENTAL GOMEZ DIDN'T NEED AN EXCUSE TO HATE ANY OF THEM, BUT IF HE'D PULLED OFF THE **HALLOWEEN MASSACRE**, WHO **HELPED** HIM? HIS ACCOMPLICES HAD NEVER BEEN IDENTIFIED.
LOUNGE
GET LOST GEEKS
BARRACUDA TERRITORY


STRIKE UP THE BAND, MAN.' IT'S THE CITY'S BIG HERO.' OL' NUMERO UNO.'
YOUR FORMER LEADER'S GOING TO DIE TONIGHT, PRETTY BOY. SHOULDN'T YOU BE IN MOURNING?
IT'S A CRYIN' SHAME, MAN, BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO? LIFE GOES ON.
FOR YOU, HUH? MENTAL GOMEZ SUCKS THE NEEDLE AND YOU TAKE OVER. NOT A BAD RESULT. OF COURSE, YOU'VE ALL GOT ALIBIS FOR THE NIGHT OF THE MASSACRE.
HE'S GOT NO RIGHT MAKIN' INSINUATIONS LIKE THAT AT YOU, PRETTY BOY. MAKE HIM GO AWAY.
MALICIA SOL, MENTAL'S GIRL, HADN'T TAKEN HER LONG TO TRANSFER HER AFFECTIONS...
THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO BE THERE TONIGHT, MALICIA — TO HOLD HIS HAND.
I WOULDA, BUT I CAN'T STAND INJECTIONS.
IT AIN'T LIKE I DIDN'T LOVE HIM.' WHEN HE GOT KNIFED BY THE GIMPS DIDN'T I NURSE HIM FOR DAYS LIKE I WAS DEVOTED OR SOMETHIN'.'
HE CLAIMED HE WAS AT HOME ALONE WITH A COLD ON THE NIGHT OF THE MASSACRE. WHY WEREN'T YOU WITH HIM?
I..I HAD TO DO MY HAIR. ANYWAY, COLDS CAN BE DANGEROUS IF YOU AIN'T USED TO THEM.
THE MORE HE LOOKED INTO THIS, THE LESS HE LIKED IT. WOULD MENTAL GOMEZ HAVE CARRIED OUT A MASSACRE WITHOUT HIS GANG? IT DIDN'T MAKE SENSE.
AND THAT COLD STORY — IF HE WAS SETTING UP AN ALIBI, SURELY HE'D HAVE COME UP WITH SOMETHING BETTER.
THE WHOLE CASE REEKED OF SLOPPY JUDGING. THEY HAD THE DNA, THEY HAD THE LIE DETECTOR, WHY LOOK ANY FURTHER?
SO THEY NEVER FOUND THE OTHERS, SO WHAT — MENTAL GOMEZ WAS REWARD ENOUGH.
CONTROL, PATCH ME THROUGH TO PSU.


CONCENTRATE ON HECTOR 'PRETTY BOY' DEL MORTE AND MALICIA SOL. GO BACK BEFORE THE MASSACRE.
WHAT AM I LOOKING FOR?
I'M NOT SURE. ANYTHING LINKING THEM TO THE CRIME — CONTACT WITH RIVAL GANG MEMBERS — SUSPICIOUS PHONE CALLS. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THEM THAT GOT MY HACKLES RISING. THEY'RE THE TWO THAT HAD MOST TO GAIN FROM GOMEZ'S ARREST.
WE'VE GOT A TIME LIMIT ON THIS. MENTAL GOMEZ DIES AT MIDNIGHT.
DEATH ISN'T THE END, MY SON. OH NO, NO, NOT BY A LONG WAY.
I...I WISH I COULD BELIEVE YOU, REVEREND.
BUT YOU CAN, MY SON. YOU SEE, YOU'RE GOING ON A SPIRITUAL JOURNEY, AND SANTA IS WAITING.
S-SANTA?
YES, OUR SECT RECOGNISES SANTA. FATHER, SON AND SANTA, THE BLESSED TRINITY. HE IS THE SPIRIT OF GIVING.
PICTURE IT — YOU COME THROUGH THE CLOUDS AND SANTA IS WAITING ON GRUD'S RIGHT. IN ONE HAND HE HAS A BIG SYRINGE OF LETHAL DRUGS — AND IN THE OTHER A COLOURING BOOK.
GET HIM AWAY FROM ME!
YOU'LL REGRET THIS, MY SON.' SANTA HEARS EVERYTHING.'
MADRE GRUD.' WHY HAVEN'T I HEARD ANYTHING? HOW MUCH LONGER?
THIRTY MINUTES, MENTAL
GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU, DREDD.
QUICK WORK.
IT'S ALL PRETTY AUTOMATED. YOU JUST PROGRAM IN THE SUSPECT'S IDENTITY, COMPUTER DOES THE REST. IT CAN RUN THROUGH A WHOLE DAY'S SURVEILLANCE CITY-WIDE IN A LITTLE UNDER A MINUTE.
NINE DAYS BEFORE THE MASSACRE, MALICIA SOL WAS RECORDED MEETING ANOTHER WOMAN IN THE HOTTIE HOUSE ON VENEY, SECTOR 77.
I'VE IDENTIFIED THE WOMAN AS AVIDA LOCA. WHO JUST HAPPENS TO BE NUMBER TWO IN THE CRAWLING THINGS. THEY'RE A COLEMAN HAWKINS BLOCK OUTFIT AFFILIATED TO THE TWISTED ONES.
DURING THE MEETING SOL IS SEEN HANDING A BROWN ENVELOPE TO LOCA, CONTENTS UNKNOWN.

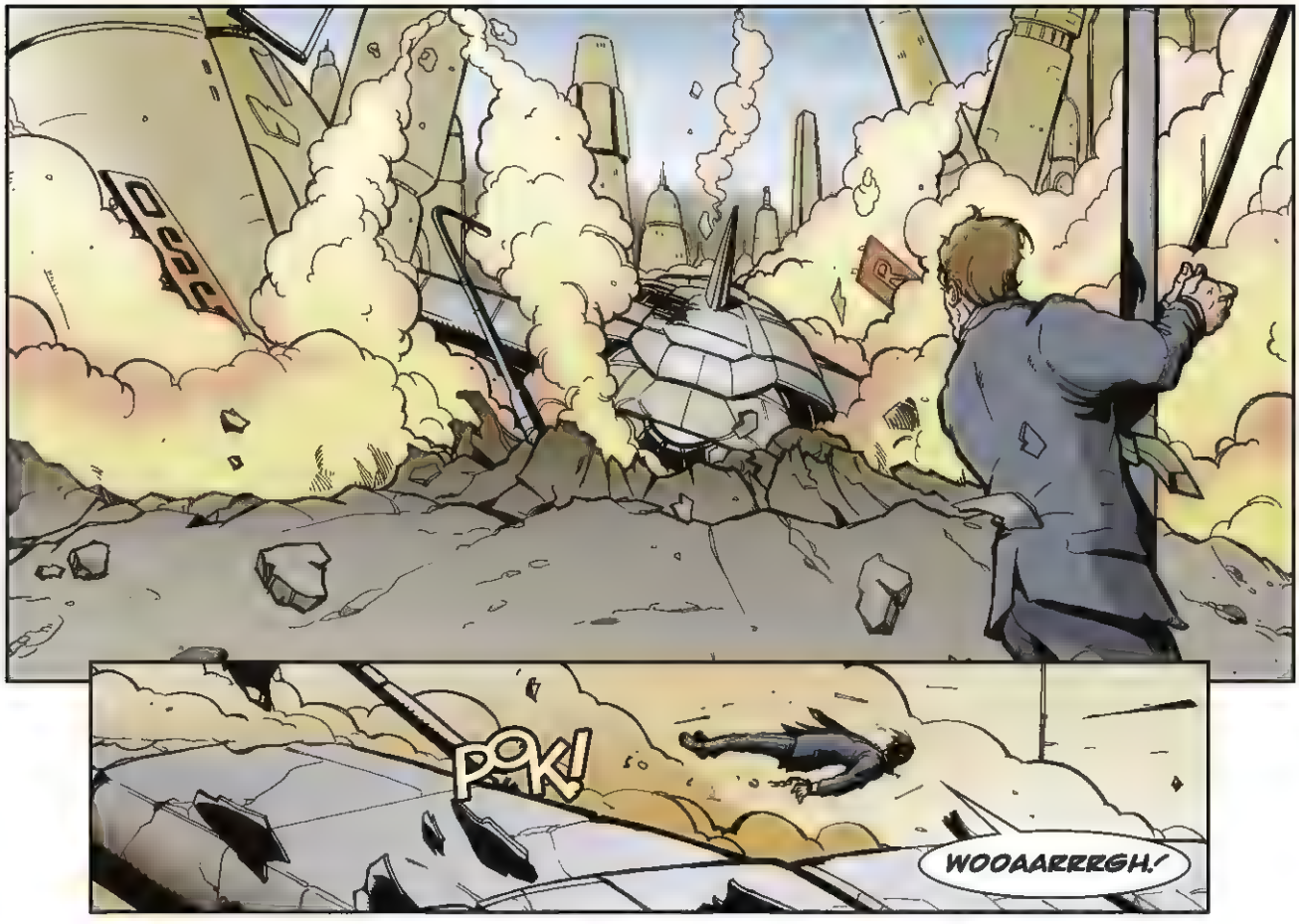

AS IT HAPPENS, LOCA IS CURRENTLY SERVING A FOUR STRETCH IN 77 FOR SLASH AND GRAB. I'VE RUN THE LIP READER ON THEM, BUT RESOLUTION'S POOR. JUST PICKING UP A WORD HERE AND THERE.
DON'T WORRY! I THINK I KNOW WHAT THEY WERE UP TO!
CONTROL! SEND UNITS TO ARREST MALICIA SOL AND 'PRETTY BOY' DEL MORTE! ALSO CHEET MURROW AND HOOLIO RICKETTS OF THE TWISTED ONES!
GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY —
KILL THE BROKER
BRING THEM STRAIGHT TO ISO-BLOCK 77!
FORGIVE FORGET
REMEMBER THAT THE MENTAL MAN WILL DIE ON CHRISTMAS DAY!
IT'S TIME, MENTAL. ON YOUR FEET.
WE HAVE TO SECURE YOU TILL WE GET YOU ON THE TABLE.
OH GRUD...
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS, DREDD? IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE!
THOUGHT THERE WAS A STINK! WHAT'S A BARRACUDA DOIN' HERE?
YEAH? HOW ABOUT I UGLY UP THAT FACE SOME MORE, HOOLIO!
SHUT UP!
HEY, SINNER MAN, WHERE YOU GONNA RUN TO —
SHUT UP! SHUT UP!
OH...OH GRUD...
I BROUGHT YOU HERE FOR A REASON — BECAUSE NONE OF YOU WILL BE LEAVING. I'M ARRESTING YOU ALL FOR THE HALLOWEEN MASSACRE.

AIDING AND ABETTING, PRETTY BOY. YOU HAD THE ITCH TO TAKE OVER THE BARRACUDAS, BUT MENTAL GOMEZ WAS IN THE WAY. AND HE HAD THE GIRL YOU WANTED.
ME? WH-WHAT DID I DO?
D-DON'T BRING ME INTO IT.!
YOU AND YOUR BOYFRIEND WANTED RID OF MENTAL, BUT YOU HAD TO KEEP YOUR HANDS CLEAN. WHAT BETTER WAY THAN GET SOMEONE ELSE TO DO IT FOR YOU?
YOU'RE ALREADY IN IT, UP TO YOUR NECK.
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM.! HE'S TRYING TO TRICK YOU.!
AND YOU — THE TWISTED ONES — YOU HAD PLENTY OF REASON TO HATE THE GIMPS, AND EVERYBODY HATED MENTAL GOMEZ. PRETTY BOY KNEW YOU WOULDN'T NEED MUCH ENCOURAGEMENT TO KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.
YOU WERE IN ON IT FOR SURE, CHEET, AND HOOLIO HERE — HE'S ABOUT RIGHT FOR MENTAL'S SIZE. WHO WERE THE OTHER TWO?
NOW YOU'RE SPECULATIN'.!
I HAVE TO ADMIT THE CASE HAD ME PUZZLED. BUT WHEN PSU DREDGED UP YOUR MEETING WITH AVIDA LOCA ALL THE PIECES FELL INTO PLACE.
WE'LL GET IT OUT OF YOU.
THEY DID — ?
YOU GAVE HER SOMETHING. AT FIRST I THOUGHT MONEY. THEN IT HIT ME —
THE ONLY THING STILL CONVICTING GOMEZ WAS THE DNA. YOU NURSED HIM AFTER HE WAS STABBED. YOU HAD HIS BLOODY SWABS AND YOU HAD THE HOTS FOR PRETTY BOY.
IF MENTAL DIDN'T DO IT, IT WAS THE ONLY WAY HIS DNA COULD HAVE GOT TO THE SCENE. THAT'S WHAT WAS IN THE ENVELOPE — NOT MONEY, BLOOD.
KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.! DON'T SAY ANYTHING.! HE CAN'T PROVE NOTHIN'.!
I'M SORRY, CHEET.! I HAD TO TELL HIM.! HE MADE ME.! I TOLD HIM EVERYTHING.!
DAMN YOU, AVIDA.! YOU'VE PUT THAT NEEDLE IN OUR ARMS.!


HAVEN'T... HAVEN'T YOU HEARD FROM HIM?
NOTHING, I'M AFRAID.
LISTEN, MENTAL — CAN YOU HEAR IT? IT'S THE TWELVE O'CLOCK SIREN. IT'S CHRISTMAS!
O-OHHH...
GRUD IS MY SHEPHERD I SHALL NOT WANT
DIE, YOU SCUM!
IT'S NOT RIGHT
YES, IT IS
WHEN THE FLUID ENTERS YOUR BLOODSTREAM YOU WILL DRIFT OFF INTO A PEACEFUL SLEEP. DEATH WILL FOLLOW WITHIN A COUPLE OF MINUTES.
PLEASE... PLEASE...
U-UH-UHHH...
STOP THE EXECUTION!
IT WAS ALL A CONSPIRACY. WE HAVE PRETTY BOY, YOUR EX-GIRLFRIEND AND OTHERS UNDER ARREST. THEY'RE MAKING THEIR CONFESSIONS NOW.
NICE WORK, MAN! GET ME OFFA HERE!

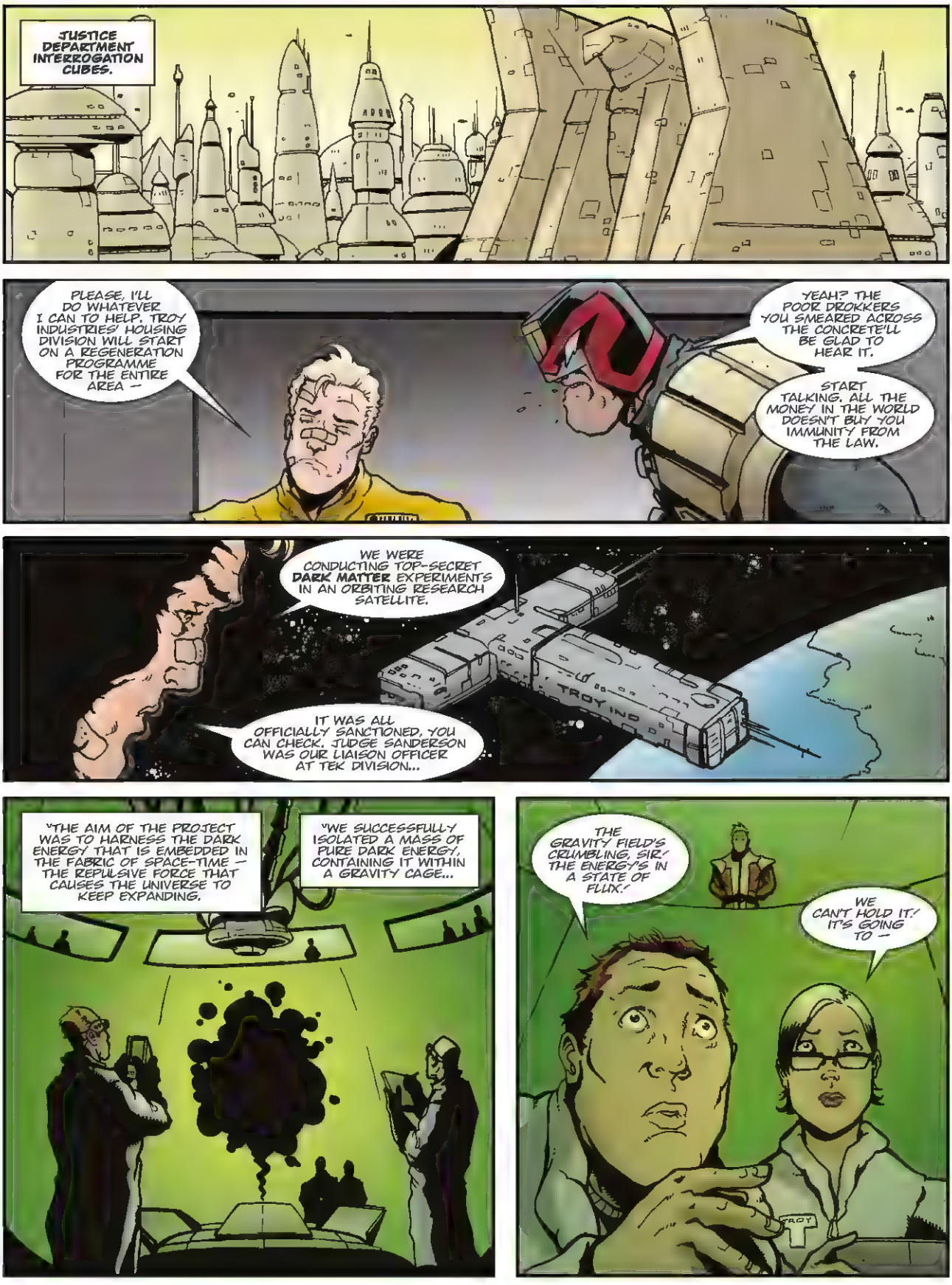
NOT SO FAST, MENTAL.
PRETTY BOY, SOL AND THE OTHERS WEREN'T HAPPY ABOUT TAKING THE RAP ALONE. THEY'VE GIVEN US A FULL RUNDOWN ON SOME OF YOUR **OTHER** ACTIVITIES —
— INCLUDING THE **RITUAL KILLING** OF **SKYBOY McCLEAN**, THE **KIDNAP** AND **MURDER** OF THREE **NUNS** OF THE ORDER OF GRUD, AND THE **POISONING** OF **TWENTY-SEVEN** MEMBERS OF THE **PUBLIC** WITH CONTAMINATED **SKUNKWEED**.
THE LIST GOES ON, BUT I THINK WE'VE GOT ENOUGH RIGHT THERE. YOU REALLY ARE AN UGLY STAIN ON SOCIETY.
THEY'RE **LYING**! I NEVER DONE NONE OF THAT!
LIE DETECTOR SAYS DIFFERENT.
YOUR STINKIN' **LIE DETECTOR'S** LYIN', MAN! I **PROVED** IT!
ONCE IN A WHILE THEY GET IT WRONG, MAYBE. BUT IN THIS CASE, WE HAVE AMPLE CORROBORATION.
I JUST CAME TO GIVE YOU THE GOOD NEWS. HATE TO SEE A MAN DIE FOR SOMETHING HE DIDN'T DO.
WE'RE ALL SET UP HERE — CAN'T SEE ANY REASON TO CHANGE THINGS. CARRY ON.
YES, SIR.
YOU CAN'T **DO** THIS! I GOT A RIGHT OF **APPEAL**!
APPEAL CONSIDERED — AND **DISMISSED**.
HERE WE GO. SECOND TIME LUCKY.
RED LIGHT ON THE ISO-BLOCK!
JUSTICE IS DONE!
ANOTHER CREEP BITES THE DUST!
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
THE END

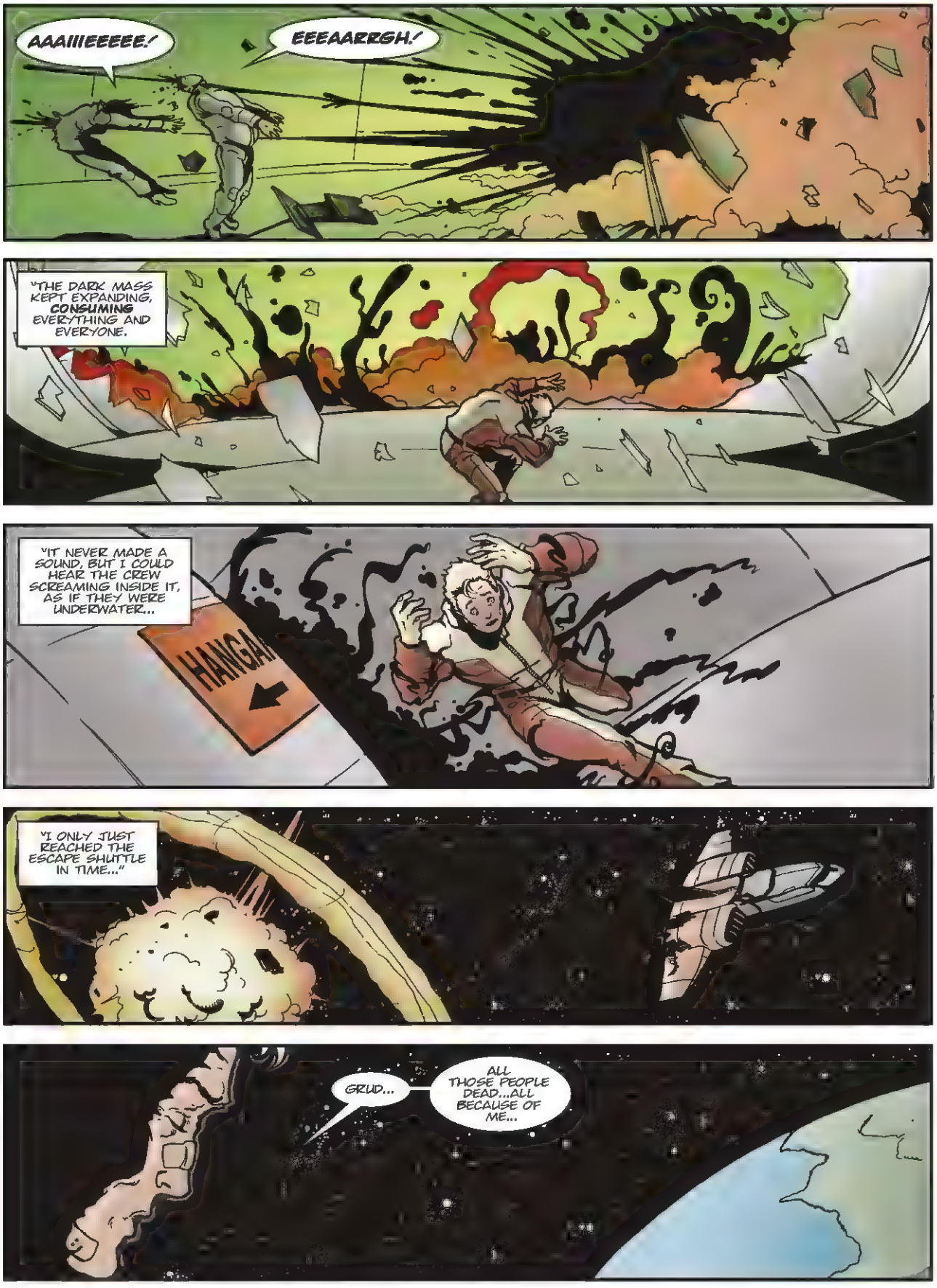
MEGA-CITY ONE AIRSPACE, 2129 AD.
EMERGENCY.! ALL UNITS VICINITY OF KURT VONNEGUT SPACEPORT.! DISABLED CLASS III CRUISER COMING IN HOT.! AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL PREDICTS A 75 PER CENT CHANCE OF IT OVERSHOOTING THE RUNWAY.!
ROBBIE MORRISON
SCRIPT
LEE GARBETT
ART
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS
EVACUATE SURROUNDING AREAS IMMEDIATELY.!
THAT'S IT, CITIZENS. KEEP IT CALM AND ORDERLY.
THE FIRST ONE TO PANIC GETS A FACE FULL OF DAYSTICK.
JUDGE DREDD
SHADOWKILL
WHOA, WAIT A MINUTE.! THERE'S A SPACESHIP CRASHING ON US AND YOU'RE JUST LEAVING ME HERE?
STILL A 25 PER CENT CHANCE IT'LL MISS, BETTER ODDS THAN YOU GIVE THE KID YOU RAN DOWN AND LEFT TO DIE.
BREAK THE LAW IN MY CITY, PUNK, YOU PAY THE PRICE.
VONNEGUT TOWER TO JUSTICE CENTRAL.! RED ALERT.! SHE'S MISSED THE RUNWAY.!
AFFIRMATIVE, VONNEGUT. DISASTER SQUADS ARE EN ROUTE.

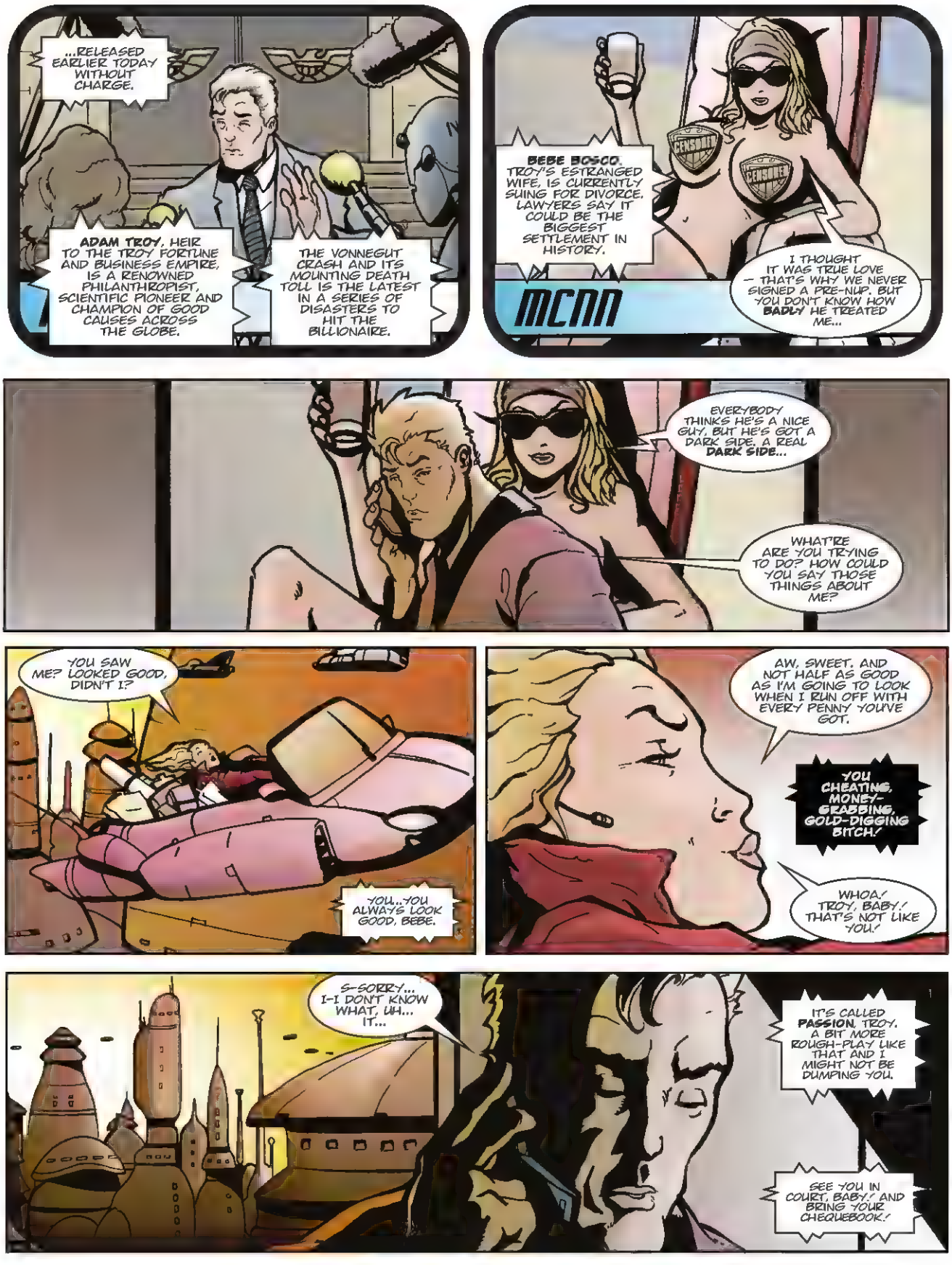

POK!
WOOAARRRGH!

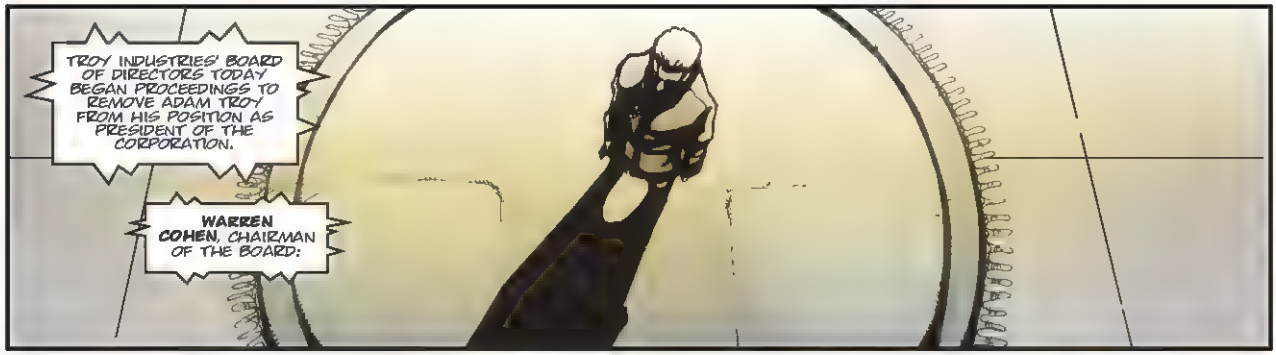
HA HA HA HA HA!
DROKK YOU, DREDD! DROKK —

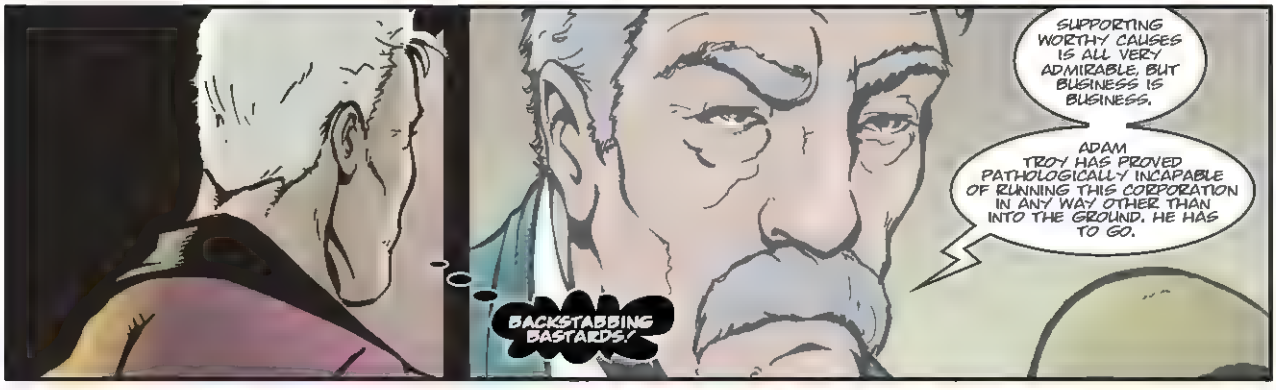
UH, SORRY, EVERYONE...NOT EXACTLY THE SAFEST OF LANDINGS...
DON'T WORRY, THOUGH, TROY INDUSTRIES WILL PAY FOR ALL DAMAGES...


JUSTICE DEPARTMENT INTERROGATION CUBES.
PLEASE, I'LL DO WHATEVER I CAN TO HELP. TROY INDUSTRIES' HOUSING DIVISION WILL START ON A REGENERATION PROGRAMME FOR THE ENTIRE AREA —
YEAH? THE POOR DROKKERS YOU SMEARED ACROSS THE CONCRETE'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR IT.
START TALKING. ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD DOESN'T BUY YOU IMMUNITY FROM THE LAW.
WE WERE CONDUCTING TOP-SECRET **DARK MATTER** EXPERIMENTS IN AN ORBITING RESEARCH SATELLITE.
IT WAS ALL OFFICIALLY SANCTIONED. YOU CAN CHECK. JUDGE SANDERSON WAS OUR LIAISON OFFICER AT TEK DIVISION...
TROY IND
"THE AIM OF THE PROJECT WAS TO HARNESS THE DARK ENERGY THAT IS EMBEDDED IN THE FABRIC OF SPACE-TIME — THE REPULSIVE FORCE THAT CAUSES THE UNIVERSE TO KEEP EXPANDING.
"WE SUCCESSFULLY ISOLATED A MASS OF PURE DARK ENERGY, CONTAINING IT WITHIN A GRAVITY CAGE...
THE GRAVITY FIELD'S CRUMBLING, SIR! THE ENERGY'S IN A STATE OF FLUX!
WE CAN'T HOLD IT! IT'S GOING TO —
TROY

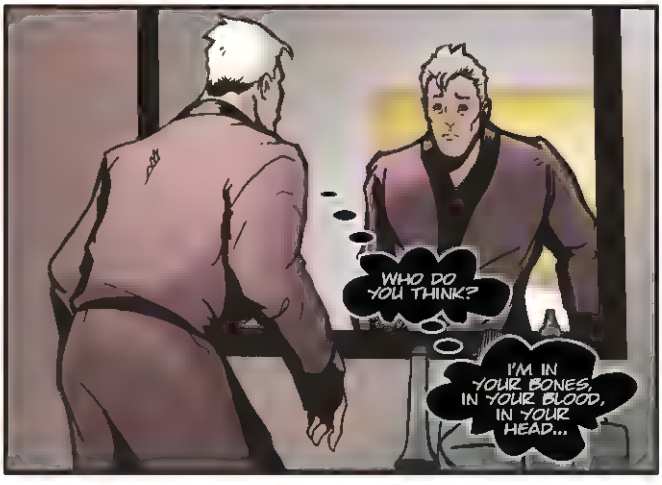

AAAIIIEEEEE!
EEEAARRGH!
"THE DARK MASS KEPT EXPANDING, CONSUMING EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE.
"IT NEVER MADE A SOUND, BUT I COULD HEAR THE CREW SCREAMING INSIDE IT, AS IF THEY WERE UNDERWATER...
HANGA
"I ONLY JUST REACHED THE ESCAPE SHUTTLE IN TIME..."
GRUD...
ALL THOSE PEOPLE DEAD...ALL BECAUSE OF ME...


...RELEASED EARLIER TODAY WITHOUT CHARGE.
ADAM TROY, HEIR TO THE TROY FORTUNE AND BUSINESS EMPIRE, IS A RENOWNED PHILANTHROPIST, SCIENTIFIC PIONEER AND CHAMPION OF GOOD CAUSES ACROSS THE GLOBE.
THE VONNEGUT CRASH AND ITS MOUNTING DEATH TOLL IS THE LATEST IN A SERIES OF DISASTERS TO HIT THE BILLIONAIRE.
BEBE BOSCO, TROY'S ESTRANGED WIFE, IS CURRENTLY SUING FOR DIVORCE. LAWYERS SAY IT COULD BE THE BIGGEST SETTLEMENT IN HISTORY.
MCNN
I THOUGHT IT WAS TRUE LOVE — THAT'S WHY WE NEVER SIGNED A PRE-NUP. BUT YOU DON'T KNOW HOW BADLY HE TREATED ME...
EVERYBODY THINKS HE'S A NICE GUY, BUT HE'S GOT A DARK SIDE. A REAL DARK SIDE...
WHAT'RE ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? HOW COULD YOU SAY THOSE THINGS ABOUT ME?
YOU SAW ME? LOOKED GOOD, DIDN'T I?
YOU...YOU ALWAYS LOOK GOOD, BEBE.
AW, SWEET. AND NOT HALF AS GOOD AS I'M GOING TO LOOK WHEN I RUN OFF WITH EVERY PENNY YOU'VE GOT.
YOU CHEATING, MONEY-GRABBING, GOLD-DIGGING BITCH!
WHOA! TROY, BABY! THAT'S NOT LIKE YOU!
S-SORRY... I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT, UH... IT...
IT'S CALLED PASSION, TROY. A BIT MORE ROUGH-PLAY LIKE THAT AND I MIGHT NOT BE DUMPING YOU.
SEE YOU IN COURT, BABY! AND BRING YOUR CHEQUEBOOK!


TROY INDUSTRIES' BOARD OF DIRECTORS TODAY BEGAN PROCEEDINGS TO REMOVE ADAM TROY FROM HIS POSITION AS PRESIDENT OF THE CORPORATION.
WARREN COHEN, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD:


SUPPORTING WORTHY CAUSES IS ALL VERY ADMIRABLE, BUT BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.
ADAM TROY HAS PROVED PATHOLOGICALLY INCAPABLE OF RUNNING THIS CORPORATION IN ANY WAY OTHER THAN INTO THE GROUND. HE HAS TO GO.
BACKSTABBING BASTARDS!

WISE UP, LAMEBRAIN! YOU'RE GETTING ROYALLY SCREWED! TIME TO START WASTING THE BASTARDS!
WHAT? WHO...WHO SAID THAT?


WHO DO YOU THINK?
I'M IN YOUR BONES, IN YOUR BLOOD, IN YOUR HEAD...

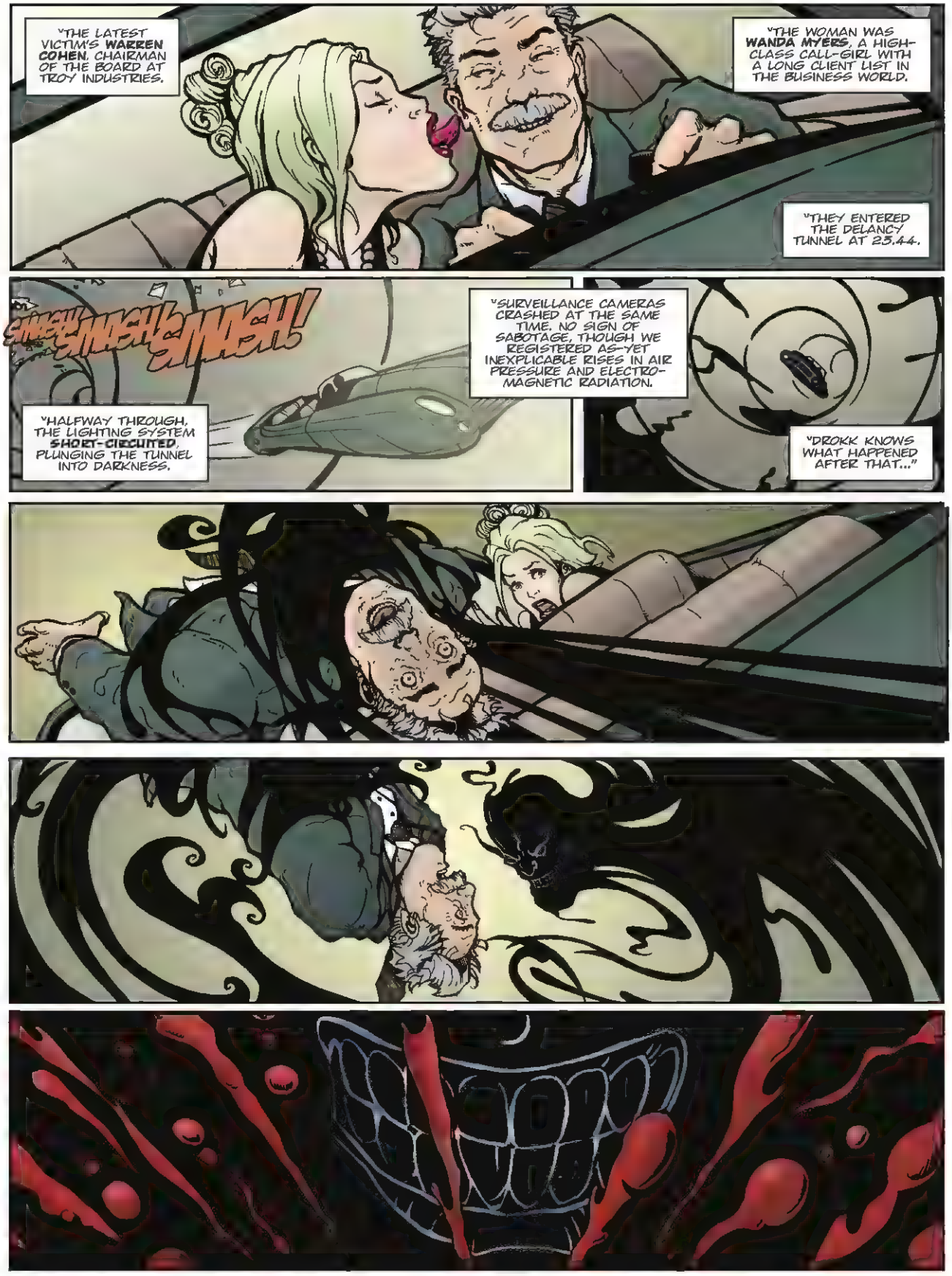
TAKE A LOOK...

AAAIIEEEEE!
THUNK!

AAHH!
'AAHH!' TO YOU TOO, SIR. THOUGH I MUST ADMIT IT'S NOT A GREETING I'M FAMILIAR WITH.
WOULD SIR LIKE HIS TOAST CUT INTO SOLDIERS? SIR?
VICTIM IS ONE BEBE BOSCO, AGE 26. BLOWN APART FROM INSIDE, BODY COMPLETELY DISINTEGRATED.
NANO-EXPLOSIVES? ADMINISTERED ORALLY OR INTRAVENOUSLY, THEN DETONATED BY REMOTE...?
NO TRACE. NO TRACE OF ANYTHING. NO DNA EVIDENCE, NO FORCED ENTRY. NOTHING ON BLOCK SECURITY.
NO CLUES WHATSOEVER TO THE IDENTITY OF THE PERPETRATOR.
I'VE GOT A SUSPECT IN MIND...
BRRR-BRRR-BRRR
BRRR-CLIK
BEBE? IT'S TROY. PICK UP IF YOU'RE THERE, HUH? I JUST HAD THE WEIRDEST DREAM...
SPEAK OF THE DEVIL.
MURDERED? NO! HOW...? WHO...?
THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP US WITH THAT.
YOU THINK I DID IT?

YOU WEREN'T EXACTLY GOING THROUGH AN AMICABLE DIVORCE. MONEY AT RISK. REPUTATION SHOT TO HELL...
WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?
STAY COOL, TROY. THE STONEY-FACED DROKKER'S JUST TRYING TO SPOOK YOU. LOOK HIM IN THE EYE AND TELL THE TRUTH.
YOU WERE HOME ALONE, SLEEPING LIKE A BABY.
CONTROL — DREDD.
LOOKS LIKE TROY'S CLEAN. LIE DETECTOR CONFIRMS HIS STORY, SO DOES THE JUDICIAL OVERRIDE ON HIS ROBO-STAFF. HE WAS THERE ALL NIGHT.
THE PERFECT CRIME, TROY. JUST THE FIRST.
AND HOW ABOUT THOSE DREAMS? DID YOU FEEL HER FIGHTING, FEEL THAT LUSCIOUS BODY JUST COMING APART?
WHO ARE YOU, DAMN IT?
KRASH!
WHO AM I?
YOU KNOW WHO I AM, TROY.
EEEEEAARRGH!

N-NO...
I'M YOU.
I'M THE YOU YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO BE...


"THE LATEST VICTIM'S WARREN COHEN, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD AT TROY INDUSTRIES.
"THE WOMAN WAS WANDA MYERS, A HIGH-CLASS CALL-GIRL WITH A LONG CLIENT LIST IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.
"THEY ENTERED THE DELANCY TUNNEL AT 23.44.
SMASH! SMASH! SMASH!
"SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS CRASHED AT THE SAME TIME. NO SIGN OF SABOTAGE, THOUGH WE REGISTERED AS-YET INEXPLICABLE RISES IN AIR PRESSURE AND ELECTRO-MAGNETIC RADIATION.
"HALFWAY THROUGH, THE LIGHTING SYSTEM SHORT-CIRCUITED, PLUNGING THE TUNNEL INTO DARKNESS.
"DROKK KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT..."

COHEN WAS SNATCHED FROM THE HOV-POD WHILE IT WAS IN MOTION, HIS BODY DISMEMBERED AND SCATTERED OVER THE ROAD. MYERS DIED IN THE CRASH.
AS WITH THE PREVIOUS FOUR VICTIMS, THE PERPETRATOR LEFT NO PHYSICAL EVIDENCE, NO PSIONIC RESIDUE, NOTHING.
ADAM TROY WAS PRIME SUSPECT. THREE OF THE DEAD WANTED HIM REMOVED AS HEAD OF TROY INDUSTRIES AND THE FIRST VICTIM, BEBE BOSCO, WAS DIVORCING HIM FOR MAJOR MONEY.
BUT HE'S BEEN UNDER 24-HOUR SURVEILLANCE SINCE THE SECOND MURDER. NO WAY HE COULD'VE GOTTEN PAST US.
IN OTHER WORDS, WE'RE STILL IN THE DROKKING DARK.
TROY MANSION.
BRIGHT IN HERE. DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GETTING SCARED OF THE DARK?
IT WAS BEBE'S DANCE STUDIO. THE LIGHTING HAD TO BE PERFECT FOR HER...
NO MORE KILLING... PLEASE, TELL ME WARREN WAS THE LAST...
QUIT YOUR WHINING. I'M JUST LOOKING AFTER OUR INTERESTS.
YOU WANT THE KILLING TO STOP, YOU BETTER LET ME OUT TO PLAY IN OTHER WAYS...

TROY INDUSTRIES, CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS.
AS ACTING CHAIRMAN, I DECLARE THE MOTION PASSED...
ADAM TROY REMAINS CORPORATE DIRECTOR OF TROY INDUSTRIES BY UNANIMOUS VOTE. CONGRATULATIONS, SIR.
THANK YOU. AND JUST LET ME SAY THAT WHILE I APPRECIATE THE FAITH YOU'VE ALL SHOWN IN ME, I ALSO UNDERSTAND THE CONCERNS OF OUR TRAGICALLY DECEASED COMPATRIOTS.
I NOW REALISE THAT MY SELFLESS PURSUIT OF GOOD CAUSES HAS ACTUALLY BEEN PRETTY DAMNED SELFISH AND HAS HURT THE PROFITS OF OUR SHAREHOLDERS.
SO, FROM NOW ON, ALL TROY INDUSTRIES CHARITY PROGRAMMES ARE SUSPENDED.
THE FUNERAL OF WARREN COHEN.
WHO'S THE CHICK?
AMANDA. WARREN'S DAUGHTER.
SHE'S BEEN WORKING OUT SINCE YOU DUMPED HER.
WE BETTER GET IN THERE, PAY OUR RESPECTS, MAYBE REKINDLE THE OLD FIRES...
THE COHEN RESIDENCE.
THANKS FOR COMING, ADAM.
I KNOW THINGS HADN'T BEEN GOOD BETWEEN YOU AND DAD LATELY.
WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN HAVING BUSINESS DISAGREEMENTS, AMANDA, BUT I NEVER STOPPED THINKING OF HIM AS A FRIEND.

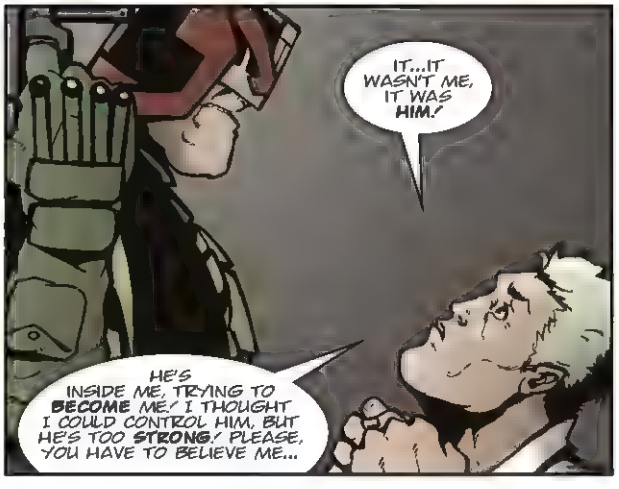
I'M SORRY.
NOT JUST FOR YOUR FATHER, FOR EVERYTHING — WHAT I DID TO YOU, THE WAY I TREATED YOU...
HEY, IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO. NEITHER OF US BEHAVED VERY WELL. I'M JUST GLAD TO SEE YOU AFTER ALL THIS TIME.
I HOPE IT MEANS WE'RE FRIENDS AGAIN.
'FRIENDS' SOUNDS GOOD TO ME...
DAMN IT, ADAM! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW...?

DREDD — HOMICIDE, THE RIDLEY ESTATE.
SEND ANOTHER UNIT. I'M JUST READING THE RIOT ACT IN ALIENTOWN.
VICTIM IS AMANDA COHEN, WARREN COHEN'S DAUGHTER. ADAM TROY WAS SEEN FLEEING THE SCENE.

TROY MANSION.
EEEAARRRGGHH!

THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT I CAN DO TO YOU. YOU THINK YOU CAN TRAP ME IN HERE? I'LL —
ADAM TROY.

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF AMANDA COHEN.
DREDD! THANK GRUD!


IT...IT WASN'T ME, IT WAS HIM!
HE'S INSIDE ME, TRYING TO BECOME ME! I THOUGHT I COULD CONTROL HIM, BUT HE'S TOO STRONG! PLEASE, YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE ME...

THE DARK-MATTER EXPERIMENT... IT OPENED A GATEWAY TO ANOTHER DIMENSION, A SHADOW WORLD OF EARTH.
IT MERGED ME WITH MY SHADOW-SELF. HE'S MY OPPOSITE IN EVERY WAY — A KILLER, A MONSTER!
TELL THEM ABOUT IT IN THE PSYCH CUBES, CREEP.
I'M JUST HERE TO TAKE YOU IN.
NO, THE CUBES CAN'T HOLD HIM! YOU HAVE TO KILL ME! NOW!
PLEASE, I'VE KILLED FIVE PEOPLE! DON'T I DESERVE TO —
DIE? TOO DROKKING RIGHT!
DROKK!

NO.! DON'T LET HIM INTO THE SHADOWS.!
I TOLD YOU! A DARK-MATTER BEING.! HE CAN CONTROL THE DARKNESS, MAKE IT ORGANIC, USE IT AS A WEAPON...
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT THING?
INCENDIARY.! RAPID FIRE.!
CONTROL — DREDD.! BACK-UP REQUIRED.! CONTROL.!
NO RESPONSE. BASTARD MUST BE BLOCKING THE SIGNAL SOMEHOW...
BA-
BOOM
WE CAN'T OUTRUN HIM. HE CAN MOVE THROUGH THE DARKNESS, LIKE A TELEPORTER.

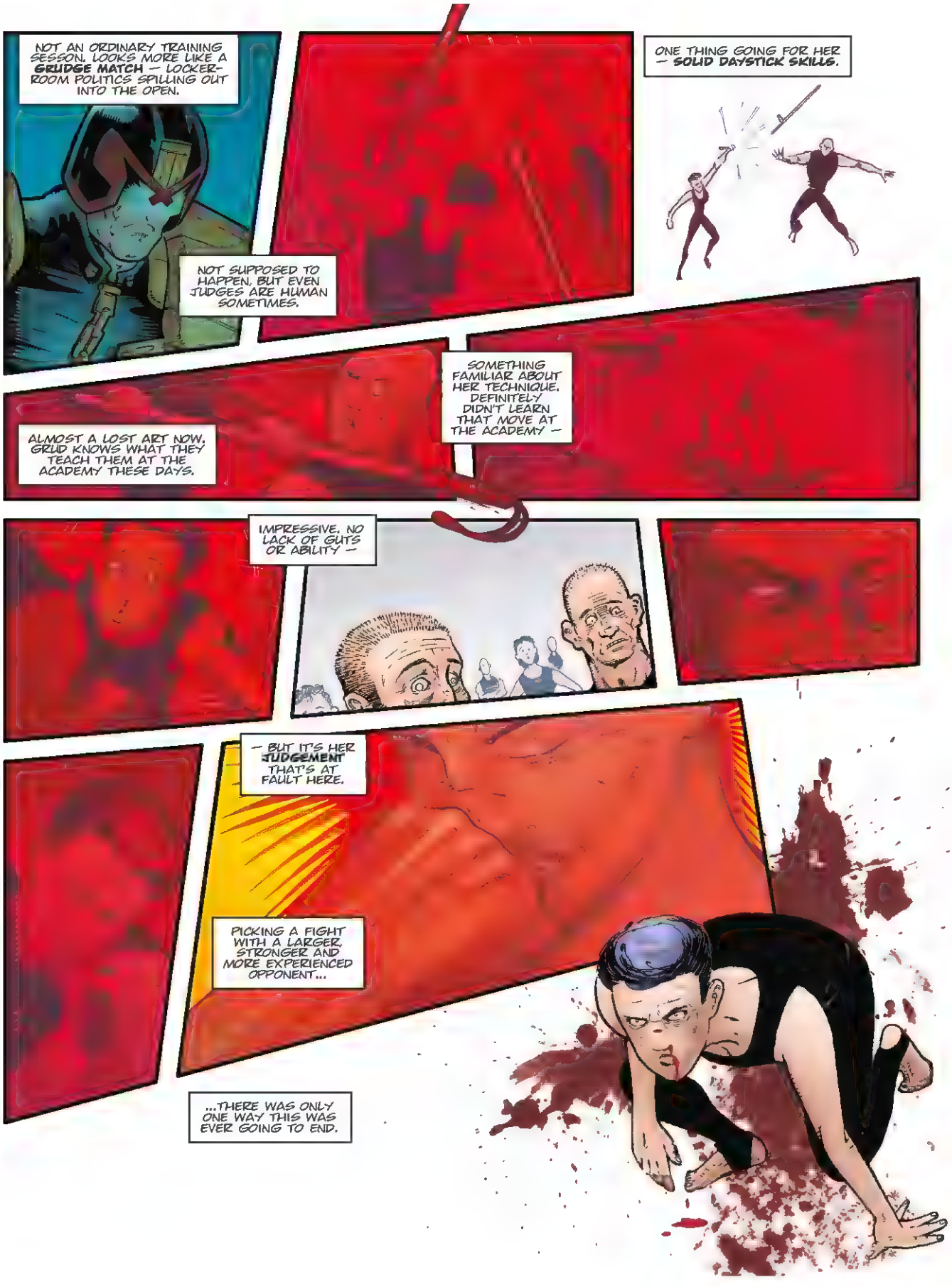
YOU'RE CHASING SHADOWS, LAWMAN! HOW CAN YOU SHOOT SOMETHING YOU CAN'T SEE?
CRASH!
HSSSSS!

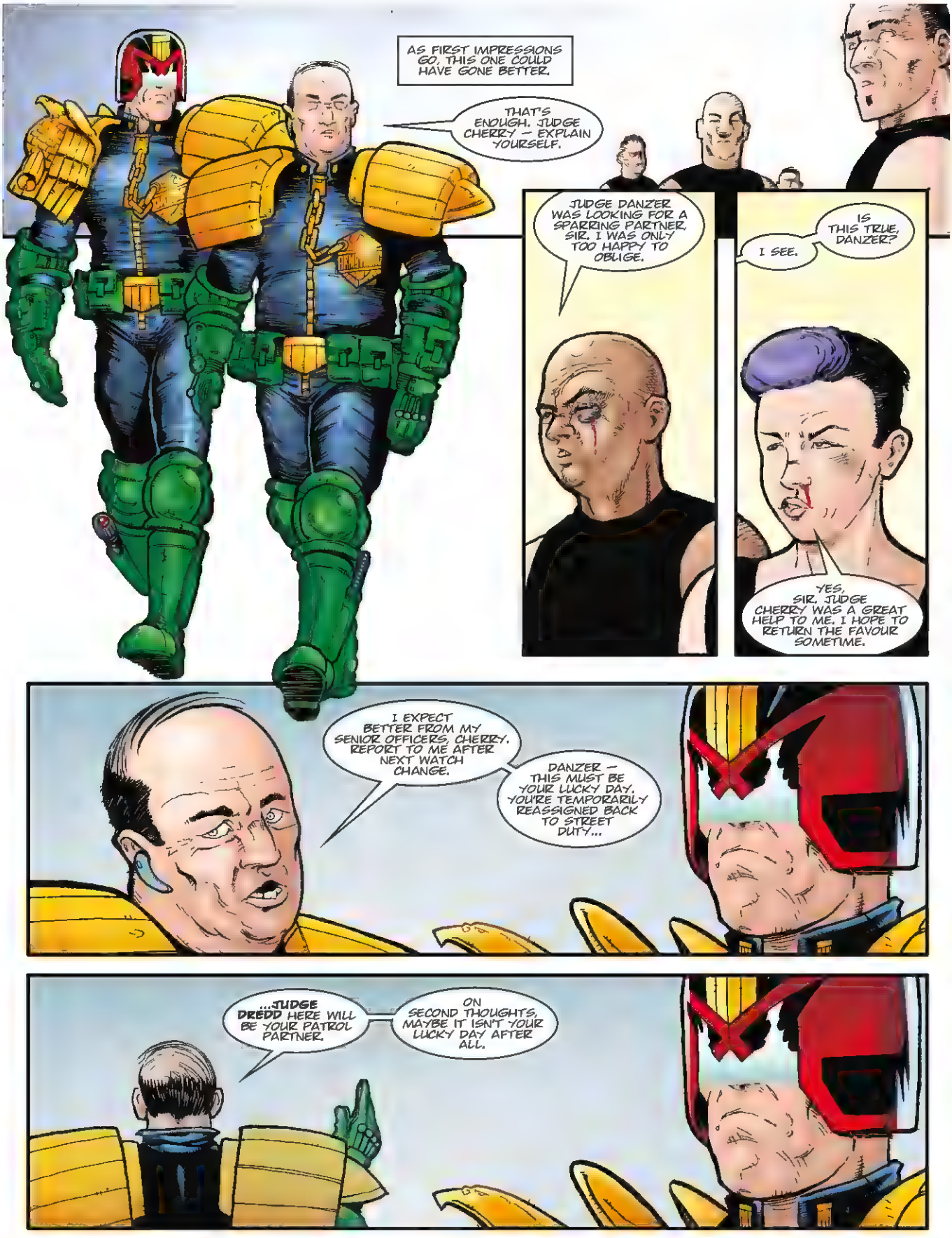
BRIGHT IN HERE, ISN'T IT? NOWHERE FOR YOU TO HIDE.
DON'T WORRY, PUNK, I'LL PUT YOUR LIGHTS OUT.
INCENDIARY!
AAAAIIIIIIEEEE!
CONTROL – DREDD. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS ONE...

NO... PLEASE...
NO!
AAAHHHH!
NO CHANGE, DREDD. THE SEPARATION FROM HIS DARK-MATTER TWIN RESULTED IN NEAR-COMPLETE PSYCHOLOGICAL MELTDOWN.
A STATE OF SCHIZOPHRENIC CATATONIA DURING DAYLIGHT HOURS, LEADING INTO EXPLOSIVE POST-TRAUMATIC TERROR AS SOON AS DARKNESS FALLS.
SCARED OF HIS OWN SHADOW.
THE END

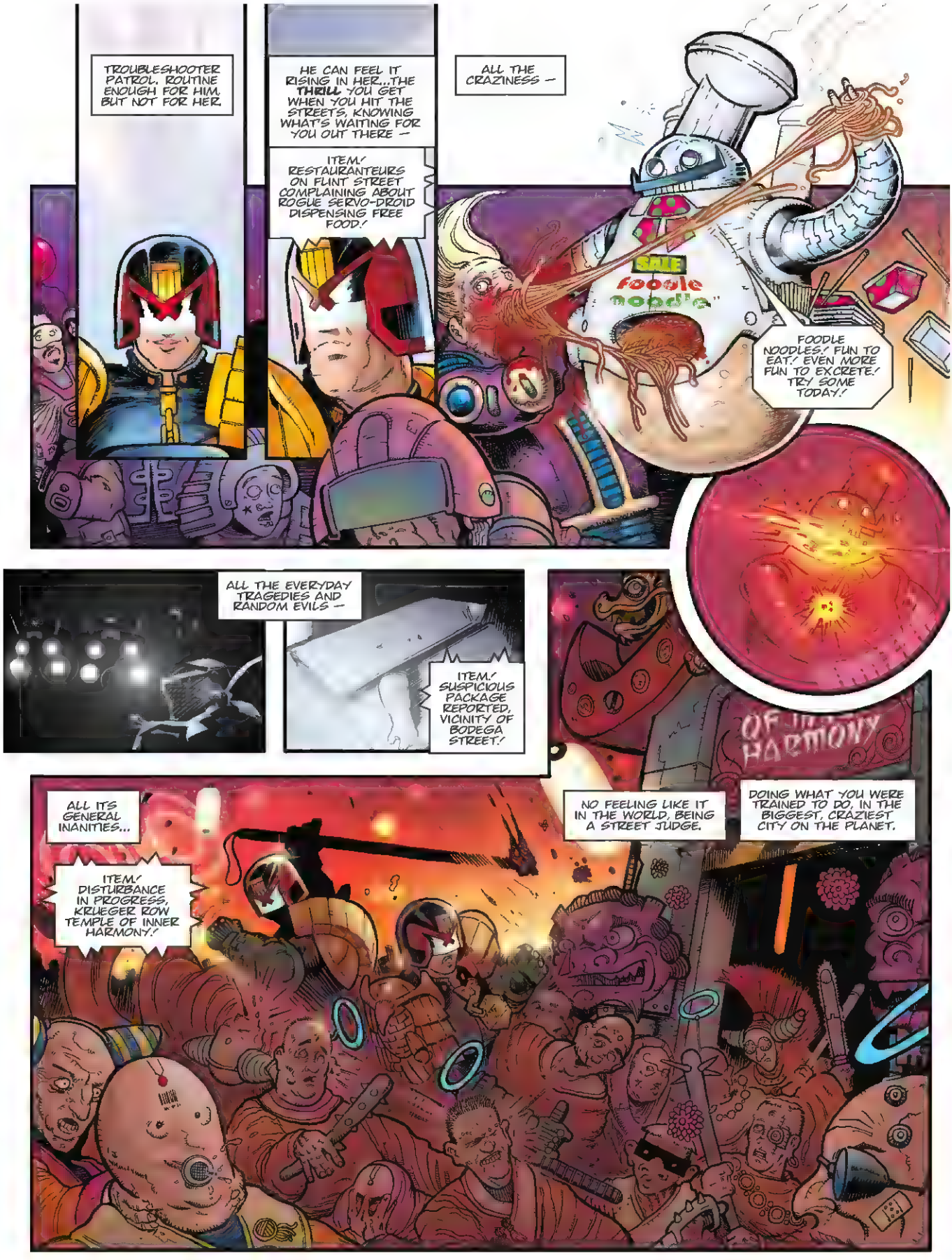
SECTOR HOUSE 163:
DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE WORKING THIS SECTOR TODAY, DREDD. NORMALLY, WE'RE NOTIFIED THROUGH JUSTICE CENTRAL...
JUDGE DREDD
THE HOTSHOT
IT WAS AT MY REQUEST. JUST ROUTINE DUTY, BUT I NEED A PATROL PARTNER.
CERTAINLY. I COULD RECOMMEND —
ALREADY GOT SOMEONE IN MIND. ONE OF YOUR SLAB JOCKS - JANNA DANZER.
DANZER? YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?
SHE WAS JUDGE MURDOCH'S ROOKIE. I PROMISED HIM I'D CHECK UP ON HER, JUST BEFORE HE TOOK THE WALK.*
I HEARD ABOUT MURDOCH. A GOOD JUDGE, SO I UNDERSTOOD.
YOU'LL HAVE YOUR WORK CUT OUT WITH DANZER. SHE'S GOT ALL THE MAKINGS OF A REAL HOTSHOT.
*SEE 2000 AD, PROG 14-84.
SO I KEEP HEARING.
EARLIER:
...GOT YOUR MESSAGE, DREDD. YOU KNOW SJS FILES ARE CLOSED TO NON-SJS PERSONNEL?
EYES-ONLY RESTRICTIONS CAN BE LIFTED AT THE DISCRETION OF A SENIOR SJS JUDGE.
DOING A FAVOUR FOR SOMEONE, ISHMAEL. YOU CAN CALL THIS LIKEWISE.
GORDON RENNIE SCRIPT
LEN O'GRADY ART
ANNIE PARKHOUSE LETTERS
WHAT THE HELL — THEY GOT TO NAIL YOU FOR SOMETHING, RIGHT?
DANZER, J. CLASS OF '26. WORKING OUT OF 163 BUT CURRENTLY SERVING A TWO-MONTH DEMOTION TO CLEAN-UP DUTY. SECTOR HOUSE SJS UP THERE THINK THEY'VE GOT A LIVE ONE.

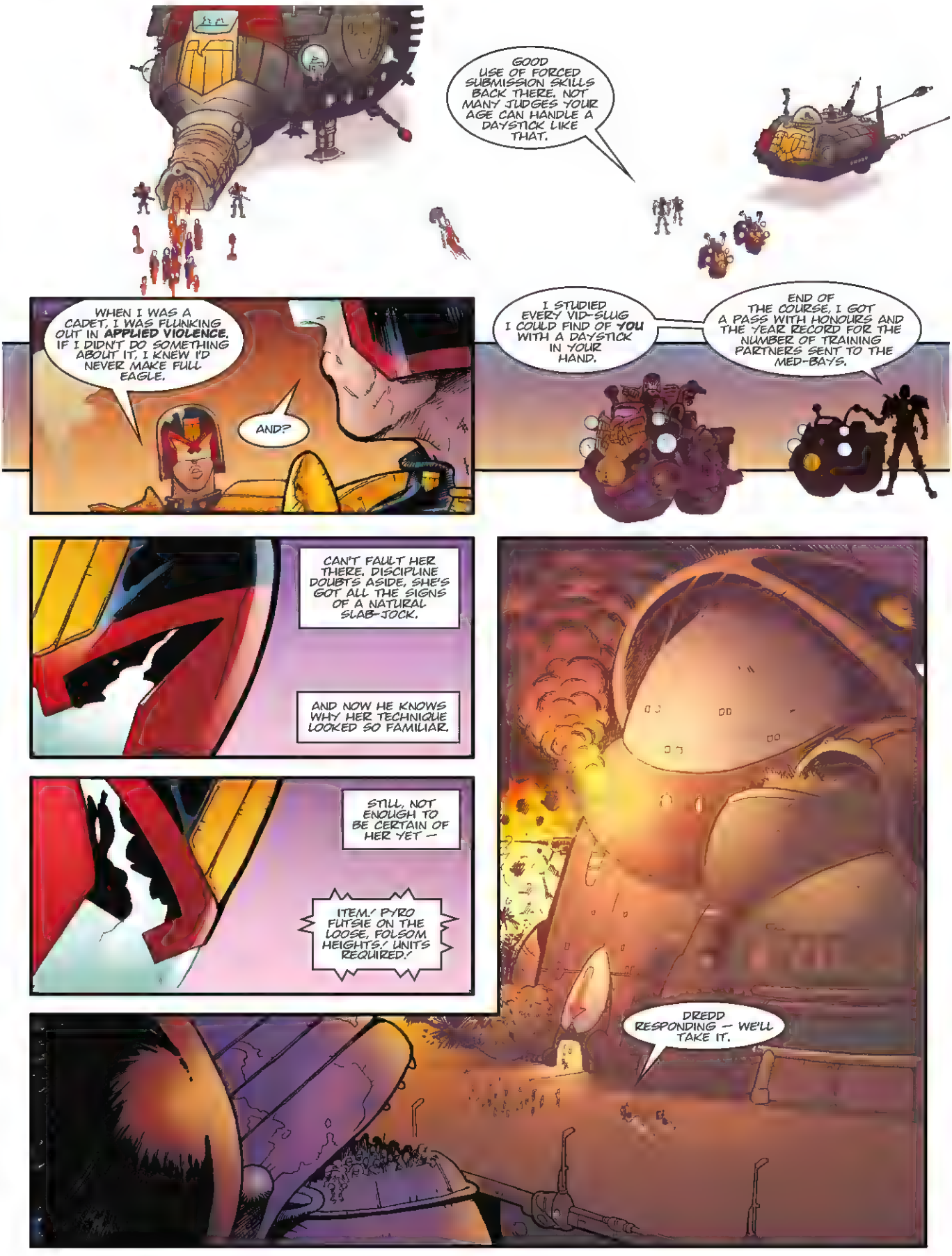
SHE'S DIRTY?
'DANGEROUSLY OVER-ENTHUSIASTIC' IS HOW YOU MIGHT PUT IT. SIX COMPLAINTS OF EXTRA-JUDICIAL AUTHORITY IN TWO YEARS.
ALL INVESTIGATED AND DISMISSED, BUT THE LOCAL BOYS THINK IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY GET HER ON SOMETHING SHE CAN'T WALK AWAY FROM.
HOTSHOT?
SHE FITS THE PATTERN. GOOD TO OUTSTANDING GRADES AT THE ACADEMY, BUT PROBLEMS WHEN SHE HITS THE STREET.
YOU KNOW THE TYPE AS WELL AS I DO — THEY EITHER BUY THEMSELVES AN EARLY RESYK RIDE, END UP AS KOOK-CUBE CASES OR WAKE UP ONE MORNING WITH AN SJS SQUAD KICKING DOWN THEIR DORM-ROOM DOOR.
NOT THIS ONE. CATCH THEM EARLY ENOUGH, YOU CAN STILL PULL 'EM BACK FROM THE EDGE...
SHE'S SUSPENDED?
NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME. SHE GOT INTO A LOCKER-ROOM FIGHT WITH ANOTHER JUDGE.
A SPELL ON CLEAN-UP DUTY MIGHT COOL HER HEELS.
AT LEAST, THAT WAS THE IDEA.

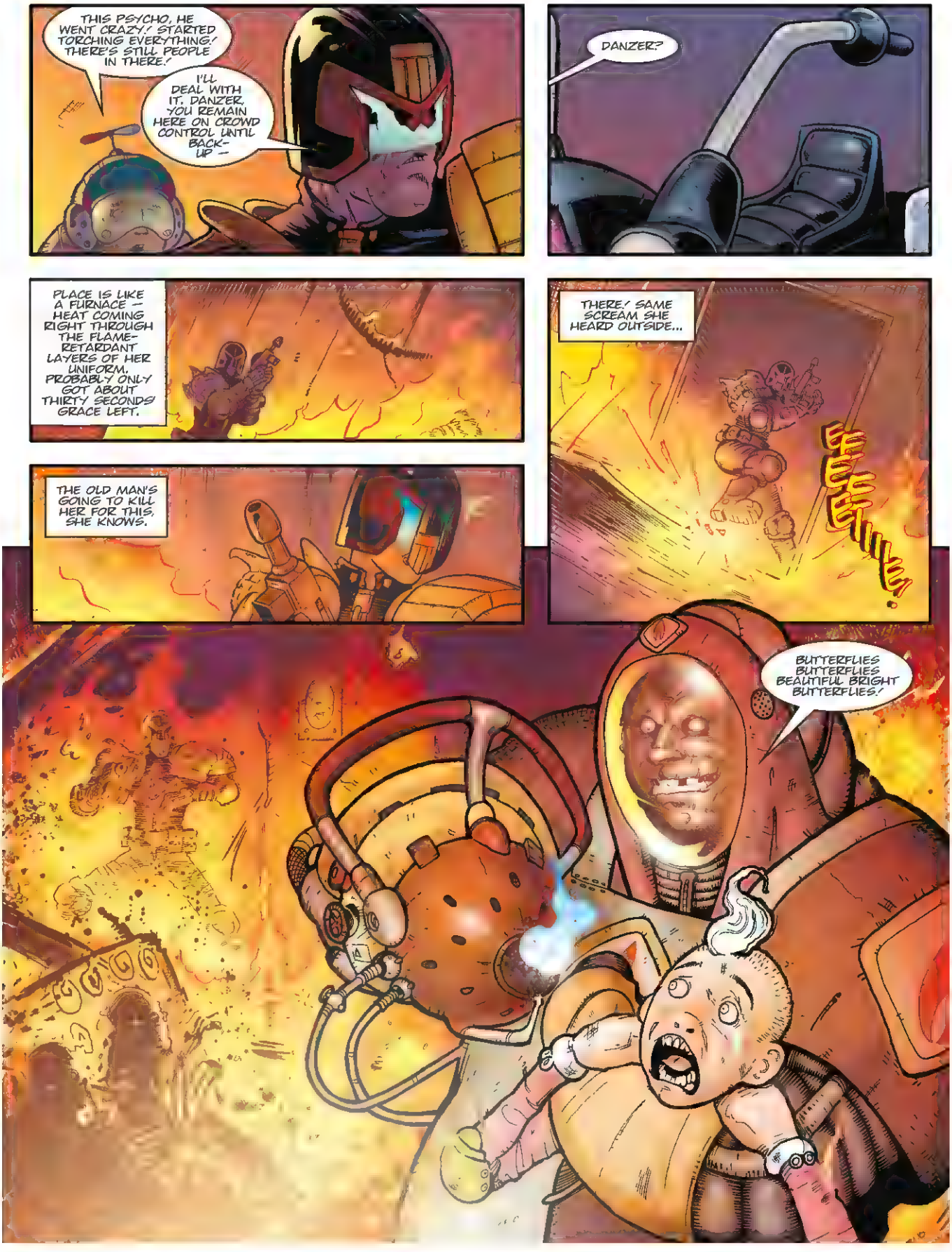

NOT AN ORDINARY TRAINING SESSON. LOOKS MORE LIKE A GRUDGE MATCH — LOCKER-ROOM POLITICS SPILLING OUT INTO THE OPEN.
NOT SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN, BUT EVEN JUDGES ARE HUMAN SOMETIMES.
ONE THING GOING FOR HER — SOLID DAYSTICK SKILLS.
SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT HER TECHNIQUE. DEFINITELY DIDN'T LEARN THAT MOVE AT THE ACADEMY —
ALMOST A LOST ART NOW. GRUD KNOWS WHAT THEY TEACH THEM AT THE ACADEMY THESE DAYS.
IMPRESSIVE. NO LACK OF GUTS OR ABILITY —
— BUT IT'S HER JUDGEMENT THAT'S AT FAULT HERE.
PICKING A FIGHT WITH A LARGER, STRONGER AND MORE EXPERIENCED OPPONENT...
...THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY THIS WAS EVER GOING TO END.


AS FIRST IMPRESSIONS GO, THIS ONE COULD HAVE GONE BETTER.
THAT'S ENOUGH. JUDGE CHERRY — EXPLAIN YOURSELF.
JUDGE DANZER WAS LOOKING FOR A SPARRING PARTNER, SIR. I WAS ONLY TOO HAPPY TO OBLIGE.
I SEE.
IS THIS TRUE, DANZER?
YES, SIR. JUDGE CHERRY WAS A GREAT HELP TO ME. I HOPE TO RETURN THE FAVOUR SOMETIME.
I EXPECT BETTER FROM MY SENIOR OFFICERS, CHERRY. REPORT TO ME AFTER NEXT WATCH CHANGE.
DANZER — THIS MUST BE YOUR LUCKY DAY. YOU'RE TEMPORARILY REASSIGNED BACK TO STREET DUTY...
...JUDGE DREDD HERE WILL BE YOUR PATROL PARTNER.
ON SECOND THOUGHTS, MAYBE IT ISN'T YOUR LUCKY DAY AFTER ALL.

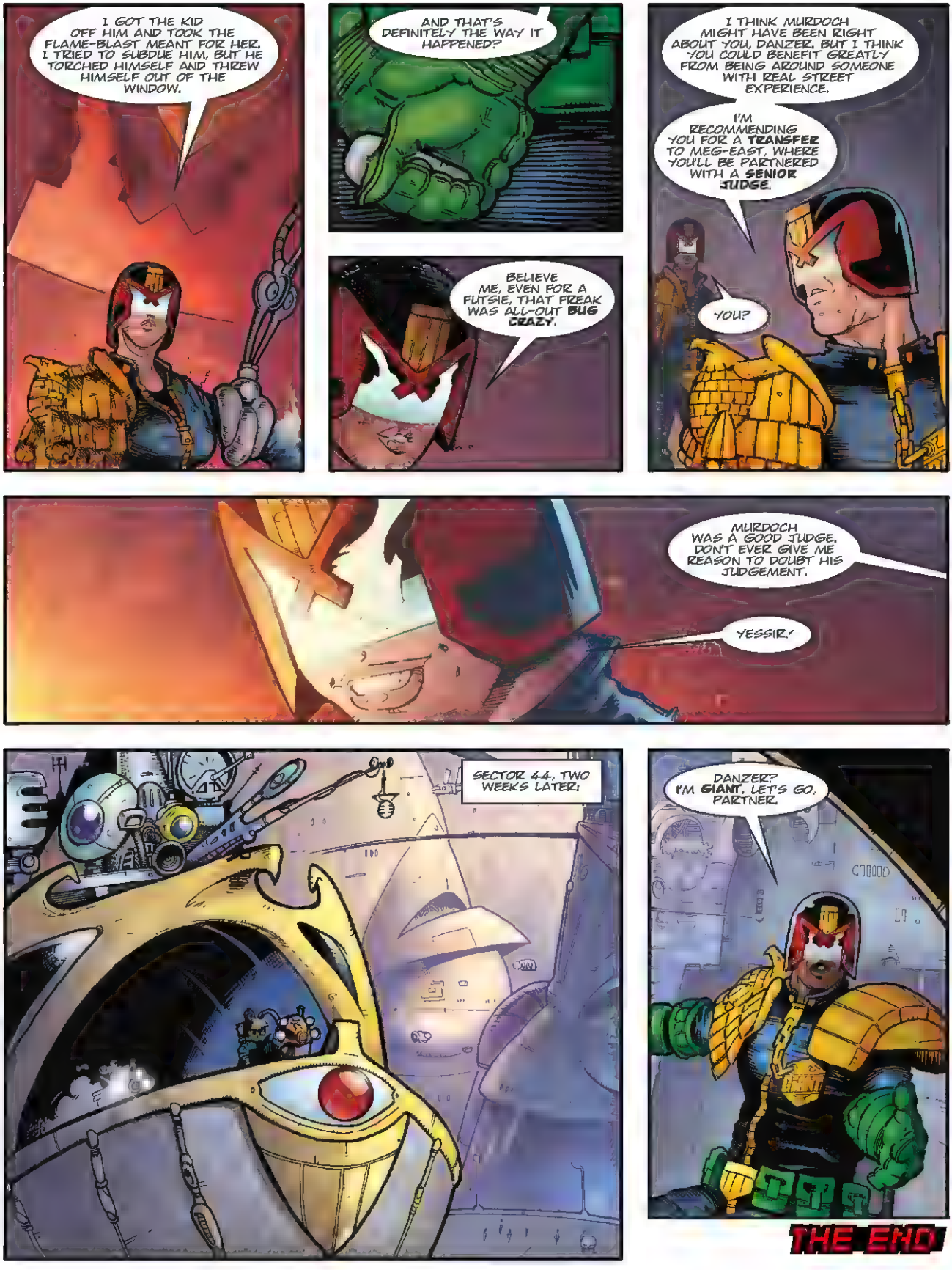
I JUST WANT TO SAY, SIR, IT'LL BE AN HONOUR TO —
GET CLEANED UP AND INTO UNIFORM. I'LL BE WAITING IN THE BIKE POOL.
JUDGE MURDOCH HAD FAITH IN YOU, DANZER. PROVE TO ME THAT FAITH WASN'T MISGUIDED.
YES, SIR. I'LL TRY TO REMEMBER THAT.
SO WHAT'S THE PLAN?
TROUBLESHOOTER TOUR. RANDOM PATROL PATTERN, OFFERING BACK-UP TO OTHER UNITS AS AND WHEN NECESSARY.
IT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO MONITOR YOUR ACTIONS UNDER DIFFERENT STREET CONDITIONS.
I ALREADY PASSED MY **ROOKIE TEST**, IF THAT'S WHAT THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE.
GLAD TO HEAR IT.
THEN I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT AN INEXPERIENCED HOTSHOT ROOKIE WATCHING MY BACK.


TROUBLESHOOTER PATROL. ROUTINE ENOUGH FOR HIM. BUT NOT FOR HER.
HE CAN FEEL IT RISING IN HER...THE THRILL YOU GET WHEN YOU HIT THE STREETS, KNOWING WHAT'S WAITING FOR YOU OUT THERE —
ITEM/ RESTAURANTEURS ON FLINT STREET COMPLAINING ABOUT ROGUE SERVO-DROID DISPENSING FREE FOOD./
ALL THE CRAZINESS —
SALE
foodle noodle
FOODLE NOODLES/ FUN TO EAT./ EVEN MORE FUN TO EXCRETE./ TRY SOME TODAY./
ALL THE EVERYDAY TRAGEDIES AND RANDOM EVILS —
ITEM/ SUSPICIOUS PACKAGE REPORTED, VICINITY OF BODEGA STREET./
HARMONY
ALL IT'S GENERAL INANITIES...
ITEM/ DISTURBANCE IN PROGRESS, KRUEGER ROW TEMPLE OF INNER HARMONY./
NO FEELING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD, BEING A STREET JUDGE.
DOING WHAT YOU WERE TRAINED TO DO, IN THE BIGGEST, CRAZIEST CITY ON THE PLANET.


GOOD USE OF FORCED SUBMISSION SKILLS BACK THERE. NOT MANY JUDGES YOUR AGE CAN HANDLE A DAYSTICK LIKE THAT.
WHEN I WAS A CADET, I WAS FLUNKING OUT IN APPLIED VIOLENCE. IF I DIDN'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, I KNEW I'D NEVER MAKE FULL EAGLE.
AND?
I STUDIED EVERY VID-SLUG I COULD FIND OF YOU WITH A DAYSTICK IN YOUR HAND.
END OF THE COURSE, I GOT A PASS WITH HONOURS AND THE YEAR RECORD FOR THE NUMBER OF TRAINING PARTNERS SENT TO THE MED-BAYS.
CAN'T FAULT HER THERE. DISCIPLINE DOUBTS ASIDE, SHE'S GOT ALL THE SIGNS OF A NATURAL SLAB-JOCK.
AND NOW HE KNOWS WHY HER TECHNIQUE LOOKED SO FAMILIAR.
STILL, NOT ENOUGH TO BE CERTAIN OF HER YET —
ITEM:/ PYRO FUTSIE ON THE LOOSE, FOLSOM HEIGHTS:/ UNITS REQUIRED:/
DREDD RESPONDING — WE'LL TAKE IT.

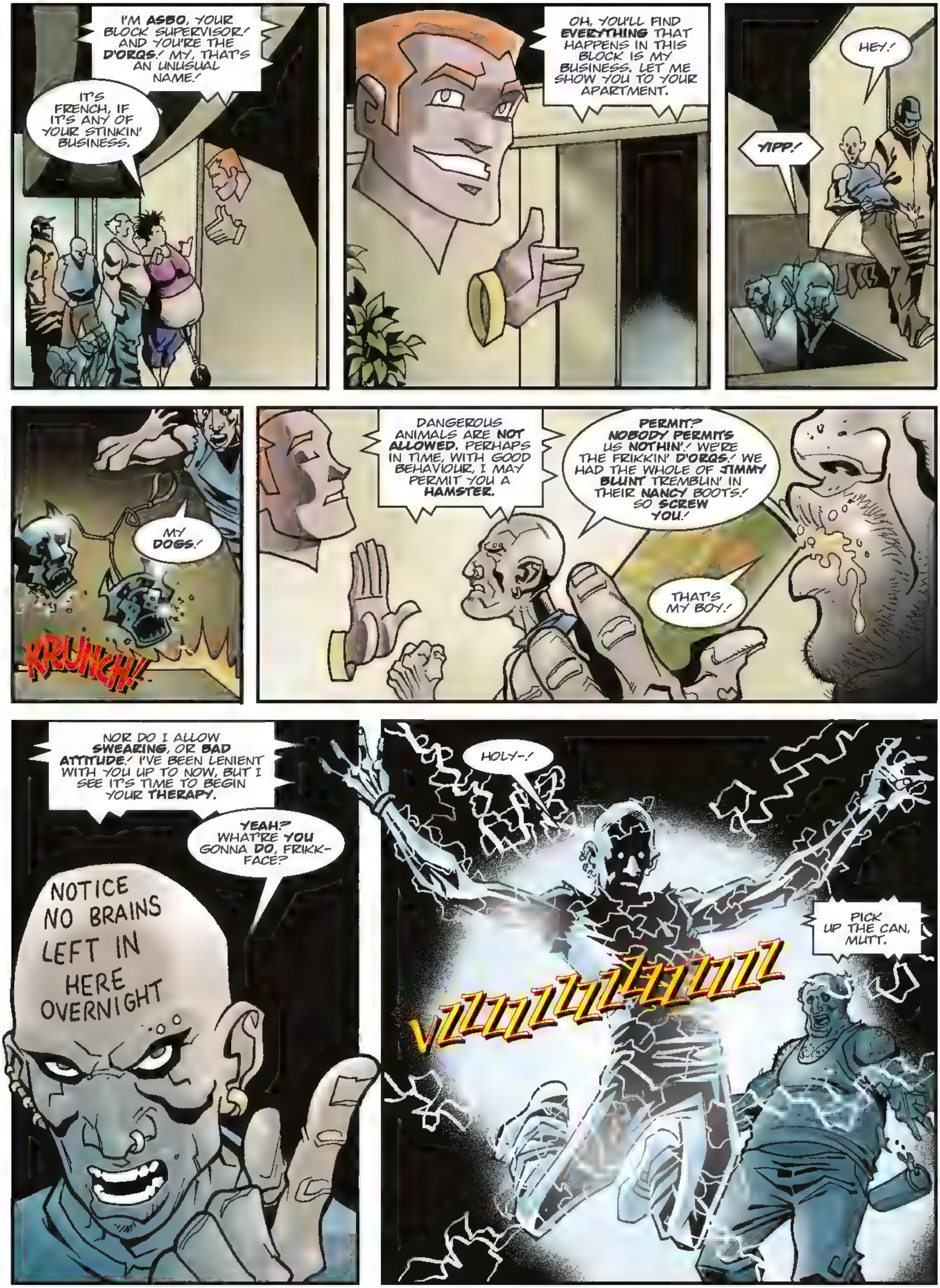

THIS PSYCHO, HE WENT CRAZY! STARTED TORCHING EVERYTHING! THERE'S STILL PEOPLE IN THERE!
I'LL DEAL WITH IT, DANZER. YOU REMAIN HERE ON CROWD CONTROL UNTIL BACK-UP —
DANZER?
PLACE IS LIKE A FURNACE — HEAT COMING RIGHT THROUGH THE FLAME-RETARDANT LAYERS OF HER UNIFORM. PROBABLY ONLY GOT ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS' GRACE LEFT.
THERE! SAME SCREAM SHE HEARD OUTSIDE...
EEEEEEEEEEE!
THE OLD MAN'S GOING TO KILL HER FOR THIS, SHE KNOWS.
BUTTERFLIES BUTTERFLIES BEAUTIFUL BRIGHT BUTTERFLIES!

HEHHEHEH! GOT MY FINGER ON THE BUTTERFLY BUTTON. I PRESS IT, AND EVERYTHING GETS TURNED INTO BRIGHT BURNING BUTTERFLIES!
YAAAAAAAAAAGH!
GET THOSE FLAMES DOWSED!
'HOTSHOT', RIGHT?
YOU DISOBEYED AN ORDER.
ONLY TO SAVE A LIFE. I THOUGHT I HEARD SCREAMS, AND I KNEW I HAD TO ACT FAST.
AND THE FUTSIE?

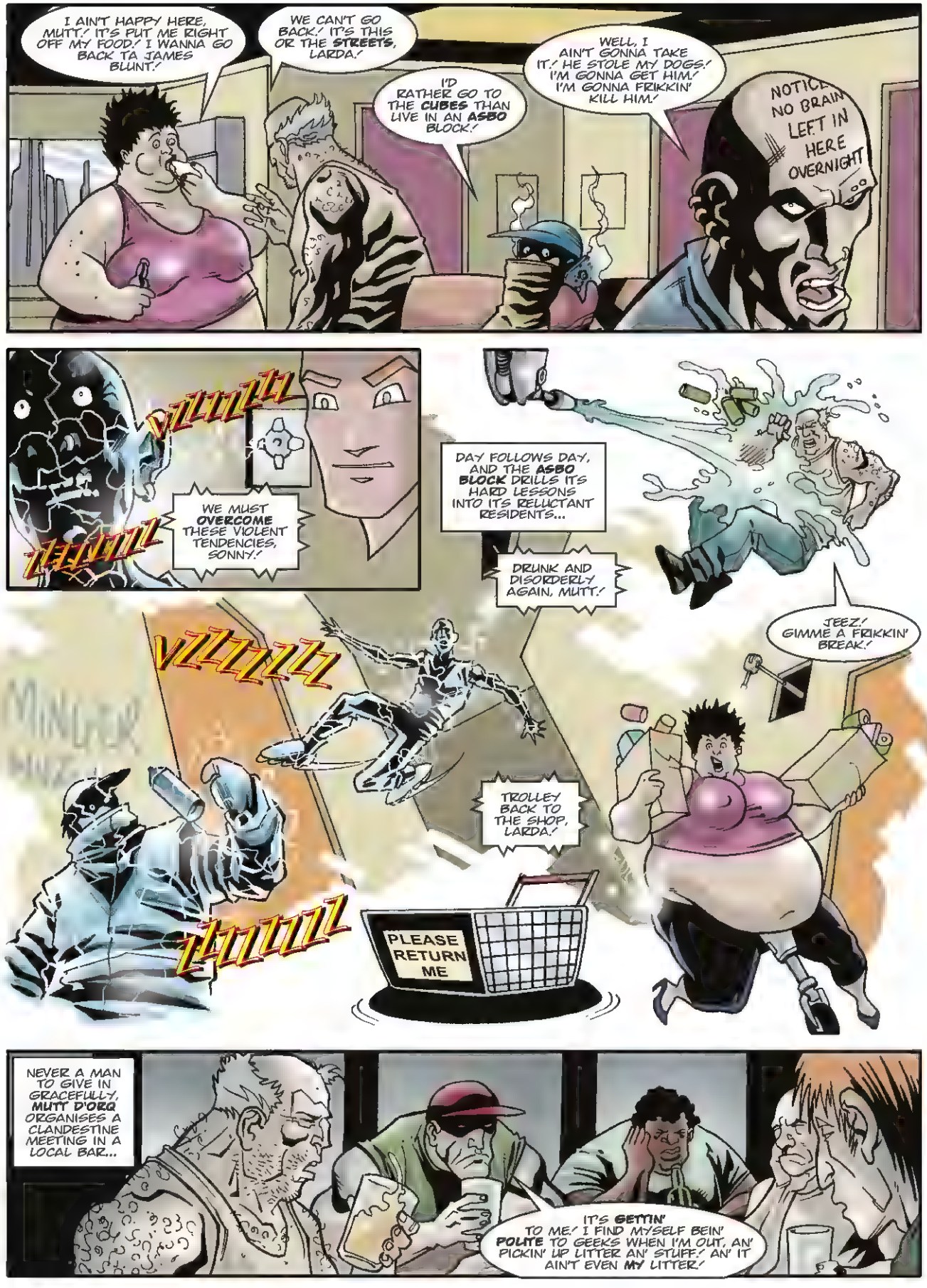

I GOT THE KID OFF HIM AND TOOK THE FLAME-BLAST MEANT FOR HER. I TRIED TO SUBDUE HIM, BUT HE TORCHED HIMSELF AND THREW HIMSELF OUT OF THE WINDOW.
AND THAT'S DEFINITELY THE WAY IT HAPPENED?
BELIEVE ME, EVEN FOR A FLITSIE, THAT FREAK WAS ALL-OUT BUG CRAZY.
I THINK MURDOCH MIGHT HAVE BEEN RIGHT ABOUT YOU, DANZER, BUT I THINK YOU COULD BENEFIT GREATLY FROM BEING AROUND SOMEONE WITH REAL STREET EXPERIENCE.
I'M RECOMMENDING YOU FOR A TRANSFER TO MEG-EAST, WHERE YOU'LL BE PARTNERED WITH A SENIOR JUDGE.
YOU?
MURDOCH WAS A GOOD JUDGE. DON'T EVER GIVE ME REASON TO DOUBT HIS JUDGEMENT.
YESSIR.
SECTOR 44, TWO WEEKS LATER:
DANZER? I'M GIANT. LET'S GO, PARTNER.
THE END

THE D'ORQ FAMILY HAS BEEN A BLIGHT ON JAMES BLUNT BLOCK FOR TOO LONG. HOUSING IS FINALLY TAKING ACTION —
EVICTED! THANK GOODNESS!
YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE US, DREDDY! SALTA THE FRIKKIN' EARTH! HIC! AN' YA CAN ALL GO FRIKK YOURSELVES!
SUCK IT!
NOTICE NO BRAINS LEFT IN HERE OVERNIGHT
JUDGE DREDD
ASBO BLOCK

THEY'RE BEING REHABBED IN ONE OF THE CITY'S NEW CORRECTIONAL FACILITIES SET UP UNDER THE ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR ORDINANCE...
ASBO.1
IT WILL BE, SONNY! NOW THE D'ORQS ARE HERE!
WHAT A FRIKKIN' PIT!
JOHN WAGNER
SCRIPT
ANTHONY WILLIAMS
ART
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS


I'M ASBO, YOUR BLOCK SUPERVISOR! AND YOU'RE THE D'ORQS! MY, THAT'S AN UNUSUAL NAME!
IT'S FRENCH, IF IT'S ANY OF YOUR STINKIN' BUSINESS.
OH, YOU'LL FIND EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS IN THIS BLOCK IS MY BUSINESS. LET ME SHOW YOU TO YOUR APARTMENT.
HEY!
YIPP!
MY DOGS!
KRUNCH!
DANGEROUS ANIMALS ARE NOT ALLOWED. PERHAPS IN TIME, WITH GOOD BEHAVIOUR, I MAY PERMIT YOU A HAMSTER.
PERMIT? NOBODY PERMITS US NOTHIN'! WE'RE THE FRIKKIN' D'ORQS! WE HAD THE WHOLE OF JIMMY BLUNT TREMBLIN' IN THEIR NANCY BOOTS! SO SCREW YOU!
THAT'S MY BOY!
NOR DO I ALLOW SWEARING, OR BAD ATTITUDE! I'VE BEEN LENIENT WITH YOU UP TO NOW, BUT I SEE IT'S TIME TO BEGIN YOUR THERAPY.
YEAH? WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO, FRIKK-FACE?
NOTICE NO BRAINS LEFT IN HERE OVERNIGHT
HOLY-!
VZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
PICK UP THE CAN, MUTT.

LITTERING IS NOT ALLOWED. PICK UP THE CAN, MUTT.
VZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
MINGER, ISN'T IT? HOW ABOUT YOU KILL THE SOUND SO WE CAN HEAR OURSELVES SPEAK?
CAN'T HEAR YA, MAN! BUG OFF!
VZZZZZZZ CWWW
DEAR ME, SO MUCH WORK TO DO!
YOU'RE IN ASBO ! NOW! MY JOB IS TO CURE YOUR PROBLEM BEHAVIOUR, AND I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH THERAPY I HAVE TO ADMINISTER TO DO IT!
I HOPE THAT'S UNDERSTOOD. I DO WANT US TO GET OFF ON THE RIGHT FOOT.
THIS IS YOUR NEIGHBOUR, WAYNE SKUMMER. SAY HELLO TO THE D'ORQS, WAYNE.
DORKS, HUH? WELL GET THIS STRAIGHT — GET IN MY FREAKIN' FACE I'LL RIP YOUR HEADS OFF AND RAM THEM SO FAR DOWN YOUR FREAKIN' THROATS YOU'LL BE FARTIN' NOSE HAIRS!
VZZZZZZZ
ZZZZZZZ
I MEAN, P-PUH-PLEASED TA MEETCHA!


I AIN'T HAPPY HERE, MUTT.' IT'S PUT ME RIGHT OFF MY FOOD.' I WANNA GO BACK TA JAMES BLUNT.'
WE CAN'T GO BACK.' IT'S THIS OR THE STREETS, LARDA.'
I'D RATHER GO TO THE CUBES THAN LIVE IN AN ASBO BLOCK.'
WELL, I AIN'T GONNA TAKE IT.' HE STOLE MY DOGS.' I'M GONNA GET HIM.' I'M GONNA FRIKKIN' KILL HIM.'
NOTICE NO BRAIN LEFT IN HERE OVERNIGHT
WE MUST OVERCOME THESE VIOLENT TENDENCIES, SONNY.'
DAY FOLLOWS DAY, AND THE ASBO BLOCK DRILLS ITS HARD LESSONS INTO ITS RELUCTANT RESIDENTS...
DRUNK AND DISORDERLY AGAIN, MUTT.'
JEEZ.' GIMME A FRIKKIN' BREAK.'
TROLLEY BACK TO THE SHOP, LARDA.'
PLEASE RETURN ME
NEVER A MAN TO GIVE IN GRACEFULLY, MUTT D'ORO ORGANISES A CLANDESTINE MEETING IN A LOCAL BAR...
IT'S GETTIN' TO ME.' I FIND MYSELF BEIN' POLITE TO GEEKS WHEN I'M OUT, AN' PICKIN' UP LITTER AN' STUFF.' AN' IT AIN'T EVEN MY LITTER.'

ME, WHO USED TO BE THE BIGGEST PIECE OF SCUM IN THE BLOCK!
I KNOW WATCHA MEAN. TODAY I FOUND MYSELF HELPIN' SOME LITTLE OLD LADY ACROSS THE STREET.
I MEAN, I COULDA MUGGED HER, STOLE HER PURSE — AT LEAST GIVE HER A MOUTHFUL OF VILE ABUSE. AN' WHADDA I DO? HELP HER ACROSS THE STREET!
JEEZ! YOU GOT IT BAD, BUB!
I...I TAKE SOME COMFORT FROM THE FACT SHE DIDN'T WANNA CROSS THE STREET, BUT ALL THE SAME, I DON'T LIKE WHAT I'M TURNIN' INTO! I'M...SCARED I'M BECOMIN' A...A NICE GUY!
HEY, LET IT OUT, BUDDY.
GROUP HUG! GROUP HUG!
MAYBE...MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T FIGHT IT. I MEAN, MAYBE IT'S... IT'S A BETTER WAY. I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY BUT —
YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT IT'S CRAZY! WE DON'T WANNA LISTEN TA THAT KINDA TALK!
WE'RE ANTI-SOCIAL SCUM, RIGHT? WE AIN'T HAPPY 'LESS WE'RE MAKING SOMEONE ELSE'S LIFE MISERABLE! IT'S OUR BIRTHRIGHT! AN' WE AIN'T LETTIN' NO STINKIN' ASBO BLOCK TAKE THAT AWAY FROM US!
I GOT A PLAN, SEE?
SOME NIGHTS LATER IT BECOMES APPARENT — TO A JUDGE'S EXPERIENCED EYE — THAT SOMETHING HAS GONE SERIOUSLY WRONG...
CONTROL! MAINTENANCE CREW TO ASBO 1! THAT'S IMMEDIATE!
ASBO.1

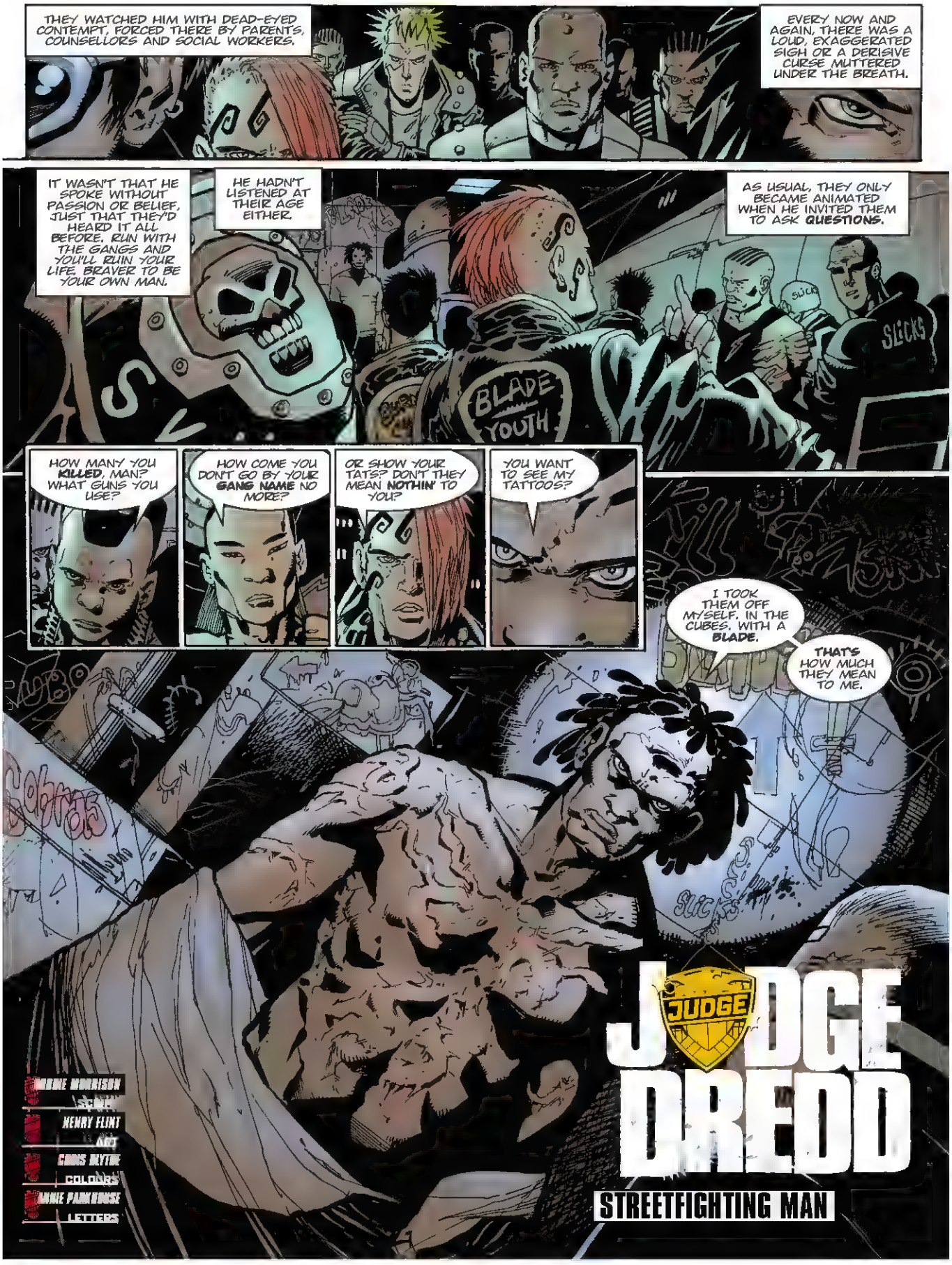
WITH ME.!
IT'S THE LAW.!
MED-WAGON REQUIRED.! A LITTLE BACK-UP WOULDN'T HURT EITHER.! ASBO ! IS OUT OF CONTROL.!
SPAK
DROKK.!
TAKE THE STAIRS.!
WE GOT YOUR DNA, CREEP.! YOU'RE DOING TIME.!
LILP.!
SCATTER.!

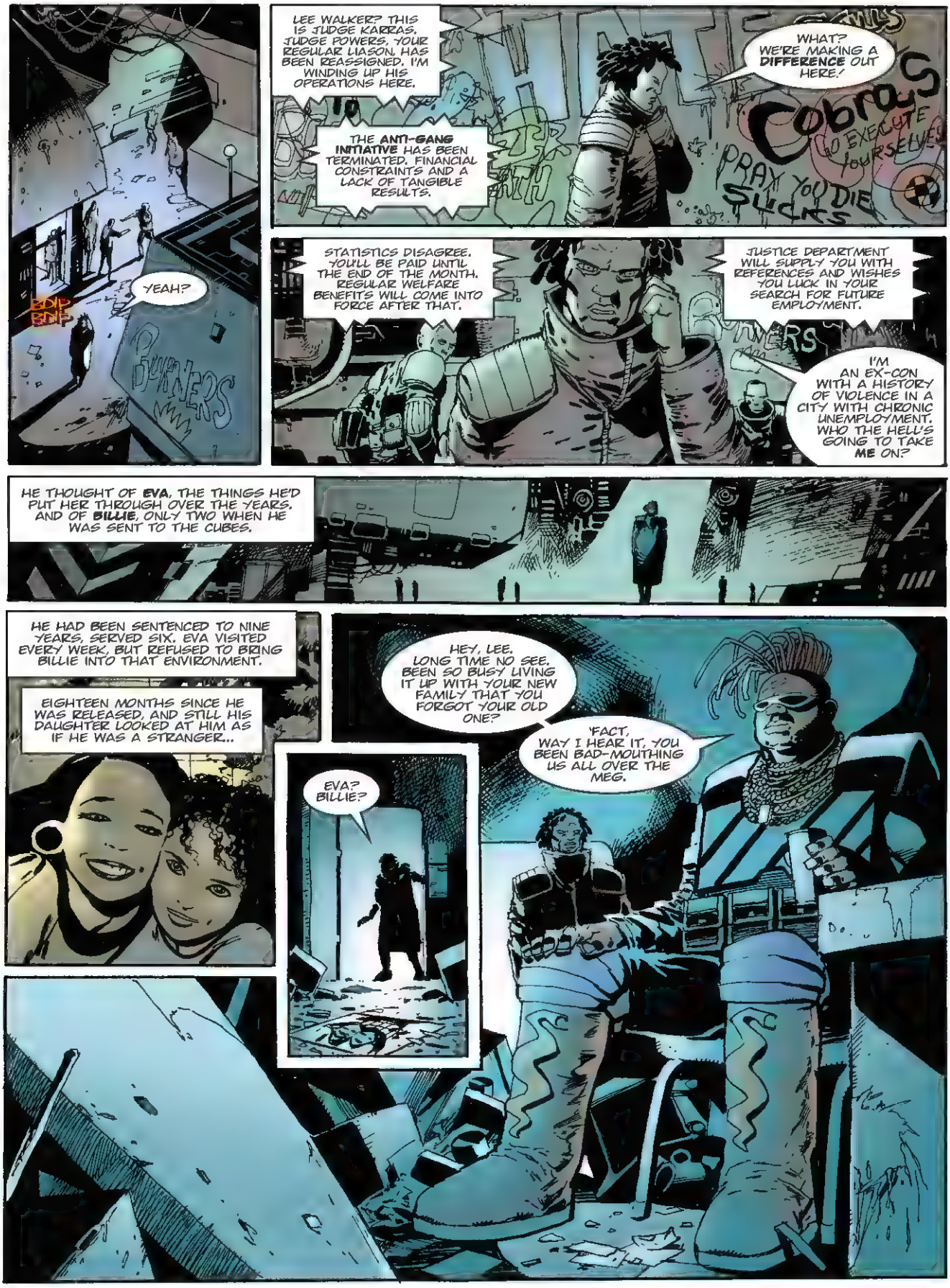
BLAM
IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO COME TO THIS!
PAX, BABY!
PAX THIS!
I'LL BE BACK, CREEP!
LEVEL 5, ARSON —
LEVEL 7, ARV —
LET HER GO!

KEEP MOVING.! CONTROL ROOM'S ON LEVEL 13.!
BDAM! BDAM!
THAT WAS FRIKKIN' DREDD.!
WE SHOWED HIM, AND HIS ASBO BLOCK.! WHAT NEXT, POP?
DUNNO. NEVER GIVE IT MUCH THOUGHT. SEEMED ENOUGH JUST TA TRASH THE PLACE.
MAYBE WE OUGHTA CLEAR OUT, JUST TILL THE HEAT DIES DOWN.
NOTICE NO BRAIN LEFT IN HERE OVERNIGHT
YEAH, LET SOME OTHER SUCKER TAKE THE BLAME.
I WANTCHA TO KNOW WE DIDN'T TAKE NO PART IN THIS.! WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSON, WE'RE REAL SOCIAL NOW.!
THEN GET BACK IN YOUR APARTMENT.!
CONTROL ROOM DOOR'S BEEN BLOWN IN. HOME-MADE EXPLOSIVE.
SAME AS WAS USED TO SHORT OUT THE WHOLE QUADRANT'S POWER LAST NIGHT. COULD BE A CONNECTION...

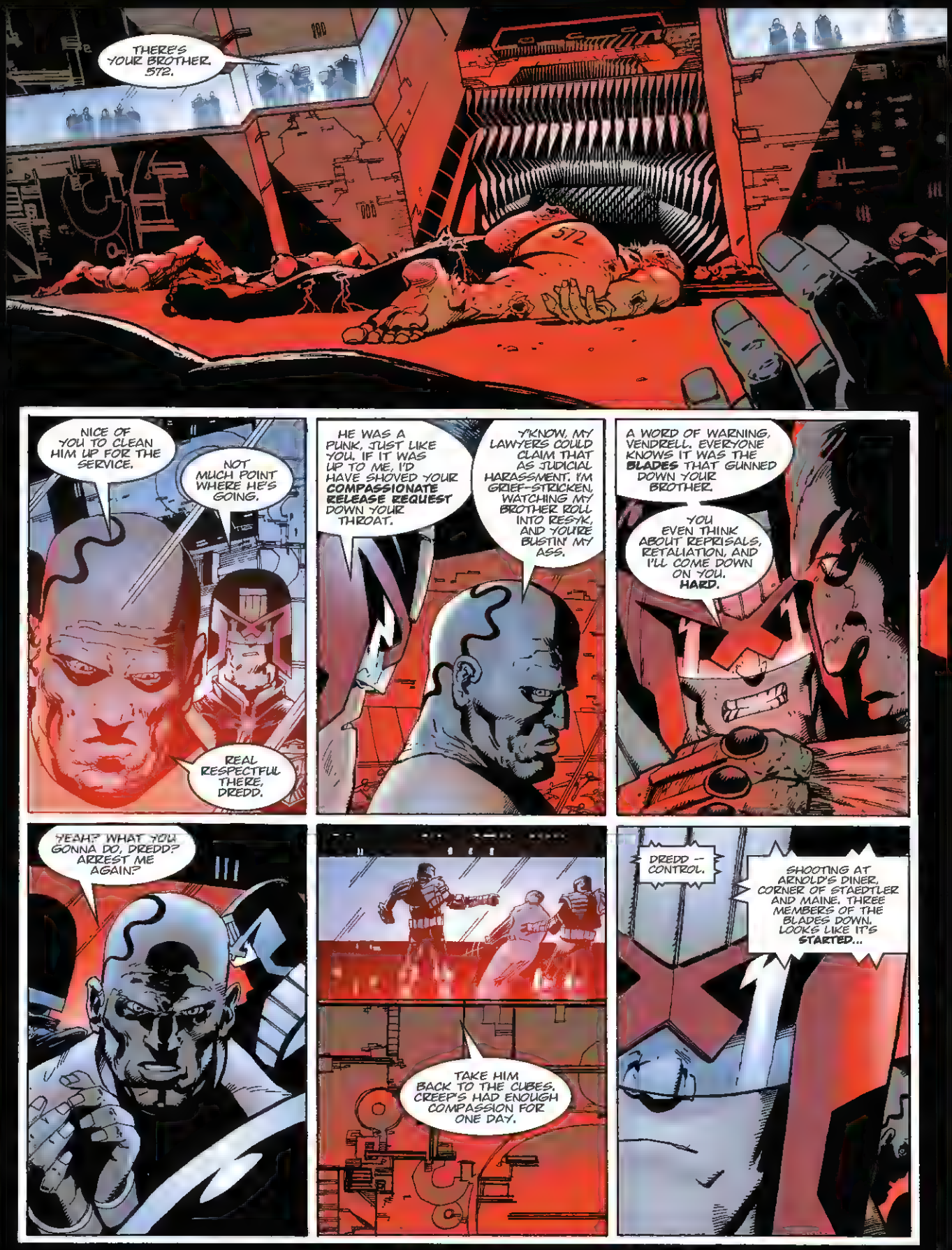
THEY'VE TRASHED THE ASBO UNIT. A FOOLISH WASTE OF TIME.
THEY'RE NOT IN HERE FOR THEIR BRAINS.
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS HOOK UP A REPLACEMENT SYSTEM — IT'S ALL IN THIS LITTLE BOX HERE.
OH BOY, THEY'RE GOING TO CATCH IT NOW.!
HELLO, I'M YOUR EMERGENCY ASBO SUPERVISOR!
I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'RE UP TO PROGRESS-WISE, BUT KNIVES ARE A DEFINITE NO-NO.!
VZZZZZZ ZZZZZZ
LET'S GET TO OUR HOMES, PEOPLE.!
VZZZZZZZZZZ!
I MUST SAY I'M VERY DISAPPOINTED IN YOU.! I'LL BE HAVING A SEVERE WORD WITH ALL OF YOU IN THE MORNING.!
THAT'S FAR ENOUGH.

UNDER INTERROGATION MUTT D'ORQ, WAYNE SKUMMER AND FOUR OTHERS CONFESSED TO CARRYING OUT ATTACKS ON THE LOCAL POWER ROUTER AND THE 13TH FLOOR CONTROL ROOM.
THESE CRIMES TOO SERIOUS TO BE DEALT WITH UNDER THE ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR ORDINANCE, ALL WERE COMMITTED TO LONG PERIODS OF ENCUBEMENT.
YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE ME, DREDD!! SALTA THE FRIKKIN' EARTH! AN' YA CAN ALL GO FRIKK YOURSELVES!
TELL 'EM, POP!
SCUMBAG THROUGH AND THROUGH, DAD!
MY FIRST FAILURES! SUCH A DISAPPOINTMENT!
DON'T WORRY, THEY'LL BE WELL LOOKED AFTER.
I CONSIDERED ENCUBING A LOT MORE OF YOU. YOU RICHLY DESERVE IT.
YEAH, GO ON, LOCK ME UP, SEE IF I CARE!
BADGE OF FRIKKIN' HONOUR!
HOWEVER, IT IS IMPORTANT THAT THE ASBO BLOCKS BE GIVEN EVERY CHANCE TO SUCCEED.
AS THE CONSPIRACY WAS HATCHED BEYOND THE CONFINES OF THIS BLOCK, THOSE OF YOU CONSIDERED MOST LIKELY TO OFFEND WILL BE FITTED WITH PERSONAL ASBO UNITS.
HEY!
WHEREVER YOU GO, YOU WILL BE UNDER CONSTANT SUPERVISION!
YOU WILL BE REFORMED!
AN' THIS FOR AFTERS!
FRIKK YOU, DREDD!
SIT ON IT!
LEFT IN HERE OVERNIGHT
NOW YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT NICE!
VZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
THE END

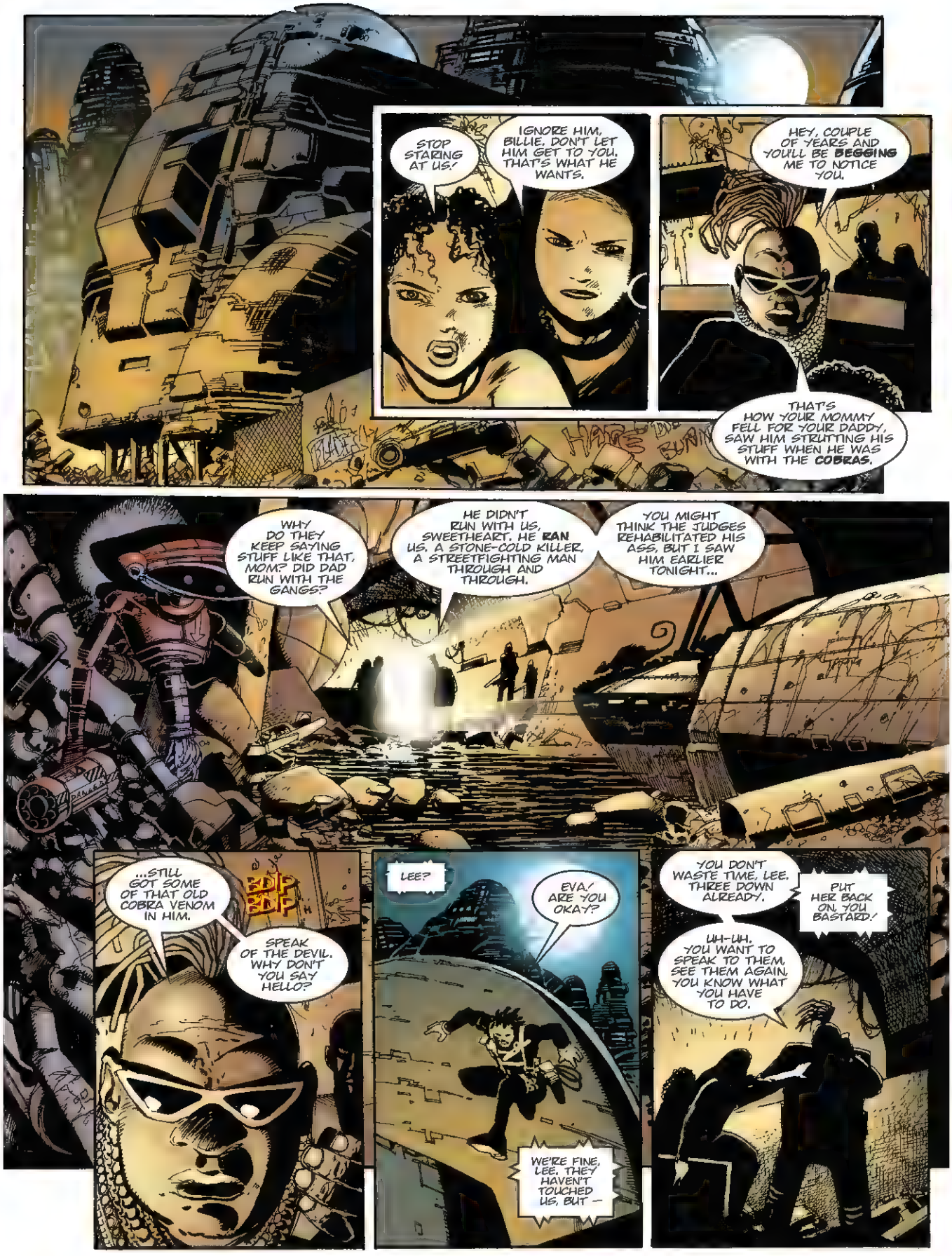

THEY WATCHED HIM WITH DEAD-EYED CONTEMPT, FORCED THERE BY PARENTS, COUNSELLORS AND SOCIAL WORKERS.
EVERY NOW AND AGAIN, THERE WAS A LOUD, EXAGGERATED SIGH OR A DERISIVE CURSE MUTTERED UNDER THE BREATH.
IT WASN'T THAT HE SPOKE WITHOUT PASSION OR BELIEF, JUST THAT THEY'D HEARD IT ALL BEFORE. RUN WITH THE GANGS AND YOU'LL RUIN YOUR LIFE. BRAVER TO BE YOUR OWN MAN.
HE HADN'T LISTENED AT THEIR AGE EITHER.
AS USUAL, THEY ONLY BECAME ANIMATED WHEN HE INVITED THEM TO ASK QUESTIONS.
BLADE YOUTH
SLICKS
HOW MANY YOU KILLED, MAN? WHAT GUNS YOU USE?
HOW COME YOU DON'T GO BY YOUR GANG NAME NO MORE?
OR SHOW YOUR TATS? DON'T THEY MEAN NOTHIN' TO YOU?
YOU WANT TO SEE MY TATTOOS?
I TOOK THEM OFF MYSELF. IN THE CUBES. WITH A BLADE.
THAT'S HOW MUCH THEY MEAN TO ME.
JUDGE DREDD
STREETFIGHTING MAN
GRANT MORRISON
SCRIPT
HENRY FLINT
ART
CHRIS BLYTHE
COLOURS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS


BDIP BDIP
YEAH?
BURNERS
LEE WALKER? THIS IS JUDGE KARRAS. JUDGE POWERS, YOUR REGULAR LIASON, HAS BEEN REASSIGNED. I'M WINDING UP HIS OPERATIONS HERE.
THE ANTI-GANG INITIATIVE HAS BEEN TERMINATED. FINANCIAL CONSTRAINTS AND A LACK OF TANGIBLE RESULTS.
WHAT? WE'RE MAKING A DIFFERENCE OUT HERE!
Cobras
GO EXECUTE YOURSELVES
PRAY YOU DIE
SUCKS
STATISTICS DISAGREE. YOU'LL BE PAID UNTIL THE END OF THE MONTH. REGULAR WELFARE BENEFITS WILL COME INTO FORCE AFTER THAT.
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH REFERENCES AND WISHES YOU LUCK IN YOUR SEARCH FOR FUTURE EMPLOYMENT.
I'M AN EX-CON WITH A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE IN A CITY WITH CHRONIC UNEMPLOYMENT. WHO THE HELL'S GOING TO TAKE ME ON?
HE THOUGHT OF EVA, THE THINGS HE'D PUT HER THROUGH OVER THE YEARS, AND OF BILLIE, ONLY TWO WHEN HE WAS SENT TO THE CUBES.
HE HAD BEEN SENTENCED TO NINE YEARS, SERVED SIX. EVA VISITED EVERY WEEK, BUT REFUSED TO BRING BILLIE INTO THAT ENVIRONMENT.
EIGHTEEN MONTHS SINCE HE WAS RELEASED, AND STILL HIS DAUGHTER LOOKED AT HIM AS IF HE WAS A STRANGER...
EVA? BILLIE?
HEY, LEE. LONG TIME NO SEE. BEEN SO BUSY LIVING IT UP WITH YOUR NEW FAMILY THAT YOU FORGOT YOUR OLD ONE?
'FACT, WAY I HEAR IT, YOU BEEN BAD-MOUTHING US ALL OVER THE MEG.

HURT THEM, YOU SONUVABITCH, AND I'LL —
WHOA. CHILL OUT, BRO. HAVE A COLD ONE.
AIN'T NOBODY GONNA HURT THEM LONG AS YOU DO WHAT WE SAY.
AND EVEN THEN, WE'LL TAKE OUR TIME. YOUR WIFE'S A HOT PIECE OF ASS. LITTLE STRAIGHT FOR A GANG CHICK, BUT WE'LL SOON TURN HER.
AND YOUR DAUGHTER... SHE'S SO CUTE, I JUST WANT TO PICK HER UP AND GIVE HER A BIG —
UHKK
DESPITE HIS CONCERN FOR HIS FAMILY, SOMETHING INSIDE HIM WAS SATISFIED...
...PLEASED THAT PEOPLE WERE STILL SO EASY TO KILL.
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?
WHAT DO YOU DROKKIN' THINK?


THERE'S YOUR BROTHER, 572.
572
NICE OF YOU TO CLEAN HIM UP FOR THE SERVICE.
NOT MUCH POINT WHERE HE'S GOING.
REAL RESPECTFUL THERE, DREDD.
HE WAS A PUNK, JUST LIKE YOU. IF IT WAS UP TO ME, I'D HAVE SHOVED YOUR **COMPASSIONATE RELEASE REQUEST** DOWN YOUR THROAT.
Y'KNOW, MY LAWYERS COULD CLAIM THAT AS JUDICIAL HARASSMENT. I'M GRIEF-STRICKEN, WATCHING MY BROTHER ROLL INTO RESYK, AND YOU'RE BUSTIN' MY ASS.
A WORD OF WARNING, VENDRELL. EVERYONE KNOWS IT WAS THE **BLADES** THAT GUNNED DOWN YOUR BROTHER.
YOU EVEN THINK ABOUT REPRISALS, RETALIATION, AND I'LL COME DOWN ON YOU. **HARD.**
YEAH? WHAT YOU GONNA DO, DREDD? ARREST ME AGAIN?
TAKE HIM BACK TO THE CUBES. CREEP'S HAD ENOUGH COMPASSION FOR ONE DAY.
DREDD — CONTROL.
SHOOTING AT ARNOLD'S DINER, CORNER OF STAEDTLER AND MAINE. THREE MEMBERS OF THE BLADES DOWN. LOOKS LIKE IT'S **STARTED**...

THE KILLER TOOK OUT THE LOOKOUT FIRST. SHATTERED HIS KNEE, PROBABLY WITH A KICK — SUGGESTING SOME SORT OF **COMBAT TRAINING** — THEN SMASHED HIS SKULL REPEATEDLY INTO THE WALL.
VICTIMS TWO AND THREE WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF ROBBING THE PLACE. THE KILLER ENTERED, CALLED THEM OUT, THEN OPENED FIRE.
SINGLE SHOTS TO THE CHEST, THEN ONE EACH IN THE HEAD TO MAKE SURE. PRETTY DAMNED PROFESSIONAL.
ANYTHING ON SURVEILLANCE?
DISCONNECTED FROM THE NETWORK — THE OWNER MISSED HIS LAST TWO SUBSCRIPTION PAYMENTS.
HE GIVE US A DESCRIPTION?
UH-UH. CLAIMS THE BLADES WERE KNOCKING HIM AROUND SO MUCH HE DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING. BETWEEN YOU AND ME, I FIGURE HE'S QUITE HAPPY THEY GOT BLASTED.
TAKE HIM IN. SEE IF THAT JOGS HIS MEMORY.
COULD BE A **VIGILANTE**, DREDD...
WISHFUL THINKING, SANTOS. THE BLADES GUNNED DOWN TYRONE VENDRELL'S BROTHER AND TWO OTHER COBRAS.
VENDRELL MIGHT BE IN THE CUBES, BUT HE'S STILL LEADER OF THE PACK. THIS IS **REVENGE**, PURE AND SIMPLE.

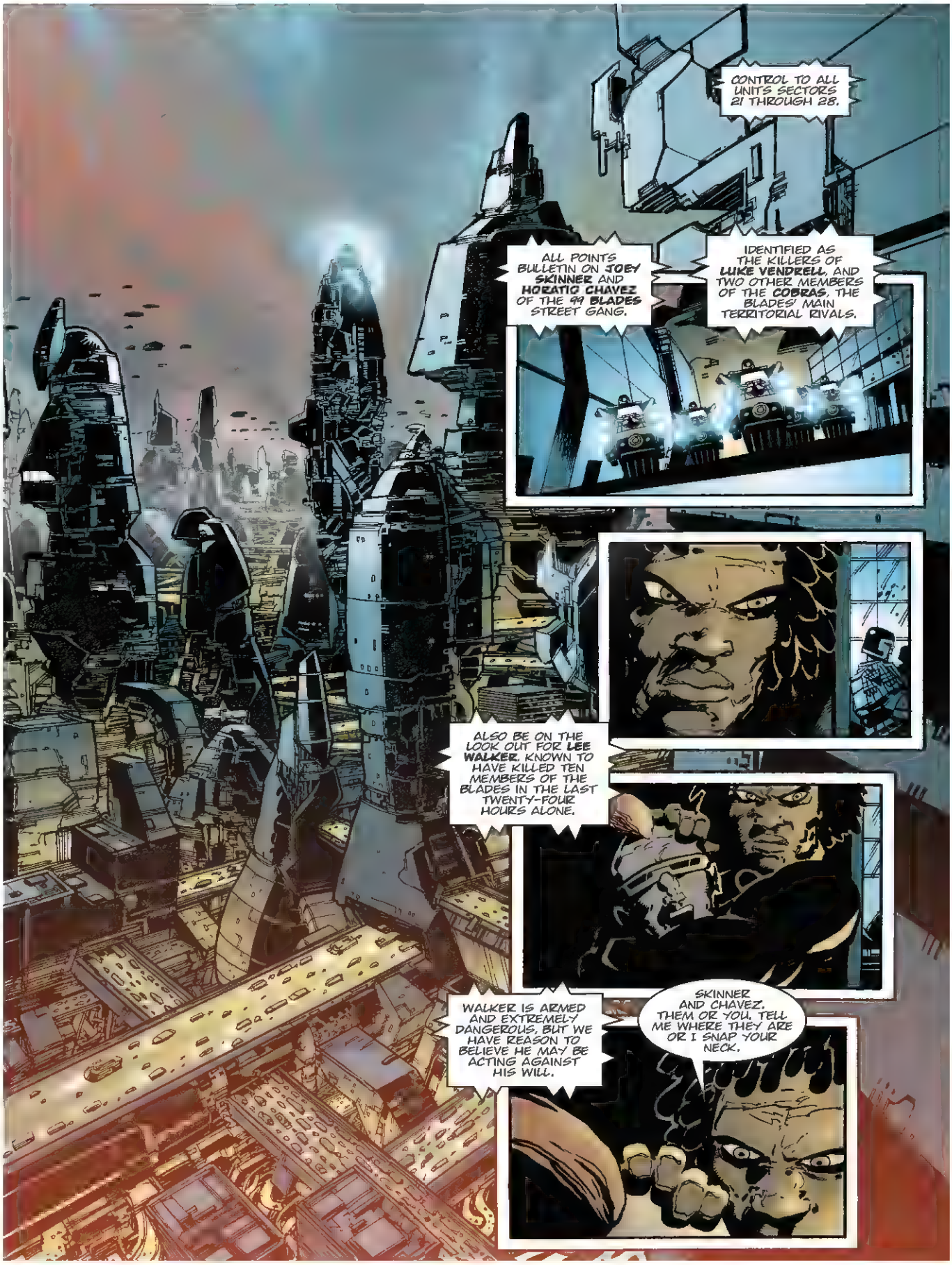

STOP STARING AT US!
IGNORE HIM, BILLIE. DON'T LET HIM GET TO YOU. THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS.
HEY, COUPLE OF YEARS AND YOU'LL BE BEGGING ME TO NOTICE YOU.
THAT'S HOW YOUR MOMMY FELL FOR YOUR DADDY, SAW HIM STRUTTING HIS STUFF WHEN HE WAS WITH THE COBRAS.
WHY DO THEY KEEP SAYING STUFF LIKE THAT, MOM? DID DAD RUN WITH THE GANGS?
HE DIDN'T RUN WITH US, SWEETHEART. HE RAN US. A STONE-COLD KILLER, A STREETFIGHTING MAN THROUGH AND THROUGH.
YOU MIGHT THINK THE JUDGES REHABILITATED HIS ASS, BUT I SAW HIM EARLIER TONIGHT...
...STILL GOT SOME OF THAT OLD COBRA VENOM IN HIM.
SPEAK OF THE DEVIL. WHY DON'T YOU SAY HELLO?
LEE?
EVA! ARE YOU OKAY?
WE'RE FINE, LEE. THEY HAVEN'T TOUCHED US, BUT —
YOU DON'T WASTE TIME, LEE. THREE DOWN ALREADY.
PUT HER BACK ON, YOU BASTARD!
UH-UH. YOU WANT TO SPEAK TO THEM, SEE THEM AGAIN, YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

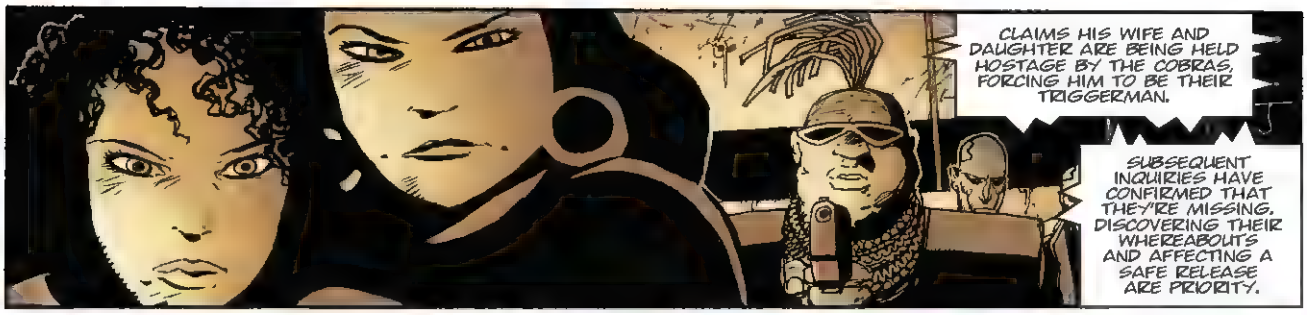
THEY'LL BE SAFE, LONG AS YOU KEEP UP THE BODY COUNT.
HIDE YOUR WEAPONS AND DITCH THE DRUGS, THERE'S A JUDGE HEADING YOUR WAY.' LOOKS LIKE DREDD.'
I'M DITCHIN' NOTHIN', MAN.' WE'LL TOSS THE STUFF OUT THE MEN'S ROOM WINDOW.' GET IN THE ALLEY AND PICK IT UP, Y'HEAR?
THE NEON STRIP
LITTLE EARLY THERE, JUDGE. THE GIRLS DON'T START DANCING FOR ANOTHER HOUR.
HOW 'BOUT A DRINK ON THE HOUSE WHILE YOU'RE WAITING?
CUT THE CRAP, MARQUEZ. THE FLY-BY THAT GUNNED DOWN LUKE VENDRELL — WHO WAS DRIVING? WHOSE FINGER WAS ON THE TRIGGER?
DROKK YOU, DREDD.' WHAT ABOUT THE BASTARD WHO WASTED OUR BROTHERS TONIGHT?
WWRRRMMM!
HUH?

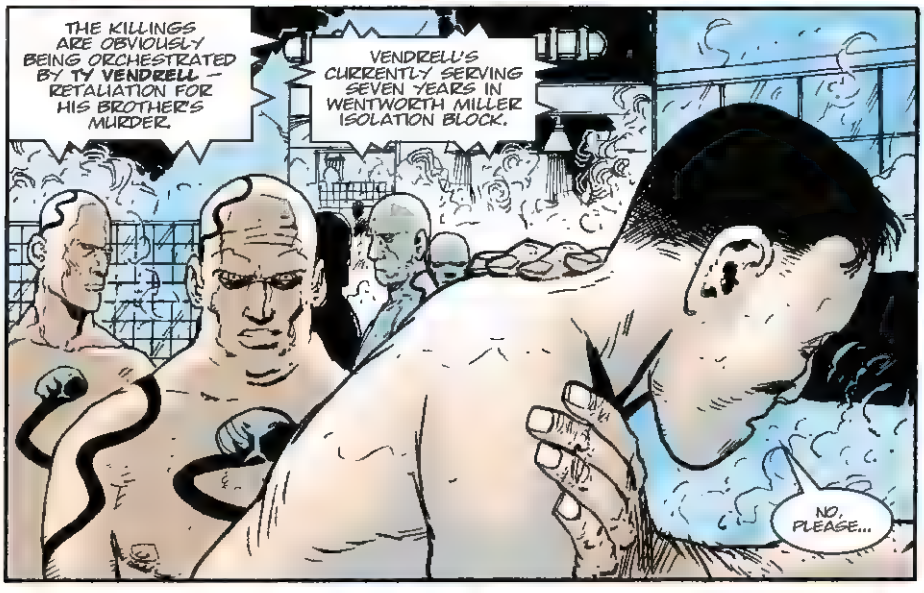
SKK KA SSSSSHHH
DROKK!
BRAM BRAM BRAM

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM
BDAM
BDAM
ATTACKING THE BLADES? YOU'RE DROKKIN' CRAZY! YOU'RE A DROKKIN' DEAD MAN!
AAHH!
BDAM
BDAM
ONLY THING I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU IS THE NAMES OF THE SHOOTERS WHO KILLED LUKE VENDRELL.
SKINNER AND CHAVEZ — DON'T KNOW THEIR FULL NAMES!
PLEASE DON'T SHOOT, DON'T —
BDAM

CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT, DREDD.
LEE WALKER.
ONCE A PUNK, ALWAYS A PUNK.
THEY GOT MY WIFE, DREDD, MY DAUGHTER...
I'LL KILL EVERY DROKKIN' ONE OF THEM IF I HAVE TO.
AND YOU THINK THEY'LL JUST LET YOU LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER WHEN IT'S OVER?
LEAVE IT TO THE LAW, WALKER. WE'LL FIND YOUR FAMILY. THIS DOESN'T HAVE TO GO ANY FURTHER.
IT'S ALREADY GONE TOO FAR.


CONTROL TO ALL UNITS SECTORS 21 THROUGH 28.
ALL POINTS BULLETIN ON JOEY SKINNER AND HORATIO CHAVEZ OF THE 99 BLADES STREET GANG.
IDENTIFIED AS THE KILLERS OF LUKE VENDRELL, AND TWO OTHER MEMBERS OF THE COBRAS, THE BLADES' MAIN TERRITORIAL RIVALS.
ALSO BE ON THE LOOK OUT FOR LEE WALKER, KNOWN TO HAVE KILLED TEN MEMBERS OF THE BLADES IN THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS ALONE.
WALKER IS ARMED AND EXTREMELY DANGEROUS, BUT WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE HE MAY BE ACTING AGAINST HIS WILL.
SKINNER AND CHAVEZ. THEM OR YOU. TELL ME WHERE THEY ARE OR I SNAP YOUR NECK.


CLAIMS HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER ARE BEING HELD HOSTAGE BY THE COBRAS, FORCING HIM TO BE THEIR TRIGGERMAN.
SUBSEQUENT INQUIRIES HAVE CONFIRMED THAT THEY'RE MISSING. DISCOVERING THEIR WHEREABOUTS AND AFFECTING A SAFE RELEASE ARE PRIORITY.


THE KILLINGS ARE OBVIOUSLY BEING ORCHESTRATED BY TY VENDRELL — RETALIATION FOR HIS BROTHER'S MURDER.
VENDRELL'S CURRENTLY SERVING SEVEN YEARS IN WENTWORTH MILLER ISOLATION BLOCK.
NO, PLEASE...

WE'VE LONG SUSPECTED THAT HE WAS STILL CONTROLLING THE COBRAS' ACTIVITIES, BUT ANY AGENTS WE'VE PLACED INSIDE HAVEN'T SURVIVED FOR LONG.
DON'T HOLD HIM SO TIGHT. GIVE HIM ROOM TO SQUIRM.

JUDGE DREDD IS SENIOR INVESTIGATING OFFICER. PATCH ALL POTENTIAL LEADS THROUGH TO HIM.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD REST UP A BIT, DREDD.
THE BASTARD PILOTED AN AERO-CAR INTO YOU, THEN BEAT YOU UNCONSCIOUS WITH ELECTRO-KNUX...
DREDD

PERKS OF THE JOB, SANTOS.

THE OLDER, UNRECONSTRUCTED DISTRICTS OF THE MEG — SHROUDED IN ALMOST PERMANENT SHADOW AT CITY BOTTOM — ARE FAVOURED BY PERPS ON THE RUN.
FEW JUDICIAL PATROLS, AN ANTIQUATED SURVEILLANCE NETWORK, CITIZENS WHO KNEW HOW TO KEEP QUIET...

HE MADE THE BLADE REPEAT THE ADDRESS THREE TIMES.
HE WAS STARTLED BY THE SOUND OF THE MAN'S NECK SNAPPING AFTERWARDS. IT WASN'T A CONSCIOUS DECISION TO KILL HIM, MORE INSTINCT.

HEY, SKINNER, GET BACK INSIDE. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE LAYING LOW.
I NEED SOME FRESH AIR, MAN. GETTING SICK OF WATCHING YOU TWO GETTING IT ON IN FRONT OF ME.
AND THERE'S A HOT BABE GETTING UNDRESSED IN THE APARTMENT ACROSS THE ROAD.
I'M TELLING YOU, MAN, SHE **KNOWS** I'M WATCHING.
DIRTY —
CLICK!
YEAH? WHERE? OUTTA THE WAY AND LET ME TAKE A —
DROKK!
BDAM BDAM BDAM!

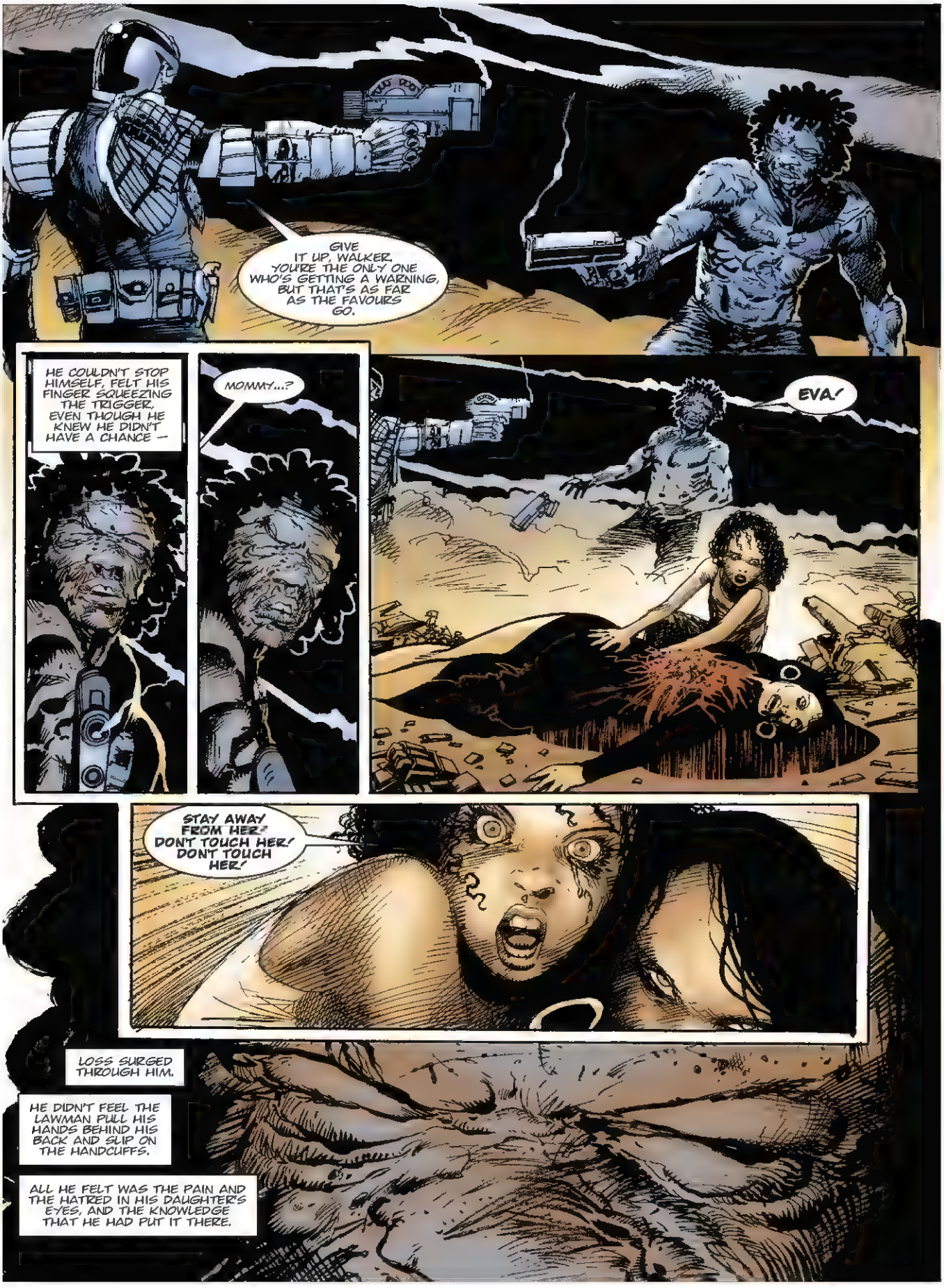
BLAM!
AAAHHH!
THE APARTMENT BELONGED TO THE MOTHER OF CHAVEZ'S CHILD. EVERY TIME SHE THREATENED NOT TO LET HIM BACK IN, AND EVERY TIME SHE DID.
DADDY! DADDY!
NO! PLEASE, NO!
IN HIS HEAD, THE GIRL'S SCREAMS BECAME THOSE OF HIS DAUGHTER, SCARED AND HELPLESS, BUT HE FIRED ANYWAY.
HE TOLD HIMSELF THAT IT WAS ALL FOR **HER**, THAT HE WAS BETTER THAN THOSE HE HAD KILLED, THAT HE WAS STILL IN CONTROL OF THE MONSTER HE USED TO BE.
IT DIDN'T WORK, AND HE HEAVED HIS GUTS UP OVER THE BALCONY BEFORE MAKING THE CALL.
IT'S DONE.

CONTROL— DREDD.
STREET SKIRMISH BETWEEN COBRAS AND BLADES. SEND AN H-WAGON TO PICK THEM UP.
DREDD, PSU CAUGHT EVA AND BILLIE WALKER BEING ESCORTED BY COBRAS INTO A STOLEN HOV-POD OUTSIDE THEIR APARTMENT.
THE VEHICLE WAS JUST FOUND ABANDONED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE DISUSED MAGYAR INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT. HUNDREDS OF DERELICT PROPERTIES TO HIDE IN.
ON MY WAY!
KEEP OUT
BONA-FIDE KILLING MACHINE, AIN'T YOU, LEE?
REEVES AUTOMATON FACTORY, MAGYAR INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT. YOU'LL BE MET OUTSIDE. THEN IT'LL BE **HAPPY FAMILIES** ALL ROUND.
HE HEARD HIS WIFE SAY HIS NAME IN THE BACKGROUND, HEARD THE DESPAIR IN HER VOICE, THE HORROR AT WHAT HE'D DONE FOR THEM.
DREDD, PATCHING THROUGH A CALL WE RECEIVED A COUPLE OF MINUTES BACK...
IT'S WALKER. GET DREDD. TRACE THIS SIGNAL.
ISO-BLOCK VOICEPRINT RECORDS CONFIRMED HIS IDENTITY. THE SIGNAL'S STILL ACTIVE.
TRYING TO LEAD US TO THEM...

THEY DISARMED HIM IN THE WASTEGROUND OUTSIDE, STRIPPED OFF HIS CLOTHING TO REVEAL THE SCARS THAT WERE ONCE HIS GANG TATTOOS, THEN PISTOL-WHIPPED HIM.
THE BEATING CONTINUED INSIDE.
AT ONE POINT, INSTINCT TOOK OVER AND HE TRAPPED ONE OF THE COBRAS WITH AN ARM-LOCK, MOVED TO DRIVE A KNIFE-HAND STRIKE INTO THE BASTARD'S EYES...
...BUT THEIR LEADER STOPPED HIM, YELLING TO GET HIS ATTENTION, FORCING THE BARREL OF A GUN INTO EVA'S MOUTH.
AFTER THAT, HE LET THEM GET ON WITH IT.
EVENTUALLY, THEY GOT BORED OR TIRED AND STEPPED BACK, BREATHING HARD.
WHY ME?
WHY? 'CAUSE YOU'RE OUR DROKKIN' HERO, LEE.'
THE VENDRELL BROTHERS, ME, ALL THE OTHERS — YOU'RE THE MAN WE WANTED TO BE. THE MAN WHO MADE THE COBRAS THE HARDEST GANG IN THE MEG.
AND LOOK AT YOU NOW. THAT'S WHAT REHABILITATION DOES FOR YOU.
WHEN YOU GOT OUT THE CUBES, VENDRELL OFFERED TO STAND DOWN IN FAVOUR OF YOU.
"AND YOU AS GOOD AS SPAT IN HIS FACE, TOLD HIM TO SHOVE IT."
GOT A MATCH ON THE OTHER VOICE, DREDD — GUIDO CAGE, ONE OF THE COBRAS' MAIN ENFORCERS.

NEXT THING, YOU'RE TAKING THE JUDGES' MONEY, BAD-MOUTHING US ALL OVER THE MEG?
UH-UH. ONCE A COBRA, ALWAYS A COBRA. YOU KNOW HOW WE DEAL WITH TRAITORS.
I LOVE YOU, EVA.
BOTH OF YOU...
WHOA, DON'T BE SAYING YOUR GOODBYES JUST YET.
WE HAVEN'T FOUND OUT HOW MUCH THE LADY HERE WANTS TO KEEP YOU ALIVE —
SSCKKKSSHHH!

AAAAAAIIIEEE!
BUDDABUDDABUDDA!
BDAM!
BDAM BDAM BDAM BDAM!
BDAM BDAM!

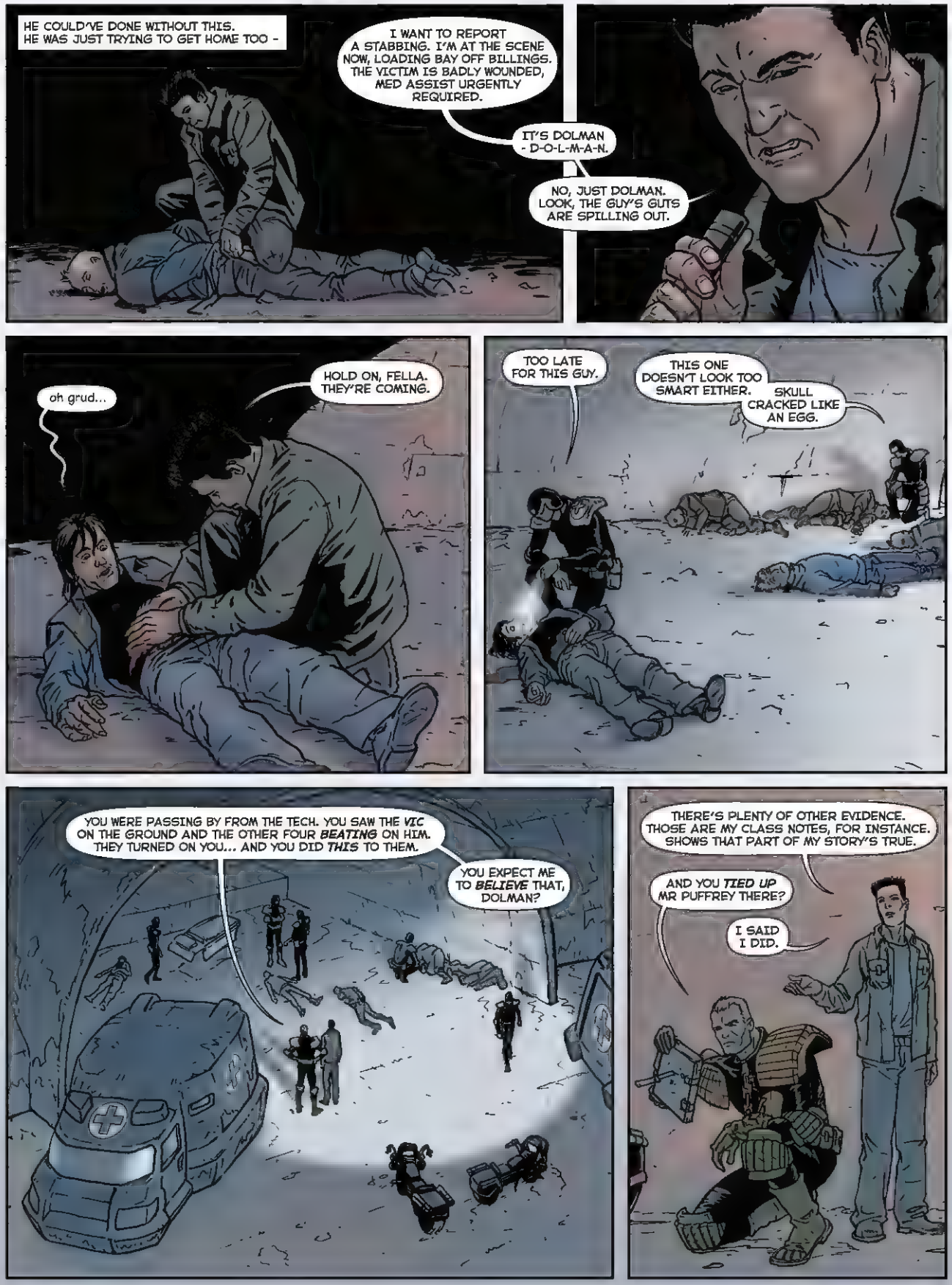

GIVE IT UP, WALKER. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO'S GETTING A WARNING, BUT THAT'S AS FAR AS THE FAVOURS GO.
HE COULDN'T STOP HIMSELF, FELT HIS FINGER SQUEEZING THE TRIGGER, EVEN THOUGH HE KNEW HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE —
MOMMY...?
EVA!
STAY AWAY FROM HER! DON'T TOUCH HER! DON'T TOUCH HER!
LOSS SURGED THROUGH HIM.
HE DIDN'T FEEL THE LAWMAN PULL HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK AND SLIP ON THE HANDCUFFS.
ALL HE FELT WAS THE PAIN AND THE HATRED IN HIS DAUGHTER'S EYES, AND THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE HAD PUT IT THERE.

YOU'RE BEING TRANSFERRED TO AN INTERROGATION CUBE FOR THE INVESTIGATION INTO THE COBRA/BLADE GANG KILLINGS. CHIEF JUDGE'S ORDERS.
HOW THE HELL COULD I HAVE BEEN INVOLVED? AIN'T SHE NOTICED, I'M INCARCERATED.' BEST ALIBI IN THE WORLD.'
HEY, PUNK.' SHIFT YOUR ASS.' THAT'S MY DROKKIN' BENCH.'
HE THOUGHT OF THE FIRST TIME HE SAW EVA, HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE WAS, AND OF THE LAST TIME, AS THE BODYBAG WAS CLOSED OVER HER PALE COLD FEATURES.
W-WALKER? N-NO...
AND THEN HE THOUGHT OF NOTHING, LET THE RAGE TAKE OVER.
IT WOULD NEVER LEAVE HIM.
LET'S GET MOVING.
WAIT A MINUTE... DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING IN THERE?
NOT A PEEP...
THE END

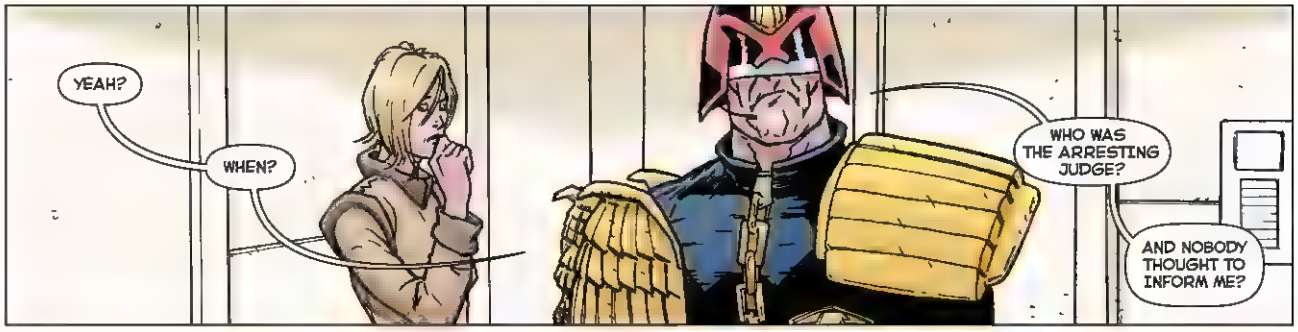
JUDGE DREDD
NIGHT SCHOOL
THEY WERE PUMPED UP ON CHEAP ALCOHOL AND TESTOSTERONE, AND ANYBODY WHO GOT IN THEIR WAY WAS GOING TO GET SOME TROUBLE TONIGHT.
JUST HAPPENED TO BE THIS GEEK SARNEY, WHO WAS TRYING TO GET HOME AND DIDN'T EXPECT TO BE LYING ON THE SLAB SPILLING HIS GUTS OUT IN NO TIME AT ALL.
H-HEY...
SSK CHINK
BUT THAT'S THE THING ABOUT MEGA-CITY ONE - THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS MORE OFTEN THAN YOU'D EXPECT.
C'MON, MAN...
uuuuHHHH!
RIP 'IM!
JOHN WAGNER
PETER DOHERTY
ART & LETS
HEY!

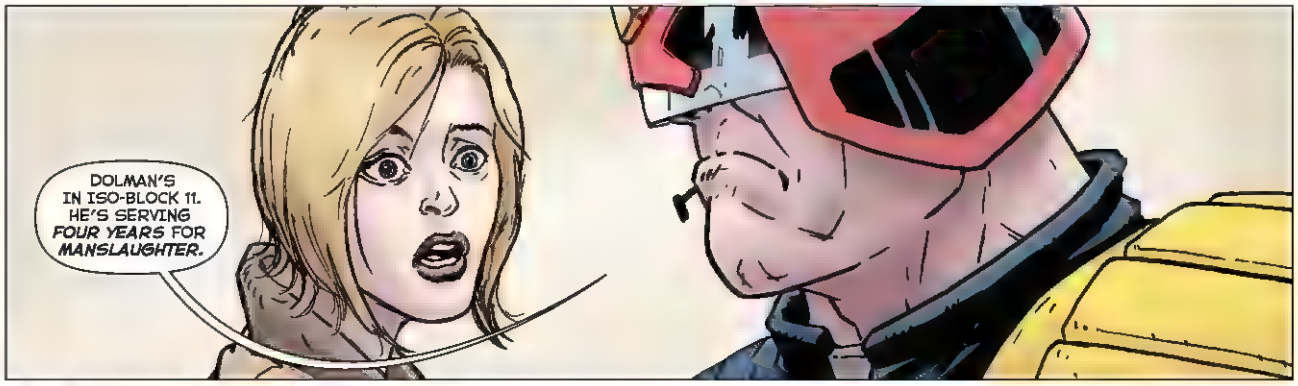
LOSE YOUSELF, SUCKY!
HE SEEN US! GET HIM!
SMASH!
SPAP!

UNFF
STAY DOWN!
Urrrrrr


HE COULD'VE DONE WITHOUT THIS. HE WAS JUST TRYING TO GET HOME TOO -
I WANT TO REPORT A STABBING. I'M AT THE SCENE NOW, LOADING BAY OFF BILLINGS. THE VICTIM IS BADLY WOUNDED, MED ASSIST URGENTLY REQUIRED.
IT'S DOLMAN - D-O-L-M-A-N.
NO, JUST DOLMAN. LOOK, THE GUY'S GUTS ARE SPILLING OUT.
oh grud...
HOLD ON, FELLA. THEY'RE COMING.
TOO LATE FOR THIS GUY.
THIS ONE DOESN'T LOOK TOO SMART EITHER.
SKULL CRACKED LIKE AN EGG.
YOU WERE PASSING BY FROM THE TECH. YOU SAW THE VIC ON THE GROUND AND THE OTHER FOUR BEATING ON HIM. THEY TURNED ON YOU... AND YOU DID THIS TO THEM.
YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT, DOLMAN?
THERE'S PLENTY OF OTHER EVIDENCE. THOSE ARE MY CLASS NOTES, FOR INSTANCE. SHOWS THAT PART OF MY STORY'S TRUE.
AND YOU TIED UP MR PUFFREY THERE?
I SAID I DID.

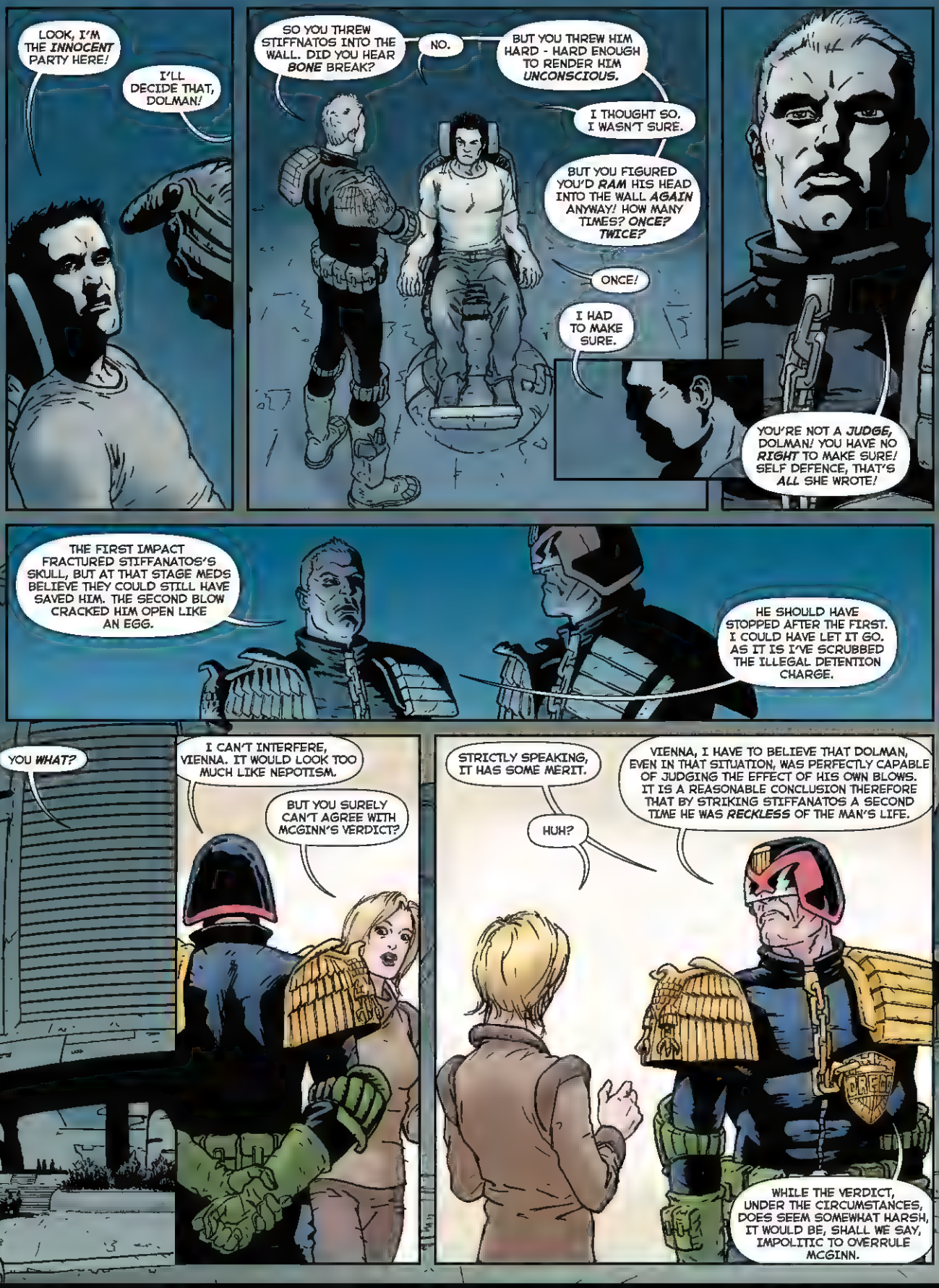
YOU REALISE BINDING A CITIZEN IN ANY WAY WITHOUT A WARRANT CONSTITUTES *ILLEGAL DETENTION?*
I DON'T SEE WHAT ELSE I COULD DO. HE WAS A DANGER. I HAD TO SECURE HIM.
ONLY A *JUDGE* HAS THAT RIGHT! YOU A *JUDGE* ALL OF A SUDDEN, DOLMAN?
NO!
THAT YOUR GAME - YOU LIKE PLAYING *JUDGE?*
YOU'VE GOT ME WRONG.
OH, I'VE GOT YOU *RIGHT,* DOLMAN! AND THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU I DON'T LIKE!
GOT TO MOVE QUICK! BLEEDING ON THE BRAIN - COULD LOSE THIS ONE TOO!
YOU HEAR THAT, DOLMAN?
YOU COULD BE IN VERY SERIOUS *TROUBLE.*
HE'D GOT A MESSAGE FROM HIS NIECE *VIENNA* - GARBLED, URGENT, SOMETHING ABOUT DOLMAN...
HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE BACK BY 22.00 LATEST. THAT'S *FOUR* HOURS AGO. I'M WORRIED.
BOY SPENDS MORE TIME HERE THAN HE DOES OFF-PLANET. WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?
IT'S THAT COURSE OF HIS. HE WANTS TO BE A GALACTIC EXPLORER.
HMMPH. FOUR HOURS IS NO TIME. HE COULD HAVE BEEN DELAYED.
HE'D HAVE CALLED. SOMETHING'S HAPPENED.
I SPOKE TO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, BUT AS I'M NOT OFFICIALLY *FAMILY* THEY WON'T TELL ME *ANYTHING.* THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU.
HMMPH.
DREDD TO CONTROL - I'M RUNNING A TRACE ON SUBJECT DOLMAN - THAT'S D-O-L-M-A-N.


YEAH?
WHEN?
WHO WAS THE ARRESTING JUDGE?
AND NOBODY THOUGHT TO INFORM ME?

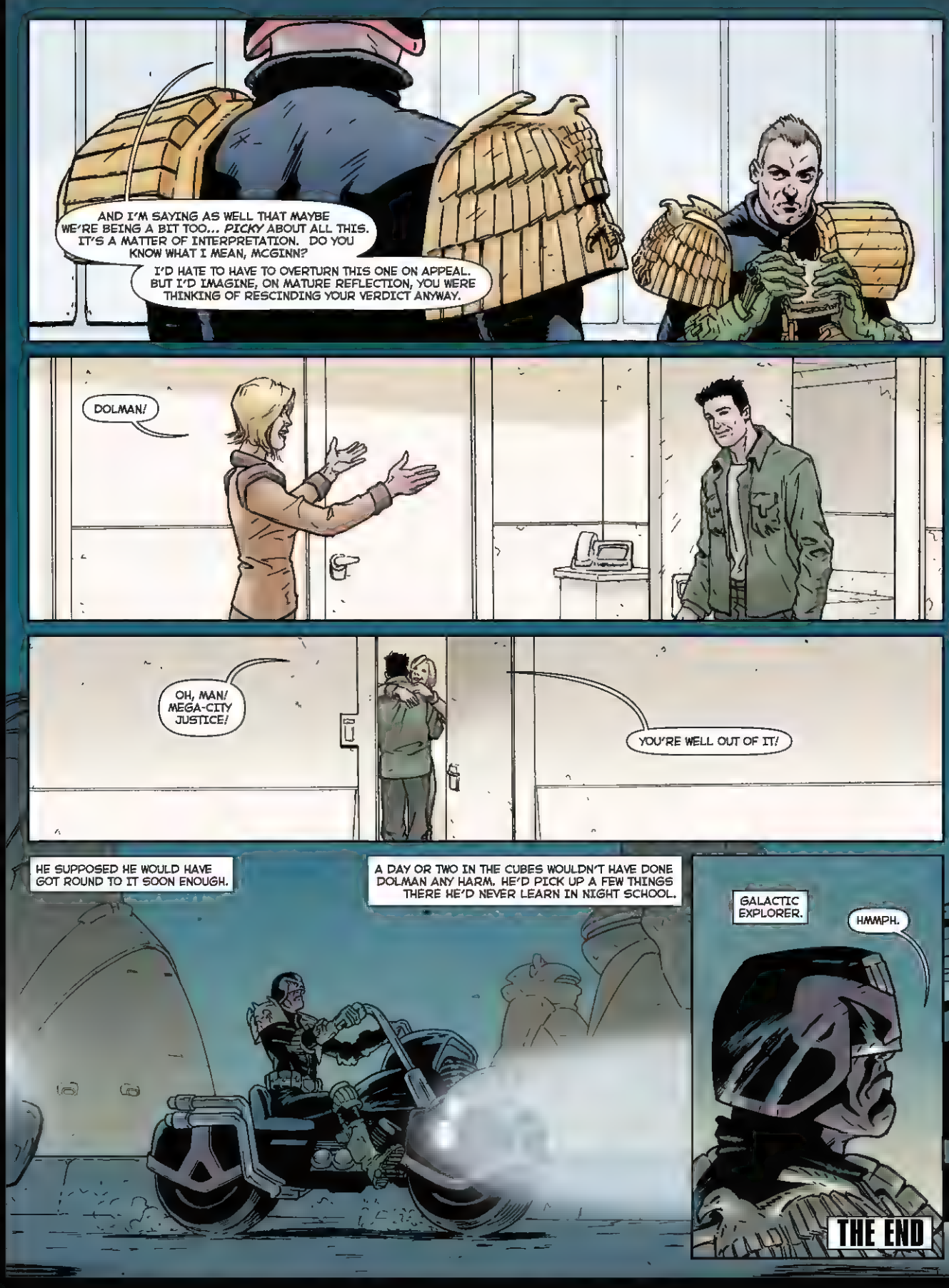

DOLMAN'S IN ISO-BLOCK 11. HE'S SERVING *FOUR YEARS* FOR *MANSLAUGHTER.*

WHY DIDN'T YOU *TELL* ME YOU WERE A *CADET?*
A *DREDD CLONE*, BY GRUD! YOU DIDN'T THINK THAT WAS *RELEVANT?*
WHY SHOULD IT BE?
WELL, MAYBE IT WAS ALL *TOO* RELEVANT!
YOU *FAILED* TO MAKE IT AS A JUDGE - THAT ALWAYS *RANKLED!* WHEN THE SITUATION AROSE, YOU THOUGHT YOU'D *SHOW* US JUST WHAT WE WERE *MISSING!*
I DIDN'T FAIL. I QUIT, McGINN.
QUIT! DON'T GIVE ME THAT!
OH...WAIT A MINUTE, I SEE IT NOW! YOU LIKED TO *BEAT UP* ON PEOPLE, DIDN'T YOU, DOLMAN?
BUT THE ACADEMY GOT WISE TO YOU - YOU JUMPED BEFORE YOU GOT PUSHED. BUT SOMEWHERE INSIDE YOU STILL THINK YOU'VE GOT THE *RIGHT* TO CRACK HEADS.
SPARE ME THE CHEAP PSYCHOLOGY. CHARGE ME OR LET ME GO.

YES?
RIGHT. GOOD.
YANIK STIFFANATOS JUST *DIED.*
WHAT WAS IT YOU SAID, HOTSHOT – CHARGE YOU OR LET YOU GO?
THIS IS THE COMPUTER RECONSTRUCTION.
WHEN DOLMAN COMES ON THE SCENE THE *VICTIM* – THAT'S *SARNEY* – IS ALREADY DOWN, BLEEDING TO DEATH. AT THIS STAGE DOLMAN HAS NOT THREATENED THEM OR MADE A MOVE TOWARDS THEM.
STIFFANATOS COMES IN SWINGING A BOTTLE. DOLMAN TEMPORARILY DISABLES HIM AND BLOCKS THE *KNIFE* WIELDED BY *PUFFREY.*
LET'S FAST FORWARD HERE. I'VE GOT NO PROBLEM WITH ANY OF THIS, CLEARLY SELF DEFENCE.
STIFFANATOS COMES BACK AT DOLMAN. DOLMAN DUCKS AND RUNS STIFFANATOS INTO THE WALL WITH ENOUGH FORCE, OUR MEDICS SAY, TO FRACTURE HIS SKULL.
DOLMAN CONFIRMS THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED.
ABSOLUTELY. I'LL SAY THIS FOR HIM, CHECKS OUT 100 PER CENT ON LIE DETECTOR.
AS STIFFANATOS SLIDES DOWN THE WALL DOLMAN SMASHES HIS HEAD INTO IT AGAIN.
STAY DOWN!


LOOK, I'M THE *INNOCENT* PARTY HERE!
I'LL DECIDE THAT, DOLMAN!
SO YOU THREW STIFFNATOS INTO THE WALL. DID YOU HEAR *BONE* BREAK?
NO.
BUT YOU THREW HIM HARD - HARD ENOUGH TO RENDER HIM *UNCONSCIOUS.*
I THOUGHT SO. I WASN'T SURE.
BUT YOU FIGURED YOU'D *RAM* HIS HEAD INTO THE WALL *AGAIN* ANYWAY! HOW MANY TIMES? *ONCE? TWICE?*
ONCE!
I HAD TO MAKE SURE.
YOU'RE NOT A *JUDGE,* DOLMAN! YOU HAVE NO *RIGHT* TO MAKE SURE! SELF DEFENCE, THAT'S *ALL* SHE WROTE!
THE FIRST IMPACT FRACTURED STIFFANATOS'S SKULL, BUT AT THAT STAGE MEDS BELIEVE THEY COULD STILL HAVE SAVED HIM. THE SECOND BLOW CRACKED HIM OPEN LIKE AN EGG.
HE SHOULD HAVE STOPPED AFTER THE FIRST. I COULD HAVE LET IT GO. AS IT IS I'VE SCRUBBED THE ILLEGAL DETENTION CHARGE.
YOU *WHAT?*
I CAN'T INTERFERE, VIENNA. IT WOULD LOOK TOO MUCH LIKE NEPOTISM.
BUT YOU SURELY CAN'T AGREE WITH MCGINN'S VERDICT?
STRICTLY SPEAKING, IT HAS SOME MERIT.
HUH?
VIENNA, I HAVE TO BELIEVE THAT DOLMAN, EVEN IN THAT SITUATION, WAS PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF JUDGING THE EFFECT OF HIS OWN BLOWS. IT IS A REASONABLE CONCLUSION THEREFORE THAT BY STRIKING STIFFANATOS A SECOND TIME HE WAS *RECKLESS* OF THE MAN'S LIFE.
WHILE THE VERDICT, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, DOES SEEM SOMEWHAT HARSH, IT WOULD BE, SHALL WE SAY, IMPOLITIC TO OVERRULE MCGINN.

IMPOLITIC? I DON'T BELIEVE YOU JUST SAID THAT.
GOT TO GET BACK ON PATROL.
SO YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE HIM IN THERE? FOR *FOUR YEARS?*
HE WAS ONLY TRYING TO *HELP* SOMEBODY! FOR PITY'S SAKE!
THE GUY WAS A LOWLIFE! HE HAD IT COMING!
I DO NOT *BELIEVE* YOU!
NEPOTISM? YOU *KILLED* YOUR OWN *CLONE-BROTHER* - *WHO'S* GOING TO ACCUSE *YOU* OF *NEPOTISM?*
MCGINN - IF *YOU* OR I HAD DONE IT, THAT WOULD BE LEGITIMATE, RIGHT?
BUT WE DIDN'T DO IT. DOLMAN DID IT.
BUT DOLMAN WAS A *CADET* MOST OF HIS LIFE. YOU CAN'T JUST WIPE THAT FROM YOUR BRAIN WHEN YOU LEAVE THE ACADEMY.
WHAT I'M SAYING IS, WAS IT DONE WITH *MALICE?* AND THE ANSWER TO THAT IS *NO.* DOLMAN DIDN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT. IT WAS AN AUTOMATIC RESPONSE.
SO YOU'RE SAYING HE WASN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS ACTIONS?
I'M SAYING IF ANYONE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM, *WE* WERE.


AND I'M SAYING AS WELL THAT MAYBE WE'RE BEING A BIT TOO... *PICKY* ABOUT ALL THIS. IT'S A MATTER OF INTERPRETATION. DO YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, MCGINN?
I'D HATE TO HAVE TO OVERTURN THIS ONE ON APPEAL. BUT I'D IMAGINE, ON MATURE REFLECTION, YOU WERE THINKING OF RESCINDING YOUR VERDICT ANYWAY.
DOLMAN!
OH, MAN! MEGA-CITY JUSTICE!
YOU'RE WELL OUT OF IT!
HE SUPPOSED HE WOULD HAVE GOT ROUND TO IT SOON ENOUGH.
A DAY OR TWO IN THE CUBES WOULDN'T HAVE DONE DOLMAN ANY HARM. HE'D PICK UP A FEW THINGS THERE HE'D NEVER LEARN IN NIGHT SCHOOL.
GALACTIC EXPLORER.
HMMPH.
THE END

Judge Dredd Megazine 256: Cover by **Staz Johnson** & **Eva De La Cruz**

JOHN WAGNER has been scripting for **2000 AD** for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog, Ace Trucking, Al's Baby, Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of **2000 AD** his credits include **Star Wars, Lobo, The Punisher** and the critically acclaimed **A History of Violence.**

GORDON RENNIE is one of **2000 AD**'s most prolific creators, with co-creative credits for *Caballistics, Inc., Missionary Man, Necronauts, Storming Heaven, Rain Dogs* and *Witchworld*. Rennie has also written for **Heavy Metal** and **Warhammer**, as well as **Species, Starship Troopers** and **White Trash**.

ROB WILLIAMS is the writer of **Suicide Squad** and **Martian Manhunter** for DC Comics, **Unfollow** for Vertigo and **Doctor Who: The Eleventh Doctor** for Titan Comics. His previous work for **2000 AD** includes *Judge Dredd: Titan, The Grievous Journey of Ichabod Azrael (And The Dead Left In His Wake)* and *The Ten-Seconders.*

IAN EDGINTON is a New York Times bestselling author and multiple Eisner Award nominee. He has written *Batman'66 Meets The Avengers* (Steed and Mrs Peel, not the other ones!) for DC Comics as well as *Judge Dredd, Stickleback, Helium, Kingmaker* and *Brass Sun* for **2000 AD.** He lives and works in Birmingham, England.

ROBBIE MORRISON is one of **2000 AD**'s most popular writers, having co-created *The Bendatti Vendetta, Shakara, Shimura* and *Vanguard*, as well as being one of the select few writers to have chronicled the adventures of Judge Dredd in **2000 AD** and the **Judge Dredd Megazine**. He is also co-creator of fan-favourite strip *Nikolai Dante*. In the US, he has written **Spider-Man's Tangled Web** for Marvel and **The Authority** for DC/WildStorm.

CARLOS EZQUERRA was the co-creator of *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog, Rat Pack, Major Eazy* and many other fan-favourite characters. He designed the classic original Dredd costume as well as visually conceptualising Mega-City One. He also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors, Judge Anderson, Tharg the Mighty*, and *Cursed Earth Koburn* amongst many other stories, and he illustrated two special **Preacher** episodes. He died in 2018 but his profound influence on the world of comic art cannot be overstated.

IAN GIBSON is responsible for the co-creation of *The Ballad of Halo Jones* (with Alan Moore). His work outside the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic' includes **Chronicles of Genghis Grimtoad, Star Wars: Boba Fett, X-Men Unlimited**, plus the designs for the TV series **Reboot**.

COLIN MACNEIL has worked on many strips since joining **2000 AD** in 1986, including *Chopper: Song of the Surfer* and the infamous death of Johnny Alpha in *Strontium Dog: The Final Solution*. He has also worked on *Shimura, Maelstrom* and *Fiends of the Eastern Front: Stalingrad* and, outside of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic', provided the atmospheric artwork on **Bloodquest** for Games Workshop.

MICK MCMAHON co-created perennial **2000 AD** favourites *The V.C.s*, and provided Tharg with many classic episodes of *Judge Dredd, Ro-Busters, A.B.C. Warriors* and *Sláine*. Outside of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic', he drew an adventure with the original Cybermen for **Doctor Who Magazine**; Sonic the Hedgehog for **Sonic the Comic**; and, in America, issues of **Batman: Legends of the Dark Knight.**

JOCK is one of **2000 AD**'s finest creators. As well as illustrating *Judge Dredd, Pulp Sci-Fi, Tharg the Mighty* and *Tor Cyan*, Jock co-created *Lenny Zero* with ex-**2000 AD** editor Andy Diggle. Among his many works are the Eisner award nominated **The Losers** and **Green Arrow: Year One**.

HENRY FLINT is the co-creator of *Sancho Panzer, Shakara*, and the fan-favourite strip, *Zombo*. His incredibly versatile pencils have also graced *A.B.C. Warriors, Judge Dredd/Aliens, Deadlock, Judge Dredd, Rogue Trooper, Nemesis the Warlock, The V.C.'s* and *Venus Bluegenes*.

RUFUS DAYGLO relaunched **Tank Girl** with writer Alan Martin, and went on to draw 6 series of the comic book. He has worked extensively with **2000 AD** and the **Judge Dredd Megazine**, and has also worked with Image Comics, IDW Comics, DC Vertigo, Z2 Comics, Warner Bros, NME etc.

VINCE LOCKE has been creating published illustrative art for over 30 years. His portfolio includes countless comic books and graphic novels (including **Deadworld, Sandman, A History of Violence, Junction True, American Freak, The Unwritten** and **Dollhouse Family**), all album and merchandising art for world famous death metal band **Cannibal Corpse**, numerous role-playing game book illustrations (White Wolf, TSR, and Wizards of the Coast), book and magazine illustrations (**2000 AD**, Barnes and Noble, author Caitlin Kiernan), and artwork for the animated show **Aqua Teen Hunger Force**.

PJ HOLDEN has illustrated T*he 86ers, Judge Dredd, Tharg's Future Shocks, Rogue Trooper* and *Johnny Woo* for **2000 AD** and the **Judge Dredd Megazine**. PJ lives and works in Belfast, and is married with two children.

PATRICK GODDARD's clean art style has graced many strips in the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic'. Co-creator of the **Megazine** series *Wardog*, he has penciled *Judge Dredd, Mean Machine, Middenface McNulty, Sinister Dexter* and *Savage*.

BOO COOK worked on a number of *Future Shocks* before co-creating *Asylum, Dead Men Walking, Harry Kipling (Deceased)* and *Void Runners*.

RICHARD ELSON's first **2000 AD** work was on a *Future Shock* way back in 1988, and since then he has pencilled *Judge Dredd, Time Twisters, Terror Tales* and *Tyranny Rex*, as well as the co-created strips *Atavar, Roadkill, Shadows, The Scrap, A.H.A.B., Go-Machine* and *Kingdom*. He has also worked for Marvel Comics.

PAUL MARSHALL co-created *The Corps* and *Firekind*, and has also pencilled *Judge Dredd, Mean Machine, One-Offs, Sinister Dexter, Tharg's Future Shocks, Tyranny Rex* and *Vector 13*. His other work can be seen in Harris Comics' **Avalon**.

CLIFF ROBINSON is one of **2000 AD**'s longest-serving artists, having made his debut with a *Future Shock* way back in Prog 362! Since then, he has co-created *Mother Earth*, and illustrated numerous *Judge Dredd, Future Shocks, Judge Anderson* and *Venus Bluegenes*.

LEN O'GRADY is a colourist and artist. His work for **2000 AD** includes *Jaegir* and *Valkyries*. For the **Judge Dredd Megazine** he has contributed to *Tales from the Black Museum* and *Judge Dredd*.

D'ISRAELI has provided art for *Leviathan*, **Kingdom of the Wicked**, **The War of the Worlds**, *Scarlet Traces* and **Batman**. Other career highlights include work on **Sandman**.

LEE GARBETT is a New York Times best-selling artist, best known for his work on **Batman, Lucifer** and **Batgirl** for DC and **Spider-Man, Loki: Agent of Asgard, Defenders,** and **The Death of Doctor Strange** for Marvel Comics.

ANTHONY WILLIAMS is the co-creator of both *Babe Race 2000* and *Kola Kommandoes*. For **2000 AD**, he has illustrated *Big Dave, Future Shocks, Judge Anderson, Judge Dredd, Mean Arena, Mean Machine, Robo-Hunter, Sinister Dexter, Sláine, Tharg the Mighty* and *The V.C.s*. Williams' work beyond **2000 AD** includes **Batman, Fate, Green Lantern, Superman, The Unfunnies**, and Games Workshop's **Titan**.

PETER DOHERTY is primarily known to fans of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic' as artist on the *Young Death* series, which opened the **Judge Dredd Megazine**'s first volume, but he has also contributed extensively to *Judge Dredd*, working on the epic *Judgment Day*. Outside of **2000 AD**, Doherty's comic work includes **The Dreaming, Superman/Batman: World's Finest,** a **Grendel Tales** series and **Shaolin Cowboy**.

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Written by John Wagner (**A History of Violence**), Gordon Rennie (**Warhammer**), Rob Williams (**Suicide Squad**), Ian Edginton (**Batman**), and Robbie Morrison (**The Authority**), with art by Carlos Ezquerra (*Strontium Dog*), Ian Gibson (*The Ballad of Halo Jones*), Colin MacNeil (*Devlin Waugh*), Mick McMahon (*Slaine*), Jock (**The Losers**), Henry Flint (*Hawk The Slayer*), Rufus Dayglo (**Tank Girl**), Vince Locke (**A History of Violence**), PJ Holden (*Rogue Trooper*), Patrick Goddard (**Battle Action**), Boo Cook (**Doctor Who**), Richard Elson (**Sonic The Comic**), Paul Marshall (*Firekind*), Cliff Robinson (*Vector 13*), Len O'Grady (**X-Men Unlimited**), D'Israeli (*Scarlet Traces*), Lee Garbett (**Skyward**), Anthony Williams (**The Real Ghostbusters**) and Peter Doherty (**The Dreaming**).

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